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WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

WHAT is civilization? Is it railroads, telegraphs, skyscrapers, and open plumbing? Is it the conquest of the air and of disease? Is it literature and art, philosophy and religion, the superlative excellence of the few, or the greatest good of the greatest number?

In this age of vast material progress, too many of us are prone to limit our definition of civilization by the very prejudices born of our own particular type of culture. We Americans, especially, are apt to regard civilization in terms of our mechanistic achievements, and to look down pityingly from the altitude of our progress to the backwardness of other times and peoples. To-day this attitude is being challenged by many writers, who bid us look to other cultures and see what we can learn from them. In the brilliant kaleidoscope of history many diverse civilizations have flashed and faded. According to these writers, each one has contributed something to the great wealth of culture of which we of to-day are the heirs and beneficiaries. In a series of articles, of which the present paper is the first, various authors present to FORUM readers what they consider the essentials of the cultures of those other races, nations, and epochs which have done, or which are doing, their share toward moulding the world civilization we may some day achieve. This first article, by a well-known East Indian author, deals with the gifts of India to the world-stream of culture.

INDIA'S ANSWER

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

WHEN I revisited my country recently, after an absence of nearly thirteen years, I found such a change in the unchanging East that it hurt and shocked my spirit. That India, like the Western world, would fall victim to the illusion of Progress had never entered my mind. So I was deeply pained to see taxicabs and Ford trucks in large numbers where

I was used to seeing bullock-carts, horse-drawn vehicles, and a few elephants. And how ugly and unsubstantial modern progress looks can be gauged by this picture: a second-hand truck standing near an elephant eighty years old. In spite of its utter ugliness and ephemeral nature, that symbol of Progress — the truck — has run the pachyderm out of business, if not out of existence. Little children, nowadays, do not play *Hathi* (elephant) as we used to. Instead they play Motor Cars. Even as a toy the elephant has had to take its departure.

Along with that sumptuous beast of burden something more valuable has departed: our old unconsciousness of ourselves, and a great part of our poetic speech. At present the Hindu youths are extremely conscious of their place in world-life and of the place of India in the community of nations. About a quarter of a century ago nobody cared anything for such matters. Also a man was never afraid of inaccuracy in speech as long as it was shot through and through with imagery and color.

One of the horrible examples of correct and unpoetic speech to which I had to listen was in the company of an American writer who was visiting my country. He was eager to study everything that savored of material for his book on India in Revolt. There is no doubt that this American was suffering from what might be called a contribution complex. He was pumping everybody about "What has India contributed to Science and Art?" "Since Rome has contributed Law and Justice," this lean, lanky, Roman-nosed, blue-eyed literary man averred, "Britain, Liberty, and France, the French Revolution, each one of them has justified her existence at the Bar of History. Now tell me what has India contributed?"

Well, I, who believe that everything exists simply because it has been born, had no answer for him. So one rainy day he and I set out in quest of a monastery where some young men from the Benares Hindu University were in the habit of meeting. A very quiet old holy man, who loved the young intellectuals, offered them his place and never minded their criticism of his religion. They all talked about one thing: namely, that India has contributed so many things to the sum total of world-culture. It was toward their little group that rainy afternoon that I piloted my friend.

It is not easy to find one's way about in Benares where streets are not named nor houses numbered. We wandered about from lane to lane, snaking our way between palaces and hovels, red, yellow, brown, and white. Every now and then I asked a passer-by, "Where dwell the lotus-feet of the blessed Swami, whose holiness like the fragrance of flowers has called out souls like the bees?" I never translated that for my American friend.

At last we reached the brown cottage of the holy one on the river bank. By now it was about half-past three. Fortunately the sky had cleared considerably. The cloud-cleansed, rain-swept heavens, as we say in our tongue, now gleamed like a peacock's throat. A pang of delight went through one on coming upon those glittering spaces into which the turgid Ganges plunged like tawny lions hurtling down the emerald slopes of the Himalayas.

We stood on the granite front porch of the monastery and looked to our right: temple after temple and ghaut after ghaut, red, yellow, and brown, running along the river as far as the eye could see.

Now it was late, yet because the sun shone to witness their acts of piety, troupe after troupe of pilgrims, dressed in cerise, gold, purple, and green, began to go up and down the hard stone steps of the ghauts weaving audacious patterns of ravishing lines and colors. Those colors crashed and disappeared momentarily in the tawny Ganges as the wearers took their dips. When each pilgrim rose to go the wet garb clung to his body almost dripping with blue, orange, olive, amber, and turquoise. Here was a woman who had already finished her bath and was walking away in wet clinging cerise dress, over which she threw a blue cashmere shawl as she vanished in a narrow lane of white houses.

It would have been wonderful to stand there forever and watch that pageant before us. But since we had come to discuss other matters, we went to the ghaut of the monastery near-by whence the noise of a speech was reaching us. As we drew nearer to it, we found that, owing to the rain, just one young white-robed, oval-faced University don had come up the river to preach at the Swami. The latter, an old man of five and sixty, was dressed in the orange-yellow robe of a monk. His round and shaven face glowed with perfect certainty. There was no room

for doubt in those coal-black eyes, the prominent forehead, full lips, almost hard corners of the mouth, and that pugnacious strong chin. He squatted cross-legged facing the professor, who was saying, "India has been ruined by religion. What she needs is Scientific Skepticism."

My American friend, who had just sat down with me native-fashion, seized upon the theme ere he had exchanged the usual civilities with the other two men. His blue eyes glowed with enthusiasm, as did his cheeks with the heat; they burnt like two ripe cherries.

"Yes," said he, "Scientific Skepticism: that is the contribution of England to this country of holy men and religion." Then beaming over us all, he added, "What do you say to that?"

Well, the young don adjusted his gold-rimmed spectacles, looked attentively at the American journalist's face, then fired his verbal gun. "The contribution of England to India's Science is a myth. Our Scientific Skepticism comes from Charbaka, Kapila, Kanada, and Aswa Ghosha."

"All that is Greek to me," admitted my friend with alacrity. "I didn't know your country had any science. Say, where do you get that information?"

"My authorities," answered the blinking professor of physics, "are Sanskrit, Latin, Arabic, and Persian texts."

Then followed a deluge of references, compared to which the river at our feet seemed a puddle. Oh, these scholars! He was so erudite that most of it was clear over our heads. However, there were scraps of information that even we could understand. Here are some of his remarks which he recited like a well-memorized excerpt from a brief. My American friend took them down in shorthand.

Indian scientific genius has been versatile. In mathematics the world is indebted to the Hindus for the symbols of number and the decimal system of notation. Proofs of this may be found in Asoka's inscriptions (256 B.C.) and writings of Aryabhata (A.D. 476), Brahmagupta (598-660), Bhaskaracharya (A.D. 1114).

Leonardo of Pisa brought algebra to Europe from Barbary. His work, *Liber Abbaci*, was a translation of Musa's work on Algebra based on Sanskrit *Veejganita* which was considerably in advance of the earlier work on the subject by the Greek Diophantus, inasmuch as it contained both rational and irrational magnitudes.

The development of mathematics in South India subsequent to the 12th century awaits further research. There are seven Chinese translations of Sanskrit mathematical and astronomical works which should also be looked into.

It is in chemistry, however, more than in any other abstract science that the Hindus made the greatest progress. The influence of Hindu Chemistry on the West was exerted through the Arabs. They gave Arabic names such as Algebra to Veejaganita, and Alchemy or Chemistry to Rasayana. The West thinks that the Arabs originated those sciences. How abysmal! The ignorance of the West is blacker than midnight. Here are some other Arab names for Indian sciences. Sukkar for Sarkara (sugar). The Saracen chemist Gebir named carbonate of soda as "Sagimen Vitri," after the Hindu name Sajji Matti; Kitab al-Fihrist by Nadim (A.D. 950) mentions that Hindu medical works were translated into Arabic under the patronage of Caliphs from Mansur to Mamun. Haji Khalifa also mentions (13th century) what his predecessors had learned from the Hindus.

Along with advance in the abstract sciences the Hindus made progress in technology also. They have been mentioned in Herodotus as the gold-digging ants and are reputed to have supplied the gold to the Persian empire in the fifth century. The bars of iron forged in India in the fourth century are larger than any known up to the last century in any other part of the world. The Hindu developed to perfection the art of tempering steel. They used to add the requisite quantity of carbon for producing steel for surgical instruments of which 127 kinds were known. Saracens learned the art of making "Damascus blades" from the Persians, who again learned to make their "Jawabi-i-Hind" from India. Indians were also famed for the arts of bleaching, dyeing, calico-printing, tanning, soap-making, etc. Pliny mentions that the best kind of glass for the manufacture of burning glasses came from India. The Cashmere shawls and Dacca muslins were much prized by Roman ladies. It is recorded that Europe once ran short of silver in paying for these Indian articles.

After that deluge of information had poured upon us, my friend said, "I guess your scientific contribution is all right. But what else has India to offer?"

"The other contributions of India's culture are too well known," growled the scholar at my friend. "I shall not mention India's unsurpassed Art, Literature, and Drama. But allow me to point out the everyday things of our country which appeared so vital and alluring to the semi-civilized West that they sent out Crusade after Crusade to gain access to them. But the Turks blocked them. Then Europe tried to find a sea-route to India. Christopher Columbus and other European explorers wanted not high philosophy nor religion; it was the products of the weavers, carvers, and goldsmiths of India that they sought."

After pausing a moment for breath he resumed dithyrambically mixing up proverbs and quotations with his own words.

"Then, as now, India wove fabrics whose enchantment had to be described by such phrases as 'evening silence,' 'morning dew,' and 'delight of dreams.' In ivory they wrought such wonders of design that men in the ravishment of their spirit cried out, '*Keya bat*, — what word can describe this?' And the most important of all the inducements that drew Columbus towards India was gold. In those days India was fabulously rich. When poets wished to describe the acme of wealth in gold and jewels they pointed at India. It was for the physical arts, crafts, and wealth of our country that the Europeans sought for a sea-route, as before them had poured through the land routes Greeks, Arabs, Persians, Tartars, Mongols, and Huns.

"And in between those hordes came some men who wanted what even her own immense physical treasures could not touch, — India's spirituality. Then, as to-day, she gave birth to sages whose holiness humbled the Himalayas. Fa Hien and Huen Chwang endured indescribable perils and hardships when they traveled to reach India in order to plunder her (as she likes to be plundered) of her spiritual wealth."

The young scholar stopped. He took off his spectacles, and with the end of his *Uttaria* (tunic or chudder) wiped them, and then wiped the perspiration from his brow. As he breathed his sigh of pleasure, and the rest of us ours of relief, we noticed that the afternoon had almost passed. Very few pilgrims were bathing in the river. The embankments were deserted; at their roots the river kept on cutting with its sharp tawny current.

The Swami now rose to go, saying, "There is a man lying on his death-bed in the village of Saranath. I must go and relieve my chela who has been keeping watch over him all day." His orange-yellow robe rustled slightly as he vanished against that throbbing blue sky down the road to the village. Now the boatmen were anchoring their boats near the monastery ghaut in order to be ready for evening prayer. They enjoyed praying by the sacred grounds of the monastery. It was a pity that the holy man had to go to minister to the sick. For we had no chance to hear his side of the case. So we, too, left the professor who was going in quite a different direction.

But as we came to the main thoroughfare, we witnessed an elephant procession that surprised and thrilled me, — as if the India of thirty years ago had suddenly risen from the grave. One of the spectators informed us that an old-fashioned Rajah, on his eightieth birthday, had brought his sons-in-law and sons with him to do fitting homage in the antique style to the Timeless God of Benares. The cornices of the houses on both sides of the road to Ten Stallions' Sacrifice were crowded with pigeons, their throats gleaming in iridescence. Below them, porticos and verandas, aglow with saffron sunlight, now glistened with the scarlet and ivory dresses of men and women who were watching the procession. Below, about forty elephants, caparisoned with cloths of gold, passed on the muddy street. Elephant after elephant, swinging its trunk, ringing its silver bells, moved like a jewelled cathedral. From both sides of the street gaudily turbaned watchers gazed at them with eyes full of wonder and amazement. Then all vanished like an apparition. The sun had dropped like a plummet of gold in a black sea of silence. The streets were emptied of men, women, and beasts; even the sacred bulls stopped wandering about, driven by some instinct for sanctity. For this was the hour of evening Silence when men and women meditate on God.

About the third evening from that day we went to call on the holy man again. We must have come earlier than we were expected, for we found him still immersed in his prayers. It seemed hours that we waited, but lo, with a sudden burst of silver wings, the stars shone in the velvet sky. Then he opened his eyes and said to us, "I am glad you have come. Welcome."

The chela brought a lighted lamp from within the little house and placed it near the holy man on the porch. He disappeared within as he had come, softly, like a panther. The brass lamp cast its indifferent light on the face of the holy man as we went on questioning him. After a number of utterly unimportant questions, my friend spoke out almost bluntly. "I want you to tell me all about India, about Benares. Everything that you have thought and felt about your country."

Here the holy man almost laughed aloud.

"All right," conceded my friend, "leave out such a large order. Just talk of religion and Benares."

"I shall be happy to derive joy by talking on such a subject. You have selected the most beloved spot to me. For Benares is the epitome of India. And we know, 'What is not in India exists nowhere else,'" he quoted. Instead of the lovely old man, he seemed to look like something sinister. He was so compelling and strange. His voice grew low and full of dramatic pauses as he poured through it the secrets of his soul. In the light of that lamp he sometimes looked like a wolf, sometimes like an old woman grown old beyond sex; then on a sudden he radiated a child-like beauty. It was all due to the uncertain light of that lamp. He was saying, "As the eagle to its prey, so India pounces upon one's soul. I am sure, no matter where you go, in the end India will draw you. I am old, I travel very little now; my feet do not itch to cover distance any more. But once I did travel far and wide in search of God. No place could hold me. England, America, — none of them could enchant me as this place. Now, after you go hence, some of these days you will be haunted by the image of this land and called by the croon of its deep mystery."

"Why? How does it happen?"

"That no one can tell. Except that the subjective background of this homeland of the sages and God-mad men is longer than anything that I have seen. Here men have pierced the deepest secrets of Immortality. Here holy men break into the infinite as a rhinoceros through a thicket. In India, or better still, in this city of Benares, all the world is represented. Here you find a Brahmin temple next door to a Mohammedan mosque, and near that is a Buddhist chapel. And not far from here is the Deer Park where Buddha himself lived and taught. King Asoka planted a pillar there on which are inscribed oblivion-defying words of brotherly love and tolerance. He was the only emperor who turned a whole empire into a missionary college of brotherly love, peace, and tolerance. Here, on the bank of that river, Asoka probably received his letters from one King Ptolemy the '*yavana*' (Sanskrit for Ionian). Here the pilgrim Huen Chwang lived fourteen hundred years ago."

Suddenly the holy man paused and cast a glance at the starry sky. "What is the use of fretting you with history which is but time that binds man? History is illusion, since time is a delusion. This city of Benares is consecrated to the Timeless."

"But, sir, what is it all about? What does India stand for?" cried my Nordic friend.

"Physically she stands for three hundred million souls and thirty centuries of meditation. What India stands for is that religion must permeate all life, be it birth, marriage, death, monasticism, theft, or prostitution.

"What a mixture! Indeed it is. But then, the Infinite has room for all. If He is Infinite, He is inclusive, not exclusive. As many rivers of many colors with their fierce, restless currents enter the sea and are lost under its steady emerald level, so are all things: the silver wanderers, the stars, and the worm that eats the heart of a rose, — all are in Him.

"It is that inclusiveness that distinguishes our religious life. Children are taught their creed from the Gita, one of our scriptures: 'Whenever virtue is in decadence and vice is in ascendance, then God, the Tiger of Silence, is born in and among men to bring about the Kingdom of Righteousness.' So a Hindu, from childhood on, can worship with equal consecration the God of Christ, of Buddha, of Mohammed, of Zoroaster, and Moses. 'There is only one God; it is His prophets who have given Him many names,' people say here day in and day out. 'Why quarrel about names when the One Named can end our misery?' Let us find Him. Religion is realization and not belief. You may believe what you like. But He, your Playmate, the Infinite, will come to play with you when your soul is realized. In this, our city of holiness, there is only one thing: namely, each soul is asked, 'Realize God; leave the definitions of Him to the doctors, as you cast bones to the dogs.' The soul's thirst for perfection cannot be assuaged by dry bones. Realization is the chalice that holds the essence. So your religion is not what you believe, but how far you have lifted that chalice to your lips. If India has held your interest, it is because everyone here is the victim of the habits of his forebears (of these three thousand years), — 'Longing for God.' Everything you see is trying to utter that which you *cannot see*.

"If this land has anything to tell you, it is this: 'All religions lead to the same God, if you practise their golden rules and do not drug yourself with their respective theologies. The test of perfection in a man is how much he approximates to the all-

inclusive Consciousness of the Infinite God. And the only way to teach the truth of anything moral or religious is to live it so that the truth will shine without the spoken word, — through eyes, mouth, nostrils, hearing, hands, and feet of the believer.' Once you trap the fierce Secret of the Universe with the thongs of your realization, you will be able to hold the ocean in a thimble, or take the infinite, star-shot sky and put it on yourself for a mantle."

Here the holy man's disciple brought us sweetmeats to eat and liquid sherbet to drink. Both my American friend and I did not like this interruption. But the holy man remarked:

"All interruptions come from Heaven. Had I spoken another word more, I would have spoken of things larger than my realization. Heaven stopped me with sweetmeats ere I did so."

That remark puzzled us. We asked him to enlighten us on that point. He vouchsafed us only a slight quotation from the poet. "O singer, let not your art be greater than your Truth."

The next day, that energetic American writer left Benares in quest of some new material for his book. When I told the holy man of his departure, he commented thus: "Energy is good. But the real energy that achieves all lies not in movement, but in Repose, as the Upanishads reiterate: 'Then by lying still you shall be present everywhere. Stillier than the hills but swifter than the swiftest flight of man's mind.'"

For a while that man of God sat silent, like a rock. I glanced at the river below, looking much less muddy this afternoon than on the preceding days of rain and storm. Boats with their green-painted sides ploughed its current. One or two yogis sat lost in meditation on the deserted steps of the ghauts. At that spectacle of Benares I was impelled from within to ask the holy one a question. I said, "What is the essence of India? You who have wandered through every province and visited all the shrines are the one qualified to speak of it. Of what does it consist?"

He quietly gazed into my eyes for a few moments, then looked away at the Ganges where the first flush of sunset gold burnt in sombre grandeur. He spoke slowly and almost in a whisper as if to himself.

"The essence of India? It is like a musical instrument. You

strike it. It gives out seven distinct sounds. But they have intervals. Between those sounds and intervals it holds abysses of harmony and silences. All controlled yet unrepressed!

"India at the core is a musical instrument. Her seven notes are the seven world-religions, and their intervals are the sages meditating or articulating the Silence."

"Why do you say seven world-religions in India? I thought we produced only two: Brahmanism and Buddhism."

"Just the same, my son, the seven religions of the world are adequately represented here. I have seen and talked to their doctors and teachers. If you beg and wander through India, as I did, you can't help finding them all. For instance, do you know that we have more than a million Christians in the south who became Christian long before Europe? In Malabar (Southern India) there is a Church which was founded in the first century by St Thomas, the apostle who doubted. In those southern churches our Christians practise rites older than the Church of Rome or Byzantium. And they have kept it up these nineteen hundred years untrammelled and seathless.

"The only Zoroastrians in the World you will find, not in Persia, the cradle of Zoroastrianism, but in India! Also, though not of Indian descent, has India Mohammedanism; it claims eighty millions of India's sons, nearly half the Mohammedans of the world. There are Jews here whose ancestors ran away from the cruelties of Christendom in search of peace and asylum. India received them and has loved them nearly a thousand years. What is the use of telling you more of such facts?

"If you go among the people of this land with a begging bowl between your hands and a blessing on your lips, you will find another country quite different from what you observe from a train window or a motor car. India is too big to have any room for bigotry, hate, criticism, and intolerance. Throughout the ages we Hindus have received and loved whoever came to live amongst us. We never persecuted them for their religion, nor scorned their prophets. We gave their holy book and their Teacher the same respect as we yield to Buddha, Rama, Vishnu, and the creators of the Vedas and the Upanishads.

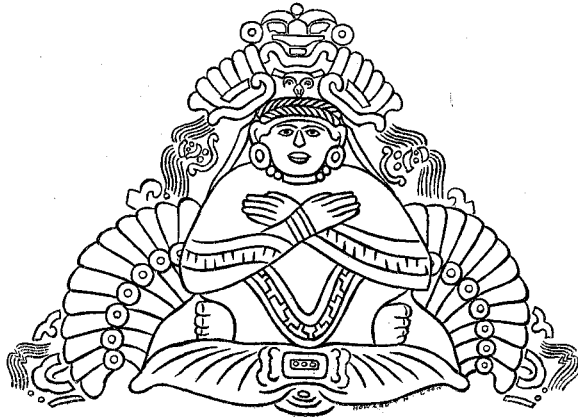
"No prophet, no matter what his religion, was stoned to death by a Hindu. No Hindu poet has been allowed to die of neglect

or starvation. Here no prophet, nor a single poet has been denied his due of praise, blessings, and love.

“How can you starve a poet when your scripture names God — the Supreme Singer? We have loved and revered poets, prophets, scientists, and artists as the torch-bearers from ‘The House of Song’ (Eternity).

“The two things that the West will do well to study in India is inclusiveness of mind, heart, and soul! Respect for all races and all truths, and realization of that inward Repose which ‘achieves more than any movement.’ What that Repose has done for India can be gauged by the fact that she has survived four thousand years and more of events and experiences without losing her bearing on her Truth: she has put her emphasis on the Soul, as she has measured all human achievements by the standard of spirituality. It is not good enough to be prosperous and have every member of a community well-to-do. A community must produce its holy man if it wishes to win the freedom of the city of God. Even in these degenerate days India has not failed at her central task. Behold, she has given birth to Gandhi. Having lit that candle at the altar of Humanity she can well afford to be still another thousand years.”

Here the holy man stopped. After a significant pause, pointing at the evening gloom gathering over the river and the city, he said, “The beacon of day is blown out. Silence is falling. Will you meditate with me till the stars are lit?”



THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT—A DEBATE

THE United States Supreme Court having previously declared unconstitutional laws passed by Congress to regulate Child Labor, on April 26th, 1924, the House of Representatives, by a vote of 297 to 69, passed a so-called Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution. On June 2nd this Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 61 to 23, and now the Amendment is before the Country for ratification or rejection.

According to the provisions of the Constitution, to become effective it must be ratified by legislatures or special conventions of two-thirds of the States. So far it has been ratified by the legislature of only one State, Arkansas. It has been definitely rejected by specific resolutions of the legislatures of two States, North Carolina and Georgia. Louisiana while not rejecting by specific resolution has failed to ratify.

In the two articles that follow, Owen Reed Lovejoy, General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, writes in favor of the Amendment, urging its ratification. Former United States Ambassador, William Gonzales, owner and editor of "The State," Columbia, South Carolina, writes on the opposite side of the question, urging the rejection by the States of the proposed Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution.

WHY A CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT?

OWEN REED LOVEJOY

42578 THE case for the child labor Amendment rests upon the inadequacy of the State laws in dealing not only with the prohibition of the labor of children under fourteen, but also with the regulation of hours of labor for children under sixteen, and the prohibition of the labor of all children under eighteen from extra-hazardous occupations. No child of fourteen is so old and wise, so mentally and physically alert that he can be turned loose and allowed to shift for himself. The more progressive States have realized this. Twenty-eight States regulate some phase of the labor of persons under twenty-one. But, with a few exceptions, State laws protecting older children are utterly inadequate. The problem of child labor control, then, is three-fold. First, there is the question of a general age limit, below which no child should work; second, the limitation of hours; third, prohibition from dangerous occupations. What is the present situation as to each of these problems?

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(The question of imposing a general age limit has received the most attention and has therefore been handled more adequately than either of the others. Child labor under the age of fourteen in factories is theoretically prohibited in all but three States. But there are nine States which do not prohibit the employment of children under fourteen in both factories and stores. Moreover, twenty-three States with a fourteen year minimum age limit have weakened their laws by permitting exemptions under which children not yet fourteen may work.)

These conditions are insufferable and must be eliminated by the people of any nation which purports to be humane. Even were there not one child under fourteen at work to-day there should be a law making it impossible to employ such a child for industrial methods which will be in vogue thirty years from now. But we do know that it will *never* be wise to deprive any child under fourteen of the right to acquire a healthy body and to get a common school education.

However, the argument for the Amendment does not depend upon consideration of the children of the future. Enough children under fourteen are at work to-day to constitute a sufficient reason for Federal regulation. Opponents of the Amendment argue that the 49,105 children under fourteen, listed in the census as engaged in industrial and commercial pursuits, are not enough to worry about. They neglect to mention that the 1920 census was taken at a time when a Federal child labor law was in effect! Those 49,105 children were merely the ones who were not covered by the provisions of that Act or those who were working in violation of it. That law, known as the Child Labor Tax Act, was declared unconstitutional in 1922, so that there are no official records of the number of children working at the present time. We do know, however, that when the Federal law ceased to function, the enforcement of State laws became increasingly difficult. For this statement we have the authority of the Association of Government Labor Officials of the United States and Canada. "The Association of Governmental Labor Officials of the United States and Canada meeting in annual convention in Chicago, May 22, 1924, declare the belief that the enactment of Federal child labor legislation will aid the States in the enactment and administration of child labor laws; and since the Supreme Court of the United

States has declared that Congress has no authority to enact child labor legislation without amendment to the Constitution: Therefore the members of the Association representing thirty-one States, unanimously urge the passage at this session of Congress of the child labor constitutional amendment without modification in the form in which it passed the House of Representatives on April 26th." It is evident that there must be a very much greater number of children under fourteen working in violation of State laws than in 1920.

Secondly, there is the problem of the regulation of hours. Some States have neglected this even more shamefully than the problem of the child under fourteen. Eleven States still allow children under sixteen to work from nine to eleven hours a day, and one State does not regulate their daily hours of labor at all. In these twelve States, according to the census, there were 123,186 children working in industrial and commercial occupations, and there are undoubtedly many more at the present time. It is surely unnecessary to prove to the readers of the Forum that such excessive hours of labor are harmful to young children. A youngster of fifteen or sixteen, just attaining his growth, should have some time free for play and recreation. What child who works eleven hours a day in a textile mill goes home with any desire to do anything but gulp down his food and drop off to sleep? Yet North Carolina, which permits her children of fourteen to work eleven hours a day, and without even the ability to read in a "First Reader", states complacently in the person of the Secretary-Treasurer of the Cotton Manufacturers' Association: "North Carolina has a child labor law that is excelled by that of no other State." In Georgia, a child of twelve years may be legally employed ten hours a day in textile mills, laundries, and places of amusement, and from sunrise to sunset in other industries! In Georgia, a child of fourteen and a half may be employed to work all night! Large corporations are accepting the principle of the eight hour day with increasing frequency. They believe that eight hours is long enough for *adults* to work. How much more necessary it is that *children*, who need every ounce of vitality for proper growth and development, should be protected against the dangers of long hours and of night work.

Adequate child labor legislation, as stated above, should pro-

tect the child under fourteen from working in any industrial or commercial occupation; it should protect the child under sixteen from long hours and from night work; and it should protect the child under eighteen from accidents by preventing his entrance into certain dangerous occupations.

The *sine qua non* of any method of preventing accidents to children is to prohibit their entrance into recognized dangerous occupations. Accidents to adults can be greatly decreased by safety propaganda, but whoever heard of a youngster heeding advice to be cautious? Children are instinctively curious. They want to pull things apart to see how they work. They are apt to imitate workmen with years of experience in working without guards or in cleaning machinery in motion. Within the month the papers contained an account of the death of a boy of thirteen; on his first day in a Maryland cannery he was caught in the machinery and crushed to death. The only sure method of preventing such accidents is to prohibit the labor of children in any occupation in which they might occur. This is the only method that works, and even then accidents often occur when children play around dangerous machinery at noontime.

It has recently been conclusively proved by the United States Children's Bureau that legislation can and does prevent accidents. The Bureau has just completed a study of accidents to young workers in three States which have laws generally considered adequate: Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and New Jersey. All these States prohibit this group of occupations to children under sixteen. Quoting from the summary of this study, "The smallest number of accidents and the lowest accident rate occurred in the case of children under sixteen. Each of the States had attempted to protect children under this age by prohibiting them from employment in certain occupations, chiefly in the operation of the more dangerous machinery, which is the source of the greatest accident hazard to young people. Accident figures reflected this difference in legal protection. Power working machinery caused a larger percentage of the accidents to the sixteen and seventeen year olds than to children under sixteen protected by law, or to young workers between eighteen and twenty-one better able to protect themselves."

So important is this principle of safeguarding youth in industry

THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT

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that several States have made the regulation of child labor under eighteen years a chief feature of their labor legislation. Massachusetts, for example, specifies in the labor law a half-page list of occupations from which children under eighteen years are barred, and another list, — still more hazardous, — from which those under twenty-one are barred. Not content with this the law further confers on the Department of Labor and Industry the power to add from time to time any new occupation or industries from which children under eighteen shall be excluded. Yet, strangely enough, it is in Massachusetts that the opponents of the Constitutional Amendment have been loudest in denouncing the proposal to protect children under eighteen from hazardous employments.

Legal protection to children of this character is inadequate in one way or another, in almost every State. There are any number of occupations which are apt to cause accidents to young and inexperienced workers. An exhaustive analysis of State laws as to every one of these occupations would be impossible, but they may be classified and analyzed in groups. Different kinds of power working machinery perhaps cause the greatest number of accidents. A typical case is that of a child of fifteen who lost his right hand through working in proximity to a saw. Accidents such as these are occurring constantly. Yet there are twenty-one States which have no legislation on the subject whatever for children under sixteen! That the question is serious there can be no doubt. Consider work on stamping machines. Picture a huge black machine twenty or thirty feet high, with a maw about a yard in diameter, into which are shoved sheets of tin or iron. Great knives descend at regular intervals to stamp out the metal, and woe to him whose fingers are there a moment too long! In one State, over half of all the accidents occurring in one year to children under eighteen resulted from employment at stamping machines. A State official recommended raising the age limit to eighteen for employment at these jobs, and she was right. No one under eighteen ought to be exposed to such great risks. Yet this occupation is open to children of fourteen in twenty-five States, and to children of twelve in Georgia. And our opponents say that the child labor problem is solved!

Oiling machinery in motion is another job which a few States

have thought wise to prohibit to children under eighteen. Thirty-nine States, however, still allow them to oil, wipe, and clean machinery in motion, and *nineteen have given no thought at all* to the protection of the children who risk their lives daily at such tasks.

Space forbids more than the mention of countless other hazardous occupations allowed to children under sixteen; thirty-seven States allow them to work on scaffolding; thirty-six States allow them to work on railroads; twenty-nine States allow them to run elevators, and so on *ad infinitum*. Accidents in some of these occupations are a menace to the public as well as to the child. No one would willingly trust himself on a train run by a fifteen year old boy, or coupled by a brakeman of sixteen. Yet these occupations are allowed in thirty-six States. The latest accident report of one State tells the story of a fourteen year old child killed while operating an elevator. Yet it is probably unknown to ninety-nine out of one hundred men that in twenty-nine States the public is exposed to the danger of riding in elevators run by youngsters of fourteen and fifteen. The whole problem of accident prevention through legal prohibition is still far from being solved. In fact, at the present time, this phase of the child labor problem is more serious than any other, for the States as a whole have failed to handle it adequately.

This, then, is the case for Federal regulation of child labor. Some States still allow children under fourteen to work; some still allow children under sixteen to work nine, ten, or eleven hours a day; and nearly every State fails to provide every possible kind of legal protection against accidents.

Yet our opponents, ignoring these outstanding facts, dismiss the whole subject with the soothing and wholly misleading assertion that "There is not a State in the Union at the present time which has not some sort of child labor law on its statute books. All but three of these States prohibit the labor in factories of children under fourteen years of age. According to the 1920 census there were only 49,105 children under fourteen at work in industrial and commercial occupations in the whole United States. Why, then, a child labor amendment to the Constitution?"

Congress has made two attempts to provide protection to the children of those States whose laws are inadequate. But the United States Supreme Court decided that both acts transcended

the powers of Congress under existing constitutional limitations. The end sought was desirable, all agreed. But the means were faulty.

The next step was to remove that limitation by amending the Constitution. Accordingly, Congress has submitted to the States an Amendment which will give the Federal government power to cooperate with the several States in protecting working children.

In spite of the obvious need for Federal regulation of child labor, our opponents profess to believe that it is not a *child labor Amendment* at all, but a deep laid plot to control the education of our children. Is there any reasonable basis for the beliefs entertained by our opponents? There is absolutely none. Some are so absurd they may be dismissed at once; others require more careful attention.

Thus the farmers have been inveigled into believing that Congress will take all the boys off the farms. This misconception, was deliberately engendered by the enemies of the Amendment. No one advocates the prohibition of the labor of all children under eighteen on the home farm, therefore no Congress will ever pass such a law.

The "swarms of enforcement officials", of which our opponents accuse us, when examined closely simmer down to *seventeen!* This is the total of all the government field officials which were needed to enforce the first child labor law. In all the States whose standards were up to the Federal law, State officials were sworn in as Federal deputies, so that only seventeen new Federal officials were necessary. The opponents of the Amendment picture Federal officials in every home once a day, — ordering Susie to stop doing the dishes, and then rushing out to order Tommie to stop picking the cherries. Picture seventeen men doing all that even with the aid of a Pegasus or a magic carpet! They would certainly earn their "fat salaries".

Along with the story about the swarms of officials darkening the land goes the one about the accompanying rise in taxes. One would think from the fears expressed that every citizen's taxes would be doubled or trebled to provide for the enforcement of a Federal child labor law. As a matter of fact the first law cost \$111,000 during the nine months it was in effect! Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau, which we trust would en-

force a Federal child labor law, has estimated that the administration of such a law would cost \$200,000 a year. That would mean about one quarter of one cent per person, per year!

One of the persons whose name appears in the newspapers from coast to coast, signed to letters opposing the Amendment, declares stoutly that he doesn't intend to let the government order *him* to send his child to a Jewish school, a Catholic school, or a Ku Klux school! For that reason he calls upon all liberty-loving citizens to join in the fight against the Amendment! Congress will *never control education* under the power given it to control child labor. Even should it attempt such a thing, the Supreme Court would declare it invalid. In the words of Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard Law School,

"The Supreme Court has shown no inclination to allow wide latitude for social legislation. Why it should be supposed that this Amendment will bring about an entire change of front in the attitude of the Court I cannot perceive. The Amendment says nothing whatever about education. What it says is that Congress may regulate and prohibit child labor. Under the Tenth Amendment 'the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States respectively or to the people.' This seems to me to settle the matter. There being nothing whatever in the Constitution about education it is committed to the States respectively where it stands now. If certain children are not permitted to be employed in labor, and therefore it is deemed they ought to be educated, the matter of educating them rests with the State exactly as the matter of protecting them from being run over by automobiles in the streets does."

There remains no further opposition but that from the extreme advocates of States rights, who believe that child labor should always remain a local matter. The Amendment does not impair in the slightest the right of any State to protect its children. It merely gives to Congress power to protect the children of those States which have been recalcitrant in their duty. As stated above, no Federal inspectors would be used in those States in which the laws were up to the Federal standard.

The opponents of the Amendment are fighting chimeras. The Amendment is purely and simply a means whereby Congress may regulate child labor. It is broad and general in its terms so that Congress may prohibit the labor of children in dangerous occupations, and may prohibit the work of children in canneries, and in

tenement homes who actually "labor" but who are not technically employed. Congress will not call into being another Bureau with a thousand officials, it will not breed idleness in hundreds of thousands of young people, nor will it cause crops to perish for lack of the help of seventeen year old boys. It will merely give Congress the power to set up *decent minimum standards of protection* for the child workers of America.

AN UNNECESSARY AMENDMENT

WILLIAM E. GONZALES

The Twentieth Amendment to the Federal Constitution submitted to the States by Congress for ratification provides:

The Congress shall have the power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.

In passing, it might be suggested that a Congress jealous of the seriousness and dignity of the country's fundamental law and respecting the memory of the original drafters thereof might have hesitated indefinitely before proposing to incorporate in that instrument a proviso so disingenuous and silly as the concluding sentence of the above Amendment. Thrown as a sop to States rights, it is too transparently fraudulent in its mission to be deceptive, since its interpretation must be that "the power of the State is unimpaired" except where the States would go contrary to the dictation of some Child-Labor Board in Washington, when, in the vernacular, "the States will be told where they get off." They would have the "power" of jumping jacks.

Within the limitations of this article it is practicable to do little more than present an array of the major points against the proposed Amendment without elaborating argument.

The Amendment contemplates a direct and violent infringement of the rights of the States to govern themselves. Why should the States forever surrender to the Federal Government the ab-

solute powers over, and paternalistic control of, their own citizens which those States are better qualified wisely to employ?

Before proceeding further it might not be out of place to give a moment's consideration to the genesis of State rights; and why, many Congressmen and State Legislatures to the contrary notwithstanding, they should be sacredly guarded and maintained. A citizen of this country is peculiar in having a dual citizenship. His rights as a citizen of the United States are the same wherever he may reside, but his rights as a citizen of New York may differ widely from his rights as a citizen of Oklahoma. This condition exists because of the action of the Thirteen Original American Colonies. As colonies they declared, fought for, and won their independence from Great Britain. Each of them was then an independent sovereign. Drawn together by trials, suffering, and common aspirations, they agreed to unite to promote the general welfare; for tranquillity, strength, and justice. The general government created as a result of that agreement among the thirteen sovereign States was clothed by them only with such powers as their wisdom and experience had taught them could best be exercised by one rather than many authorities. Those powers are enumerated in the Eighth Section of the First Article of the Constitution of the United States; all other powers were reserved by the States, which were the original custodians of all sovereign powers, and only delegated to their creature, the United States Government, those which they designated in the Constitution as "Powers of Congress."

No authority not essential to general government was delegated; no power touching control of a State's internal affairs was surrendered. The Federal Government was conceded no police power; it cannot punish for crime except in the narrow field of offenses against the postal and revenue laws, counterfeiting, etc.; and this only because having been given control of these matters, power to punish accompanied control, — as power to punish would adhere to Federal power to regulate and prohibit labor. That the police power to regulate labor conditions is a prerogative retained by the States, a right only of the States, is not open to question; it is conceded by this petition from Congress to the States that they surrender one more of their sacred birthrights. For the right of self-government, the right to regulate the local

affairs of each State as seems best for the people of that State and wisest under the particular conditions locally existing, is a sacred birthright. It was so regarded and jealously protected by the Original States occupying the strip of territory bordering the Atlantic; the need and wisdom of local control is vastly greater now when some States are three thousand miles apart, with divergent and even conflicting local problems and interests.

This Amendment is proposed to the States under authority of the Fifth Article of the Constitution which provides: "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses *shall deem it necessary*, shall propose Amendments to this Constitution. . . ." How many of those Congressmen voting for the Amendment did so in obedience to that Article? How many could with honesty justify on the ground of "necessity" their proposal that Congress, through one of its creature-bureaus, should have absolute control, not of the "*employment*" in hazardous callings, but of the "*labor*," with or without compensation, of eighteen million youths of this country between ten and eighteen years of age? When no State in the Union has forbidden "employment" of youths above sixteen years of age, and when many of the child-labor prohibitive laws do not extend control beyond the period of "child" life, which is generally accepted as ending at fourteen, the Congress presumes the "necessity" of giving a blanket commission, with absolutely unlimited authority and with the power of the United States to enforce its mandates, to some board with power "to limit, regulate, and prohibit" the "labor," — on farm, in factory, at fire-side, — of "persons" under eighteen years of age. And there are between seven and eight million of such "persons" between fourteen and eighteen years in the United States.

Have the States failed the children and humanity, and so incited action by Congress? They have not; progress has been great, particularly during the last decade. Twenty-five years ago girls and boys of ten years worked in South Carolina's cotton factories; twenty-five years ago girls and boys, ten years old, sold newspapers on cold, wet nights in the streets of Philadelphia. Such conditions do not now exist in either place. The census of 1910 showed 24.8 per cent of boys between ten and fifteen years of age "gainfully" employed, and 11.9 per cent of the girls similarly employed. The census of 1920 revealed that in ten years, under

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State laws and regulations, the percentage of boys employed within the ages mentioned had been reduced from 24.8 to 11.3; and the percentage of girls gainfully employed had fallen from 11.9 to 5.6. There is shown splendid progress in reform.

South Carolina is a large cotton manufacturing State, with a population about equally divided between whites and Negroes. The 1920 Census showed 24.4 per cent of the children between ten and fifteen "gainfully" employed; of these 21.9 found their employment in agricultural work, — principally in picking cotton during two months of the year. In Rhode Island 13.4 per cent of children from ten to fifteen were gainfully employed, and but two-tenths of one per cent of them in agricultural work. In the nine principal cotton-growing States 18.1 per cent of the children from ten to fifteen years were employed; 16 per cent found such employment in agriculture, and principally "on the home farm." At the same time the average of such child-labor employment in the five States of Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut was 8.1 per cent, while the percentage of those employed in farm work was three-tenths of one per cent.

The above census figures are cited to demonstrate the unsoundness of the frequent allegation that Southern opposition to Federal control of labor springs from the South's profit from labor of children of ten years in the cotton factories. Nothing could be further from the truth. The percentage of such labor in South Carolina up to fifteen years, in *all* non-agricultural employment, is 2.5 per cent; in Rhode Island it is 13.2 per cent. And the Rhode Island problems and Rhode Island people are different from those of South Carolina and must be met and treated differently. Where pressure is needed to effect reforms in States, that pressure can be applied to those States.

How does Congress reconcile the assumption that it is *necessary* for it to be delegated power to prohibit *all* labor of persons under eighteen, with its "war revenue tax" imposed in 1918 and later declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court? That law provided a 10 per cent tax on net profits of mines in which children under sixteen were employed; or of mills, canneries, workshops, or factories in which children under fourteen were permitted to work, or where they worked, between fourteen and sixteen, more than eight hours a day, or more than six days a week, or at night.

"Is not the South inconsistent," asked a New York woman, "in opposing the Twentieth Amendment on the principle of States rights when it swallowed the Eighteenth Amendment?" An explanation of the South's action in the latter case would be another story. Suffice now to say that the "inconsistency" noted is the inconsistency of the sentry who, having slept on his post and enabled an enemy to enter the lines, is now aroused and vigilant.

All ably conducted governments reject the establishment of a precedent even for a present seeming advantage if they see it could be turned against them a generation hence; and so it should be with the States in regard to their constitutional rights. But the Eighteenth Amendment does not pave the way for, or strengthen the claims of, the Twentieth. Rather it should be taken as a warning to arouse the sleeping guardians of those rights. Put the youth under eighteen in charge of a board with power to forbid work, and the demand to regulate the age of marriage, supervision of prisons, etc., will surely follow. In 1920 there were 24,909 "married men" of eighteen, and many thousands of lesser age. In 1920 there were 41,626 "married women" of sixteen; 90,930 of seventeen; and 186,645 of eighteen. But under the proposed control of labor a husband under eighteen may not be permitted to work for his wife or a mother for herself or baby. It may be legal to marry at fifteen and become a "man" or "woman", father or mother, but illegal to work!

And may we be spared hearing from the proponents of this measure the inanity that the Congress or its agents, to whom extraordinary powers over eighteen million children and young men and women would be delegated, would "use discretion" or "may be trusted to regulate them wisely!" The right sort of absolute dictator would, without doubt, govern us better than we govern ourselves, but we are not commissioning dictators for ourselves, and we should not trust the minors to their control. The Treasury of the United States does not hand even the President a signed check for his salary to be "filled in". The States must be at least as jealous of their children and youth and not create an alien authority for their improper control. The youth of the country must be protected from the *possibility* of influence or government by fanatics, — the definition of "fanatic" for the purpose of

this article being, one so obsessed by a certain political idea that he is bent upon carrying it into effect quite regardless of, and with utter blindness to, the harmful or destructive results which may follow such policy.

A law carrying out the intent of this Amendment would be impossible of enforcement. Its design upon agricultural labor is not concealed. Julia Lathrop, ex-Chief of the Federal Children's Bureau, is quoted in the Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore as saying: "This Amendment shows us the way . . . to get rid of the one thing we have never dared to tackle — *rural child labor*." In many States, regions, and communities it would be opposed to the customs, sentiments, and wishes of the people; it would inflict dire hardship upon hundreds of thousands it attempted to control. It could not be enforced except through harsh and intolerable measures which would incite veritable revolution against the law.

Child labor that is a hardship upon youth should be condemned and fought persistently; sane protective laws by States encouraged; and strong public sentiment against the labor of children that is dwarfing them in body or in mind should be systematically fostered and built up into a controlling power. But a law with this fantastic age limit and extraordinary control of all "labor" by persons under that high limit would be destructive of a healthy sentiment for the protection of children. The arbitrary limit of eighteen is absurd since there are men and children of that age. Much of the greatness of this country is due to the achievements of men of noble manhood, human sympathies, high character, and self-reliance, who owed those qualities to the fact that they had met life and *served* before they were eighteen.

This pernicious thing strikes at the root, not of evil but of good. It strikes at the influence of the home, for it is undermining the parental influence. It designs to give millions not "idle hours" only but idle months and idle years. It would open to millions of youths in the borderland of manhood and womanhood the evil paths of purposeless idleness, of wasteful indolence.

Who may set limits upon the injury to the character of the youth of America by this shift of personal control from the tenement apartment or the village cottage or the farm-house to a "labor bureau" in Washington, or its inspector in the neighbor-

hood? Ambition would be choked; a spirit acquiescing in dependence would be fostered; the young "husky" would be protected in idleness while complacently witnessing labor for his support by mother and older sister. Parasites would be bred by the scores of thousands; material for loafers, dangerous criminals, and "the streets" would be manufactured in incalculable quantity.

"But," we will be assured by advocates of government control of minors, "we shall remove those objections if given the power to force the youth into schools until eighteen years of age." The States, however, object: First, to surrendering to the Federal government the education of their people's children. They object, in the second place, that machine "education" of masses, with age as the one standard, would be gravely unjust to vast numbers. The age limit, eighteen, is totally impractical and has no actual relation to general biological or mental conditions; a boy or girl of fifteen may be fully as mature, mentally and physically, as another of eighteen. Another of fifteen may be mentally unfitted for further "book learning," but well qualified and anxious to learn a trade and prepare himself for useful, productive citizenship. To force him from his natural bent, to force upon him years more of profitless, hopeless attendance at school, would be crushing to his spirit and ambition. In "education," the sphere of life, as well as individual mental qualifications and capacity, as well as economic conditions and necessities, must be directing factors. Hundreds of thousands of youths under eighteen are now working while attending schools and colleges. What shall become of them under this new dispensation of power? How shall the millions of youths of both sexes, whose parents cannot support them in idleness until they are eighteen, conform to this socialistic law? Will the next developing step be demand for their support by the National Government? It should be as the final blow to self-respect, self-confidence, and independence; as fatal to the perpetuation of that hardy, virile "American spirit" which, nurtured in the old way in the old homes, won the world's admiration and confidence.

WOMEN OF THE REICHSTAG

CAROLINE KERR

IN the British Parliament there are only three women members, but in the Reichstag, the parliament of the youngest of republics, there are thirty-five. Whereas England is tolerating, and the United States ridiculing the woman parliamentarian, Germany is accepting her as the obvious outcome of a changed social order. From what walk of life have these German women come into their country's democratic assembly? What are their personalities and what are they accomplishing in the Reichstag?

citizenesses of a free Republic, with a constitution more liberal than that of any other democracy in the world. While England is tolerating, and the United States is ridiculing, Germany is accepting women parliamentarians as one of the obvious outcomes of a changed social order. Nor have the women of Germany had to fight for this political privilege, as enfranchisement meant their immediate and uncontested admittance to the supreme legislative body of the state.

And yet while in its final phases this victory fell into their laps as effortless as a ripe plum falling from a tree, it was preluded by years of persistent preparation. Seventy years have elapsed since Luise Otto, the firebrand of the Revolution of 1848, led the crusade for woman's rights in Germany with the device of "Citizenesses for the Empire of Freedom!" inscribed upon her banner. But this ardent suffragist did not foresee that not until a World War had been fought, and lost, would the women of Germany enter into the Delectable Land.

During these seven decades they sowed the seed and watered the soil, but it is characteristic of German mentality that they never resorted to the militant methods employed by their Anglo-Saxon sisters in forcing the issue of equal suffrage. They worked and waited, and when the Great Day came were carried over the top by a great wave of enthusiasm into the National Assembly,

THE Mother Parliament of England has in its ranks only three women members. The Reichstag, and this despite the fact that the German Republic is the youngest child in the world's family of nations, has thirty-five.

Yesterday the German women were subjects of a monarchical state whose traditions were rooted in the soil of centuries; to-day, by a sudden turn in the wheel of fate, they are

convened in Weimar to give Germany a new state form and a new democratic constitution. Making use of their newly-acquired franchise, the women voters of the country put forward three hundred and ten candidates, thirty-seven of whom were elected (a number fluctuating since from thirty-five to forty-one) and to-day they form the largest body of women sitting in any Parliament in the world.

What have they accomplished and what have they failed to accomplish during their four years of apprenticeship? (For no one would care to assert that the period of probation has as yet expired.) This is largely a question of relative values. Judged by purely political achievements, their record has not been distinctively brilliant. Their political influence is in the main limited to the vote they cast for a certain measure rather than to their active participation in framing that measure; and realizing this, the German women are following with keen interest the attempts being made in the United States to create a Woman's Party, — in other words, of achieving an independent status, whereby they will become the hammer instead of remaining the anvil.

In the United States the women, generally speaking, are political chameleons, taking their hue and their cue from the men of their family, and, since their enfranchisement, they have automatically been absorbed into the ranks of the Republican or Democratic party. In Germany, on the other hand, large numbers of political-thinking women were identified with party activities even prior to the war, and as *ex-officio* members of the party committees were taught to think independently. The women are called to participate in weighty political conferences, but in only one instance, that of Dr. Gerhard Baümer of the Democratic Party, has a woman been given an opportunity for a broader field of activity outside the ranks of her own party. As was the case in the Weimar Assembly, a woman is enthroned as "Clerk of the House" on the upper tribune at the right hand of the President of the Reichstag, but from no quarter has the suggestion ever come that a woman be chosen as vice-president of that august body. But while no woman has by her individual influence swung any vital parliamentary measure, they have rallied nobly to such slogans as: Child Welfare; Education, and Morals; Betterment in the conditions of House Employees and

Factory Workers; Reforms in the Divorce Laws and those governing Licensed Prostitution; the status of Women in the Civil and Judicial Service; and the status of illegitimate children.

The Women of the Reichstag come from all walks of life, and it was by circuitous routes that many of them arrived at the portals of the impressive building just outside the Brandenburger Tor. Scarcely one woman out of the entire lot entered upon a political career with no training other than that gained in the secluded life of the home, despite the fact that about half of them are both mothers and housekeepers. The Kaiser's famous category of the three "K's," — *Kinder, Kuche, und Kirche*, — once the be-all and end-all of woman's life in monarchical Germany, has not been the one to furnish the parliamentary timber for the woman's bloc. In the Socialist group we find one textile worker, one cigar maker, two seamstresses, one housemaid, and two shopgirls. All of them, however, had progressed to the status of social workers, teachers, journalists, and political agitators before taking the final hurdle which landed them in the arena of parliamentary activity. For many of them the war was the incubator which accelerated their development, enlisting as it did the women of all classes in the manifold phases of war work, and mobilizing them into a second army behind the front. The lessons learned during this period and the tragic mistakes of their leaders have stood them in good stead for the wider duties and responsibilities now thrust upon them.

One woman, at least, of the Socialist group has achieved international prominence. This is Frau Adele Schreiber-Krieger, a familiar figure at all international congresses of women before the war, and closely associated with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt on the executive committee of the International Woman's Suffrage Association. Her specific field of work in her own country is the welfare of women and children, — and at present she is the chief of the department, "Mother and Child" of the German Red Cross.

Marie Juchacz is a good example of the "circuitously arrived" woman parliamentarian. Now the Secretary of the Socialist Party, she only entered active politics in 1913, after having been successively a cook, a factory worker, a trained nurse, and a dressmaker.

There are only two women in the parliamentary faction of the Democratic Party, which corresponds to the Liberal Party in England and will in all probability be absorbed later in the left wing of the German People's Party. But what is lacking in numerical strength is more than atoned for by the intellectual gifts and political preparedness of Dr. Gertrud Bäumer and Dr. Else Lüders, whose names are more frequently met with in the Reichstag reports than those of any of their feminine colleagues.

Dr. Lüders has a distinguished pre-parliamentary record. During the war she was departmental chief in the Civil Administration established by the Germans in Brussels, and later had charge of the Central Bureau of Woman's Work affiliated with the German War Department, having been previous to this director of a high school in Duesseldorf and chief visiting nurse of the Borough of Charlottenburg. Dr. Lüders was not one of the original members of the National Assembly but was elected to fill the seat in the Democratic Party made vacant by the death of Dr. Friedrich Naumann, the author of that brilliant book *Central Europe* which occasioned such wide controversy in the opening years of the war.

The further alignment of women in the Reichstag, according to the official register, is as follows: three members each in the factions of the Catholic Party, the German Nationalists, and the German People's Party, — the last named always tagged the "Stinnes Party" when mentioned by foreign correspondents. The Bavarian People's Party has sent up only one woman, while upon "Comrade" Clara Zetkin rests the responsibility of waving the red flag of Communism in the halls of the Reichstag.

On the whole the women of the Socialist Party are better organized and disciplined for their parliamentary duties than those of the bourgeois parties. This is due to the training they have received in the Trades Unions; they know just where they belong politically and why they belong there, and are thereby able to exert a stronger influence within their party ranks.

Some of the more dynamic types which emerge from this composite and, on the whole, static picture, are deserving of a more minute examination as it is they, who as they become better known, will carry the banner of their country into foreign lands. First of all there is Dr. Gertrud Bäumer, the only woman upon

whom has been conferred the post of Ministerial Councillor in the German Home Office. She has a long and distinguished political foreground. Dr. Bäumer was sent up to the Reichstag by the Democratic Party, with which she identified herself when it became apparent that Dr. Friedrich Naumann's Utopian ideas of a National Socialist Party (not to be confounded with the Hitler organization in Bavaria!) were not to go into fulfillment. Dr. Naumann had a vision of weaning the workers of Germany away from the Socialist Party, — or the state destructive idea, — and incorporating them into a party embodying state conservative ideas. Closely associated as she was with Dr. Naumann for many years, Dr. Bäumer was an ardent champion of this idea of the "People's State" and its ultimate development into a "Crowned Republic" after the English model, — but later events have converted her into a passionate republican and made her take her stand in the extreme left wing of her party. While this party is not of sufficient numerical strength to carry through any radical measures, it serves as an admirable balance wheel to other parties, composed as it is of the safe, conservative elements in German politics. Its chief organ is the "Berliner Tageblatt," known throughout the world by reason of the brilliant leading articles of its editor-in-chief, Dr. Theodor Wolff. Dr. Bäumer defined democracy to me as "active Liberalism, which interprets self-determination and political freedom, not alone as taking for granted the non-interference of the state in all matters of personal freedom and cultural life, but as bestowing the right of the citizen to participate in all the functions of the state. It was this active liberalism we had in mind in calling our party the Democratic Party." She believes in the "aristocracy of capacities, as the only means of achieving an efficient utilization of our human material;" in other words, in the "selective process as applied to natural endowment, quite irrespective of the fortuitous circumstances of birth, rank, and fortune." This may be taken as her confession of political faith!

Dr. Bäumer is the type of a moderate, scholarly, serious-minded woman in German politics; a woman who never permits herself to be carried away by gusts of passion, nor holds up to ridicule the shortcomings of the men as does her colleague Dr. Lüders, but always thinks in terms of scientific, expedient politics.

Baroness Katherine von Oheimb, the brilliant woman member of the German People's Party in the Reichstag, is considered an "outsider" by her women colleagues. That is to say, she did not enter upon a parliamentary career by any of the customary routes; she was not a teacher, the profession which has furnished the majority of the women deputies, nor had she been active in social work nor in the woman's movement previous to the war. The second of her three husbands was an industrial baron of the Rhine, and by her last marriage she joined the ranks of the German aristocracy and is thus written down in the "capitalist" and "Junker" categories, neither of which makes for popularity in the strongly Socialistic assembly.

But despite these handicaps she is one of the outstanding figures in the Reichstag, and possesses undeniable political talent. She is generally regarded as the best speaker among the women parliamentarians and has courageous convictions, as was evidenced at the time the Wirth government was carrying on its so-called "Fulfillment policy." When the question of the acceptance or rejection of the London Ultimatum of May, 1921, was being debated in the Reichstag, she with five other members voted in favor of the measure which was rejected by the majority of the faction. This was an unusual thing to do owing to the tradition that whatever divergence of opinion in the committee conferences, the faction is expected to vote as a unit when it comes to the final vote. Her wealth and social position have gained for her the sobriquet of the "Lady Astor of the Reichstag," but unlike the *enfant terrible* of the British Parliament, she is politically educated and has both a challenging and stimulating effect upon her men confreres. Her hobby is political education, and she is untiring in her self-imposed mission of establishing political high schools, mapping out the course of study, and lecturing on her favorite theses. She brings an entirely new note into the parliamentary picture and may be counted upon to enliven the proceedings by her fearless polemics and her keen flashes of humor.

She is essentially the type of the "eternal feminine" and frankly confesses that when she wishes to carry a point in her party faction, she gives a political dinner, dons her most modish frock, and thus equipped with the entire panoply of femininity, gets in

her most effective work. She is original, refreshingly audacious, and extremely useful to her party. She is fond of using political epigrams, a habit acquired, perhaps, from constant reading of Nietzsche, who is her literary god as Bismarck is her political hero. Of the latter she said to me: "Great statesmen are not copyists; great statesmen employ their own strength in creating a stage and adapting it to the needs of a particular people. . . . The Constitution of the German Republic is a frame that has to be filled in with measures developing out of the exigencies of the situation. . . ." Men parliamentarians are one of her favorite targets, and in one of her outbursts she said: "We women are frequently told that we are guided by our hearts rather than our heads in our political activities; but I have never seen so many men who have neither heart nor head that my advice to the women is to stick to their own system!" — "Women are inspired by altruism; men by egotism" is the way in which she sums up the sex problem in the political field.

The third outstanding type is Clara Zetkin, the woman leader of the Communist Party, who has no counterpart except in Russia. No longer young, she nevertheless possesses astounding energy. She is an impassioned speaker, and with her white hair, her rugged proletarian features, and her arresting and dynamic personality, never fails to command the attention of the house when she rises to plead the unpopular cause of Communism. In speaking she is greatly handicapped by serious asthmatic troubles, but this does not prevent her from "getting over" her ideas.

"Comrade" Zetkin seems to have inherited the mantle of Luise Zietz, the dead woman leader of the Independent Socialists before they joined forces with the Majority Socialists. Both women received a thorough common school education at the Steyber School for Girls in Leipzig, an institution that has been called the nursery of the woman's suffrage movement in Germany.

Upon leaving this school Clara Zetkin successfully passed a teacher's examination, and as the German universities were still closed to women, slaked her thirst for knowledge now at this well, now at that, with the result that she has acquired an enormous deal of general practical knowledge. Originally a

member of the extreme wing of the Socialist Party, she ultimately became a Communist, and makes no secret of the fact that her first love is not republican Germany but Soviet Russia. She made her maiden speech on July 2, 1920; indeed it was an historic moment, as until June, 1920, the Communists as an anti-parliamentary party, had refused to participate in the elections, and thus it was reserved for a woman, and that woman Clara Zetkin, to be the first Communist to address the Reichstag. And what did she say? With her characteristic fearlessness, she began: "The first word spoken by a Communist within these walls shall be addressed to Soviet Russia!" It was her greeting to the international proletariat. The German idea is nothing to her compared to the international idea. Socialism, as she conceives it, can only be achieved through Communism, and the fulfillment of her political ideals is the Soviet Republic of Workmen's Councils. In this same speech she demanded of the German government nothing less than the "disarmament of the bourgeoisie and the arming of the proletariat." This is proof that by "justice" she understands only class justice, and that by "equality" she understands only class equality.

Clara Zetkin was one of the women who rejected the Spa agreement, and in so doing made the remarkable statement that her party — the Communists — would also have refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles. Not in the least, as she was careful to explain, because of the inevitable injury therein contained to Germany, but because both treaties bore the unmistakable earmarks of international capitalism. "The Spa agreement," she continued, "is the first step towards an understanding of the capitalistic classes both in Germany and in the Entente countries, towards the exploitation of the broad masses of the German working people!" When her remarks provoked a salvo of "Boos" from the right benches, she brushed their protests aside with a contemptuous gesture and the annihilating remark that it was "Nothing more than stage thunder to the accompaniment of calcium lights!" During that summer session of the Reichstag she made six speeches, leaving Germany for Russia where she always spends her vacations in the congenial atmosphere of the Soviet headquarters. Upon her return she plead for the resumption of political and economic relations

between Germany and Soviet Russia, and with a knowledge that astounded seasoned German parliamentarians, compared agricultural conditions in Germany with those she had found in Russia, — always in favor of the latter. She pointed out that more was being done in Russia to alleviate the distress among women and children than in Germany, and also had high praise for the educational system of new Russia, and ended by demanding a Reciprocal Treaty between the two countries long before the Rapallo Treaty became an accomplished fact.

Taken aggregately these thirty-five women represent about seven and a third per cent of the entire Reichstag with its four hundred and fifty-nine members and roughly speaking stand for a constituency of five and a half million, or for a cross section of the German population outnumbering the entire population of several of the minor states of Europe. They, therefore, occupy a unique position and with time as their chief ally may be counted upon to leaven the entire lump before the century has climbed to its zenith. The significant fact at present is that *they are*, with all promise this thesis contains, what they may *become*.

I HAVE THE RIGHT

CORA MATSON DOLSON

*I have the right
To happiness, —
To have the weight of people
Lifted from me;
The right to walk with beauty,
With the starting flowers,
With the springing grass,
While the gray kitten,
Soft-furred,
Brushes against me.*

A PAPAL POLITICAL VICTORY

FLOYD APPLETON

LEADING members of the Evangelical faiths in Europe have complained of the rapid growth in personal and political influence of the Roman Catholic Church since the war. In particular they point to the privileges gained from the newly created State of Latvia by the Papal See, which they claim are reminiscent of the Middle Ages, whereby the Latvian government engages to supply a cathedral and to exempt Catholic clergy from civil punishment. In this article Dr. Appleton attempts to give a fair and dispassionate account of the Latvian treaty with Rome.



IN the summer of 1922, a Treaty, about which comparatively little is known, was drawn up and signed in Rome between the Papal Secretary of State on the one hand, and Herman Albat, Assistant Latvian Foreign Minister, on the other.

Under this agreement the Vatican extended the scope of its power over the newborn Republic of Latvia. Political considerations were responsible in the main for bringing about the Treaty. Latvia had just passed through two years of independence so fraught with dangers and difficulties that at times it would have seemed a relief to come under the yoke of a strong foreign power rather than be bandied from pillar to post at the will of more powerful neighbors. Within a few weeks of the Armistice that had brought freedom and sovereignty to Latvia, the Bolsheviks invaded the country and captured Riga; they held it in their power for five months. Then came a German occupation, and it was not until the spring of 1920 that elections for a National Assembly were held and the country organized on a peace footing. A treaty of peace with Russia was the first act of the new Government, and in January, 1921, the independence of the Republic of

Latvia was formally acknowledged by the Supreme Council of Paris.

In addition to the entanglements which faced them on all sides from abroad, the new nation had many internal problems to face before it could settle down to quiet and happiness. Like all the countries of the north of Europe, Latvia had suffered terribly on account of the war. Private industrial enterprise in Riga alone had sunk from sixty thousand in 1914 to ten thousand at the conclusion of the Armistice. But worse even than this, the country, which is in the main devoted to agriculture, was split up into some two thousand large estates owned by German land barons who had either to be dispossessed or to submit to partition. Accordingly a land act was passed in September, 1920, curtailing the powers of the German owners and handing over as much land as possible to the impoverished farmers.

In addition to these troubles, one of the three provinces of Latvia, known as Latgalia, borders upon Poland. Over half of the Roman Catholic population of Latvia lived in that province, and it was generally recognized that Polish propaganda had been exceedingly active in attempting to bring about a *rapprochement* which would result in the annexation of Latgalia by Poland.

Poland in 1920 was faced with the problem of a Bolshevist invasion which might at any moment have swept her off her feet, and it was only natural, apart from religious issues, for her to seek to enlarge her domains and her man-power as far as possible. The Latvian Government realized that the best way to combat this religious difficulty was by meeting it half-way and coming to some kind of an agreement with the Vatican. While the Evangelical faith (Swedish or German in sympathy) is professed by three quarters of Latvia as a whole, the Roman Catholic element that inclined towards Poland comprised a majority of the population of the suspected province.

Accordingly the Latvian plenipotentiary appeared at the Vatican, and the Treaty in question was signed May 30, 1922, and ratified July 29, subject to renewal in 1925. Under the terms of this Agreement freedom is guaranteed to the Roman Church together with all Civil Rights in the Latvian Courts. The ancient Archbishopric of Riga is restored with two Suffragan Bishops. This fixes headquarters for all Roman Catholics in the Republic

at the national capital. The Government of Latvia is in duty bound to supply the Cathedral and residences for the Archbishop, the Chapter, and a Theological Seminary, all of which are to be secure from future confiscation. The Clergy are to be exempt from military service and to have no appeal from Ecclesiastical decisions to any temporal Court. Clergy accused of civil offenses and condemned serve sentence not in civil prisons but in a monastery. On the other hand, Latvia insisted that all bishops and dignitaries are to be of Latvian nationality, and that before appointment the Government must be first consulted.

As soon as the Latvian Parliament convened, the means of executing the agreement had to be found. The chief difficulty centered about the question of the distribution of the ecclesiastical property in Riga. The condition of the national Treasury made the building of a new Cathedral quite out of the question. It was necessary therefore for the State to assume and exercise the right of control over the city churches as it had previously done in the case of the big estates. The Committee proceeded to draw up a plan for the redistribution of these churches. The Fifteenth Century Church of St Peter, famed for its wondrous spire, was not disturbed. St Mary's Cathedral was handed over to the Latvian Evangelical Bishop. As this was the largest and oldest of the churches, this proved a popular move and was able to disarm much of the opposition which might otherwise have proved fatal to the handing over of the large Evangelical Church to the Roman Catholic authorities. Accordingly the Church of St Jacob, the third of importance in the City, was decided upon as the one best fitted for the future Roman Catholic Cathedral. This proposition naturally roused a storm of protest. It was in use at that time as the Cathedral of the Latvian Evangelical Bishop, and what made the opposition more bitter was the claim that many Evangelicals would be compelled to worship out of doors owing to the scarcity of church capacity in Riga. However, the Province of Latgalia insisted that the covenant with the Vatican be adhered to, and an agreement was arrived at by which the Roman Catholic members of Parliament promised amnesty to political criminals if the Bolshevist members should support the concordat. Accordingly the Act passed and was published by the State in 1923.

NEW LIGHT ON BALZAC'S MARRIAGE

Part One

CATHERINE, PRINCESS RADZIWIŁŁ

*Illustrated with Two Woodcuts
by Harry Townsend*

THE editor of these hitherto unpublished letters from the woman who, after a courtship of seventeen years, became the wife of the illustrious French writer, Honoré de Balzac, feels that this correspondence will go a long way toward correcting the false impressions which still prevail regarding their marriage. Princess Radziwiłł is a niece of the Polish woman, Madame Hanska, née Countess Evelina Rzewuska, who became Balzac's wife: the beautiful "Stranger" to whom he addressed so many impassioned letters.

NOT long ago I was putting the final touches to the French translation of a remarkable book on Honoré de Balzac and the part played by women in his life. This book, *Women in the Life of Balzac*, is written by a young American girl of great talent, Miss Juanita Helm Floyd. While working on this the thought struck me that perhaps the time had come for me to give to the world some hitherto unknown details concerning the "great heart drama," — to use Balzac's own expression describing his seventeen years' courtship, his marriage, and the results of this marriage for him from the point of view of his own peace and happiness. A literature has been written about this courtship and marriage. Some very unjust stories, unjust to my aunt, Madame de Balzac, have been put into circulation. As, for example, the odious one invented by Victor Hugo and published in his little book *Choses Vues*.

Now that seventy-five years have elapsed since the death of Balzac, and since his contemporaries and those of my aunt have passed away, I think I am not violating the laws of discretion if at last I attempt to draw aside the veil from the mystery which has surrounded, up to this time, the short married life of a man and a woman whose romance is one of the most touching in the

annals of French literature. I can do this the more easily inasmuch as I have some letters which throw a corrective light on the relationship of these two exceptional figures, — the illustrious novelist whose work, *La Comédie Humaine*, will live as long as France and her literary movement exist, and the beautiful Polish woman, — *L'Etrangère*, as he called her, — of whom he had made an idol.

The paramount question when we invoke their memories is whether, after having taken each other for better or for worse, they were truly happy. There is a legend which will have it that nothing but a cruel disappointment followed a marriage so ardently desired by Balzac over so long a time, and that after its consummation he and his wife had been unable to agree. This is nothing but a legend; an ill-natured legend at that, against which I must protest with all the strength of my affection for my aunt, whose maternal care of me after the loss of my own mother will ever be a sacred memory. It is this memory and this strength of affection which imposes on me the duty to defend her against the many unwarranted attacks to which she, now a legendary spirit in literary history, has been subjected.

The reason that I have not previously attempted this justification is, to some extent, that while Madame de Balzac's only daughter was living it was not my place to do it. She died during the great war, and since then I have been absorbed in other pursuits which have prevented me from accomplishing the task I had set myself a long time ago; in fact, from the very hour that my aunt died.

To begin with, it is necessary to give a short sketch of Madame de Balzac, of her early environment, and of the circumstances which later combined to render her susceptible to the devotion and affection of the man whom she was to marry after a courtship of seventeen years. Evelina Rzewuska was the daughter of a most remarkable man, who had spent a great deal of his life abroad before the French Revolution. In Denmark he represented the Polish Republic as Ambassador; and in France he was warmly received and welcomed not only at the Court of Versailles, but also in French society. His reception at the Court he owed to the fact that he was directly allied with the Bourbons, through the marriage of his aunt, Queen Marie Leszcinska, with Louis XV. In French society, among the Encyclopedistes, he met Diderot,



Honoré de Balzac

d'Alembert, and Voltaire, with whom he entered into a correspondence which lasted until the death of the *solitaire de Ferney*. My grandfather was not only a Liberal in opinion, but also, in a certain sense, an atheist, and it was his rare intelligence which influenced his daughter to the last day of her life. She, too, from the intellectual point of view was under the influence of the



Madame de Balzac

Eighteenth Century. Age, it is true, softened certain asperities of character obvious in her youth, and she became ultimately the most tolerant of persons. Yet she could never bring herself to bow down before superstition, ignorance, and prejudice. Her virile intelligence refused to accept as truth that which she could not understand, and this is a point which must ever be borne in

mind in endeavoring to form a just appreciation of her remarkable personality.

Evelina was her father's favorite child. By a strange freak of destiny, my grandmother, unlike her husband, was a very devout, superstitious, and I may say ignorant Roman Catholic. So ignorant was she that when, after my grandfather's death, she found in a drawer his regalia as master of a Freemason's Lodge, she did not know what it represented and had it transformed into a church ornament, in which my father, arriving at the family place a few months later, saw, to his horror, the parish priest preparing himself to celebrate divine service!

My grandfather had been in love with his wife, but that was all. He had never imagined that he could make of her a companion, and, living as they did in a distant part of the Ukraine, with but few neighbors and those his inferiors, he devoted all his time to the education of his children, particularly that of his daughter Evelina. This close association continued even after the girl's marriage to M. Wenceslas de Hanski. She continued to see her father as often as possible, and they corresponded with unusual regularity. When her father died in 1825 my aunt was inconsolable, and she threw herself more and more into the pursuit of literature.

At the time of her father's death Evelina was twenty-four years old and had been for five years the wife of Monsieur de Hanski, a wealthy man much older than she, addicted to hypochondria, — a maniac in some respects and totally inferior to her in every way. Of her five children, four had died in infancy. The one remaining daughter, Anna, she loved with an almost savage affection. Her life was extremely lonely. The estate was far from every town, and few visitors came to relieve her solitude. Those whom she was compelled to meet, in the daily intercourse of life, were dull, ignorant people, absolutely incapable of sympathizing with her or of appreciating her rare qualities of mind and heart. She was ready to accept any romance that might enter her life, no matter from what side it came, provided it was such that it answered her intellectual requirements.

When Evelina de Hanska wrote her first letter to Balzac, in February, 1832, under cover of an alias, *L'Etrangère*, she did so more in the search of amusement than from any other motive.

Very soon, however, this feeling changed, and affection sprang up for a man whom she had never seen but whose genius so greatly appealed to her.

These two, Balzac and my aunt, corresponded for two years during which the writer's vivid imagination endowed his unknown friend with all the qualities she possessed, and perhaps some which she did not possess. At length they met in Neufchâtel, Switzerland, where the lover received what the French call the *coup de foudre*. Madame Hanska was at first cruelly disappointed, not in the man's mind, but in his physical appearance and vulgarities. There is a curious unfinished letter of hers to my father, Count Adam Rzewuski, her favorite brother, in which she speaks of her first meeting with the novelist. All her letters were undated, except the day of the week. Consequently one is obliged to make suppositions regarding the time of their composition. The following letter was undoubtedly written at Neufchâtel during the last days of September or the first days of October, 1833:

"At last I have met Balzac, and you will be wondering whether my infatuation for him, as you call it, has been cured or not. You remember you always prophesied that he would eat with his knife, and wipe his nose on his serviette. Well, if he did not exactly commit the latter crime, he certainly rendered himself guilty of the former. Of course, this was an unpleasant sight, and many times when I saw him commit what we call errors of good breeding, I felt tempted to reprove him as I would reprove Anna in similar circumstances."

These vulgarities and "errors in good breeding" seem to have had real weight in later years, and without a doubt were a cause contributing to my aunt's delay in her marriage to the novelist. But she continues:

"The man has something, however, which is far better than manners, good or bad; he has genius. The kind of genius that carries one away and makes him realize all that he has hitherto missed in life. You will again say that I am '*exaltée*,' but I assure you that such is not the case. My admiration for Balzac will certainly never blind me to his faults, which are many. But he loves me, and I feel that this love is the most precious thing I have ever possessed, that it will from now on play in my whole existence the part of a luminous torch held before my dazzled eyes, — my poor eyes which are sometimes so weary with all the pettiness and narrow-mindedness of the people with whom I am surrounded."

My father was the kindest and most indulgent of men, but he had all the prejudices of a *Grand Seigneur* of olden times. It was

gall and wormwood to him to see his beloved sister allow herself to become infatuated with a man so utterly beneath her in the worldly sense of the word. Yet he said not one word to influence her, and took it upon himself to shield her as best he could from the possible consequences which, happily for her, her husband, Monsieur Hanski, did not suspect as being so sincere and so imperious.

At that time, and during the years that followed, my aunt went through a curious phase of mind. Her love for Balzac was an absolutely intellectual one. She was fascinated by his genius; she shared all his pursuits and his worries, and was to him the guiding star in a life which was a long struggle after fame amidst terrific financial difficulties. While writing to him, her whole being tingled with her love for him and with pride at having been chosen by him from all women in the world, as his "Polar Star," his "*sicura ricchezza, senza brama*." Every time she received one of his impassioned letters her heart beat faster, and she found in his adoration of her person, in his worship of her qualities, a solace in her otherwise intellectually barren existence. At the same time his vulgarities of appearance, his manners, his language, wounded every finer sensibility. She speaks of this in a letter written in 1839 or 1840:

"I am sometimes glad that I do not have to come to a decision in regard to marrying or not marrying the man whom you seem to dread having for a brother-in-law. Yet I know I love him, perhaps more than you suppose. His letters are the one great event in my solitary life. I look forward to them and to the adoration with which they are filled. I am proud to be, to this man of genius, something no other woman has ever been. For he is a genius, one of the greatest France has ever produced. When I remember this, everything else seems to pale and to disappear in my pride at having won his love, although I feel so absolutely unworthy of him.

"And yet when we are together I cannot fail to see certain things, to notice certain incongruities, suffering at the thought that others notice them also and draw their own conclusions. I would like at such times to cry out my love and my pride, and to upbraid these people for not seeing what is so evident to me. What my position would be if my husband, M. Hanski, died I prefer not to imagine."

The death of her husband did occur a few months later, November 10, 1841. The letter continues:

"I hope, however, that in such event, I would do my duty once more, as I have always tried to do it, as our father told us we must

always do. But perhaps in my heart I am glad that I am not called upon to make a decision. And I forget at times everything but the one fact that this great man would be ready to sacrifice everything for my sake, for the sake of one who has so very little to offer him."

In writing this my aunt was evidently forgetful of the fact that she had much, on the contrary, to offer Balzac, who had found in her the realization of all his dreams, and who, through her, could nurse the hope of at last entering the ranks of that aristocratic society which he had worshipped far more than it deserved. His love for Madame Hanska was not only an affection of the heart. It was the consecration of his ambitions, the worldly ambitions which dictated his famous letter to Dr. Nacquart. In this letter, the novelist announces his marriage with Evelina and lays much stress on the fact that his wife is the niece of a Queen of France and consequently could claim cousinship with Louis XV and with the latter's successor and children, if she had cared to do so.

But, as it happened, this made no appeal to my aunt. Few women have been so entirely indifferent to those baubles of vanity represented by illustrious kinships and royal alliances. And, happily for her, she did not realize how much they had influenced the affection which Balzac cherished for her. As time went on her tenderness for him increased and undoubtedly she proved the good genius of his life. Without her constant encouragement and the faith she displayed in him, it is doubtful whether he could have produced so many masterpieces all through the long years during which their romance lasted. As his fame increased and was recognized and appreciated by the world, my aunt's pride in the man she loved grew apace, and soon they became absolutely one in intellect. A blissful state which did not, however, prevent their being at variance upon more than one question.

After Madame Hanska's husband died and she found herself a widow, it must be said in her praise that not once did she admit the possibility of becoming the wife of any man save the French writer. Then it was that her family interfered, and every possible obstacle was put in the way of her marriage. Her relatives were utterly opposed to her expatriating herself and marrying a man who, in spite of his genius, was not of her own sphere. It was about this time that my aunt wrote the following letter, of 1846

or 1847, to her brother. It gives a true insight into the nobility of her nature and the straightforwardness of her character. The "Aunt Rosalie" to whom she refers in the opening lines is Countess Rosalie Rzewuska, whose beauty had created a stir during the Congress of Vienna and whose daughter Caliste married Don Michel Angelo Caetani, Duke of Sermoneta and Prince of Teano, grandfather of the former Italian Ambassador at Washington. To her brother, then, she writes:

"I have been very much upset by a letter from Aunt Rosalie. She again urges upon me the necessity of thinking well before making any decision regarding a marriage between Monsieur de Balzac and me. I am not only upset, but incensed as well. What right has she or anybody else to come and dictate to me what I must or must not do? How can she understand the motives which actuate me? How can she be so cruel as to write to me that a marriage with the novelist would only underline a situation about which the world has already talked too much, and which ought to be disavowed?"

Her great affection for her child, Anna, is another factor which may account for my aunt's long delay in marrying Balzac, when, at length, she was free to do so. The letter continues:

"I don't know whether circumstances and the care of Anna will ever allow me to marry again. But what I do know is that I would never be so ignoble as to desert the man who has so faithfully loved me for so many years, the man for whom I am everything in the world, one who has confided to me so much that was precious and intimate in his mind and soul. To betray him now, to be untrue to the promises I have made to him, even if those promises were made under the pressure of circumstances over which I had no control, would be a dishonorable act. And this, you know, my brother, I can never do. . . . And then again such a man belongs to the world and it would be a sin against it to prevent him from writing more of those masterpieces which he has already produced; masterpieces which will survive him, and be read and admired by thousands of people long after we are all of us dead and buried and forgotten. I will always remember my duty toward my daughter. Second to her I belong to the man who has loved me so faithfully and so ardently through so many long years. I will not fail him, no matter what happens."

My aunt contributes what is perhaps one of the finest tributes in literary history, to Balzac. This tribute we find in a letter to her brother, written either in 1846 or 1847:

"Believe me, dear brother, I know better perhaps than anyone else wherein Monsieur de Balzac is lacking. This, fortunately for him, takes nothing away from his personal greatness. His is a colossal figure,

which will always remain colossal. As time goes on the world will forget the little things which shock it at the present moment, and the personality of Monsieur de Balzac will become more and more gigantic, as the veil of forgetfulness falls over the details which to-day mar the intellectual beauty of the man and of the writer, the immortal writer. . . .

"I have sometimes tried to find a man with whom one could compare Monsieur de Balzac, and really I find no one with the possible exception of St Simon whom one can put on the same level. If only Balzac had been describing real personages, he would probably have reached far greater heights than St Simon, because he would have known how to paint people of every sphere of life and of every class of society; whereas the famous Duke remains concentrated in a narrow and exclusive circle, beyond which he sees no salvation. After all, aristocracy is not the only thing in the world. If only we had realized this fact, perhaps we would not have seen the horrors of the French Revolution. . . .

"When I think of these things, the artificiality of social conventions strikes me most forcibly. We all live according to certain preconceived notions which we accept without thinking, simply because we have been brought up to believe in them blindly, and without making any attempt to discuss them. And yet religion, if it is to be sincere, should be the product of faith and of reasoning, — faith in its healing influence, and reasoning as to its fundamental truths.

"The personality of Christ Himself is so different from what one teaches us to see and to believe! They tell us He is God, whereas He Himself said nothing of the kind. He only proclaimed Himself the Son of God, just as all of us are the Children of God, no more. And why will bigoted people not realize that by the very fact of making God out of Christ, one robs the latter of all the merits of His sacrifice. If He had been God, He would have known that He could not die. He would have known of the reward that awaited Him! On the contrary, the figure of a man willing to suffer the ignominious death on the Cross out of love for an ungrateful mankind, becomes so immense that it is transformed into a Divinity, by the very strength of His suffering and agony.

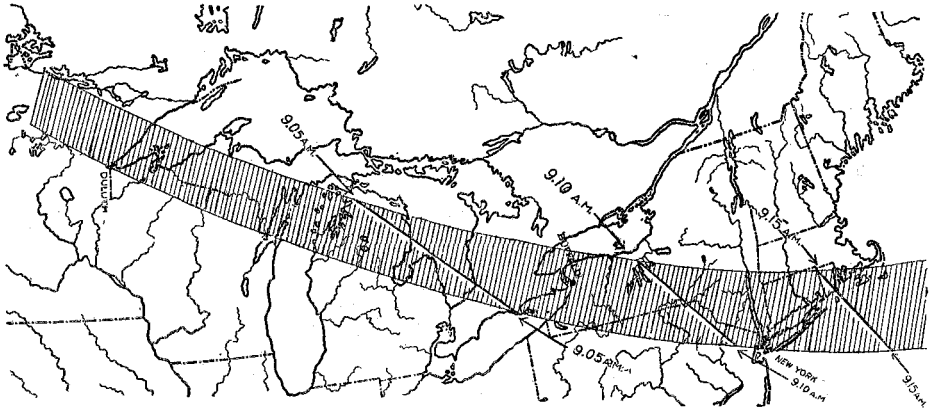
"A God would not have wept at Gethsemane, and yet it was on that spot that Christ's most bitter tears were shed! Oh, the artificiality of it all!"

To those who have only heard about her and have had no opportunity to study her personality, these letters convey far better than any words of mine could do, a just appreciation of the character and intelligence of the woman who inspired such fervent love in one of the greatest minds of his epoch.

TO BE CONCLUDED

THE IMMINENT SOLAR ECLIPSE

EDWARD SKINNER KING



Track of the Total Solar Eclipse of January 24, 1925

The figures on the map give the Eastern Standard Time of totality for places located on the corresponding oblique lines crossing the path of the shadow

BETWEEN nine and ten on January 24, 1925 in a narrow band from Minnesota to the Atlantic Ocean, there will occur a total eclipse of the sun. For the approximately twenty million people who live in the region traversed by the moon's shadow this will be the unique event of a lifetime, for not again in a century will a total solar eclipse visit this part of the country. In this article Professor King discusses this eclipse which, weather permitting, will be visible to many FORUM readers.

NO celestial phenomenon is more impressive than a total eclipse of the sun. The spectacle, so terrifying to primitive people, fascinates the scientist with the possibility of solving problems reaching from earth to the remotest star.

The annual contest of football between two great universities may draw an audience of fifty thousand spectators. The concourse of baseball fans at the autumn world's series is both numerous and enthusiastic. But on the twenty-fourth day of January will occur an event at which twenty million people may have grand-stand seats, an event vouchsafed to any one community but once in three or four centuries,— a total eclipse of the sun. The path of

totality passes over a thickly populated region in the northeastern section of the country, and all within the borders of this path may see, conditioned on clear skies; no rain checks will be given.

According to Oppolzer's register of eclipses, which covers a period beginning with 1208 B. C., this eclipse of 1925 is the 7464th entry. The earliest record of a solar eclipse dates back to 2137 B. C., in Chinese annals, commemorated by the death of drunken Hsi and Ho, court astronomers, who failed to give timely warning for the proper observances to appease the wrath of the gods, and to scare away the dragon who was trying to devour the sun. The fable of the dragon is general, and unlearned peoples turn out with hue and cry and tintinnabulum to drive him from his prey. Such efforts are ever successful.

Every night there is an eclipse, a total one, when the sun sinks below the western horizon. With the waning glow of twilight the birds go to roost, and the stars appear. Another sort of eclipse is manifest when we view the landscape from a hill-top and see the cloud shadows chasing over the lowlands. Where the shadows fall there the sun is seen eclipsed. Replace the cloud, but at a greater distance, by the body of the moon, and we grasp the nature of the phenomenon. Again, we may with the telescope watch the shadows traverse the face of the planet Jupiter, as his satellites pass between him and the sun. Could we be transported within one of these tiny shadow-spots, we would see all the glories of a total solar eclipse. Jovian astronomers may have their choice of several eclipses on the same day. These examples are cited to show that eclipses in nowise affect the sun. Did not the ancient Greek admiral, when his pilot was overcome with fright at an eclipse, hold his cloak to screen the sun and ask if he was alarmed by a shadow? It is the shadow not of a cloak, but of the moon that envelopes us at a total solar eclipse; nor is the moon ever in the plight of Chamisso's shadowless man, who parted with his dark effigy for a consideration. Should the "man in the moon" be interested in the event of January twenty-fourth, he will see the black spot of the lunar shadow speeding eastward over the earth's surface with cannon-ball velocity. The earth, turning eastward, shortens and curves the shadow-path. Outside this path, which is about one hundred miles wide, the sun will be but partially covered by the moon. The dark core of the

moon's shadow first strikes the earth in northern Minnesota at 9:02 A.M., Eastern time. Fifteen minutes later it has swept to the coast and passed out to sea, having crossed the Great Lakes, as well as portions of Canada, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island in its terrific course. The duration of totality for places near the central line of the track is about two minutes, increasing as it goes eastward. Although the eclipse may be seen as total in New York and localities to the westward, New England will have an important advantage in that the sun will be higher in the sky at eclipse time. It may be said that this is a New England eclipse.

For the most part early eclipses must have come quite unheralded upon their terrified beholders. Ancient Babylonian and Chaldean astronomers discovered a period, called the Saros, in which eclipses recur. In a period of eighteen years and about eleven days, the succession of eclipses repeats itself. Having a record then of past eclipses, it would seem easy to forecast the future by simple addition. But there is an odd fraction of a day in the Saros which carries the eclipse path one-third the way around the globe to the westward at each return. Consequently, they were fortunate to strike the year; the place where the eclipse might be seen was indefinite. Modern prediction is so precise that the borders of the coming eclipse path are known probably to within one mile. The calculation of the path and circumstances of an eclipse depends on our knowledge of the motions of moon and earth. One of the most intricate of problems is where to find the moon at a predicted time. Subject to so many gravitational pulls from sun and planets, the moon calls for gifted mathematics to deduce from all the observations of the past what its exact course will be in the future. Comprehensive tables have been prepared of such accuracy that an eclipse of a century hence can be foretold to the minute for any locality.

Perhaps only one person in a thousand has ever seen a total eclipse of the sun. It is an opportunity of a lifetime. We may grasp the reason from the fact that totality is confined to a narrow track, crossing the same spot but once in several centuries. Moreover, eclipse tracks seem to prefer watery wastes rather than land routes. If one became an eclipse globe-trotter, he would see no more than seventy total eclipses in a century,

and with all his ubiquity would obtain only three hours of totality. Since the time when photography was first actively applied to the study of eclipses, the entire duration granted to astronomers for securing observations during the total phases has amounted to about one hour. It is not surprising that astronomers anticipate and plan with exceeding care to make the most of every precious eclipse second.

On the morning of January twenty-fourth, any astronomer would appreciate taking a cannon-ball express on the eclipse track with an adequate observation car. Let us go with him. Starting from northern Minnesota, crossing Michigan and Canada to Buffalo, we would, in company with the moon's shadow, shoot by Binghamton, Poughkeepsie, and New Haven. Leaving Montauk Point and Nantucket, our course would curve out over the sea to the Shetland Islands, north of Great Britain. Beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset, this day, one hour and forty-three minutes long as the moon-shadow flies, would be the shortest yet grandest one in our lives. No such boon is ever granted to the astronomer; he is worse off than ordinary mortals, for frequently he is so busy observing the eclipse that he has no time to look at it, not even a glance at the splendid vision.

Suppose that we, as sight-seers under a cloudless sky on the eclipse morning, are at New Haven, which is situated on the central line of totality. The sun in the southeast appears as usual. Nothing indicates anything out of the ordinary, unless we may note others like ourselves watching through pieces of smoked glass for the first intimations of the eclipse. Soon after eight o'clock we notice on the upper right-hand side of the sun a minute indentation which rapidly increases. It is the Moon Dragon biting his way into the sun. The dark body of the moon steals gradually but relentlessly across the solar disk. The time of year will preclude much observation of the effect of the waning light on animal life, unless it be of the ever-present English sparrows. After nine o'clock the sun has become a thin crescent, and when we hold out a sheet of paper perforated with a pencil, crescent-shaped images of the sun will dance on the pavement at our feet, — as many images as there are punctures in the paper. The encroaching moon is black as ink when, with a sudden

rush, the actual, almost palpable, shadow of the moon is upon us. It has become night. We can see stars, and clustering at the right of the sun, are the planets Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter, surprised in secret conclave. Little time have we for planets, when emanating from behind the dark lunar disk are protruding red flames, and encircling all shines the corona with pearly light, — a “crown” with radiant streamers. While still endeavoring to absorb the matchless spectacle, there comes a flash of light. The two minutes of totality are over, and we come back to a prosaic world. There is not even a presidential election in the offing.

Each eclipse may add its bit to our knowledge. At the solar eclipse of 1868 the spectrum of the red flames surrounding the sun disclosed the presence of hydrogen, and also of another, an unidentified, element which was named “helium.” First discovered in the sun, helium was later found terrestrially, and now buoys up our airships. At the eclipse of 1868 it was also learned that the spectroscope could be made to show the red protuberances without an eclipse. Now, the spectroscope is employed to depict the solar surface in light of hydrogen and calcium by means of the spectral lines in different colors. Different levels are thus photographed, and we have sectional plans of the fervid atmosphere of the sun at varying heights above the surface. Such photographs show sunspots as whirling cyclonic storms. The vortex motion creates a magnetic field, which discharges streams of electrified particles. These, as they reach the earth’s atmosphere, produce the beautiful aurora borealis.

At a total solar eclipse when the moon has just covered the sun’s disk, leaving a mere fringe around the edge, the spectrum of the low-lying chromosphere bursts into a multitude of colored bright lines, the so-called “flash spectrum.” Since the “flash spectrum” gives accurate data as to the thickness and relative heights of the gaseous and vapor strata in the sun’s atmosphere, it is recommended as a subject of observation on the current eclipse program. The Einstein deflection of a star’s rays at the limb of the eclipsed sun was confirmed by the accurate measures obtained at the eclipses of 1919 and 1922. An attempt will be made at this eclipse to vary the method to eliminate any possible error due to the refractive effect of the earth’s atmosphere.

The corona is the most important feature of a solar eclipse. Visible at no other time, despite ingenious and repeated efforts, it will receive the greatest attention. The corona, enveloping the sun as a rare and far-flung atmosphere, has different shapes at different times, associated with sunspots. At sunspot maximum its form is like the corolla of a flower around the sun. When spots are at a minimum, as they are every eleven years, bands or streamers of light stretch away on either side of the sun, and numerous rays emanate from near the poles. Its substance is most ethereal. The great comet of 1843, in swinging around the sun at the tremendous velocity of 350 miles a second, passed through 300,000 miles of corona and suffered no damage from the ordeal. Shooting stars are almost instantly ignited by friction when they enter the earth's atmosphere. Surely, the density of the corona is of the order of an atom in a cubic mile of space.

A reference to the corona may be found in Plutarch, but the first scientific recognition seems to have been by Kepler. The ancients must have been familiar with the corona. In witness, we may look at the Egyptian symbols of the sun-god, a winged disk. These have the appearance of the corona at a sunspot minimum. Some of the winged solar disks show polar rays between the wings. One infers that these early documents in stone are the earliest representations of the corona.

At the coming eclipse photographs will prevail over sketches, although the amateur observer will find his unaided eye most satisfactory for viewing this beautiful and marvelous appendage of the sun. Photography of the corona at this time has an added importance, because it is said that no coronal record of the past covers the current phase of sunspots. There is a probable connection of the corona with other solar phenomena. What forces form the corona? Why does it radiate light, and what is the proportion of reflected sunlight to that given off by gasses entering into its composition? Does the corona rotate? What drives its streamers out ten million miles from the sun? To explain the corona, we must draw on the new stores of knowledge disclosed concerning atoms and ionization. One of the latest theories supposes that vast numbers of electrons, electrified entities violently discharged from the sun, bombard atoms in the coronal

region. The energy, transformed as shown by recent researches, might easily excite the filmy fabric of the corona into luminescence even at a distance of millions of miles from the sun.

The corona furnished another riddle when in 1869 a green line was found in its spectrum, representing an unidentified element. Like helium, it received a name from the place of its discovery. It is called "coronium." Unlike helium, the mystery of coronium is still unsolved. Possibly when found coronium may possess properties of a rare and useful order.

Let us extend our view. At night we see the stars scattered over the sky. With the telescope we can pick up almost countless nebulae, cloudy aggregations of matter, star-stuff, from which the sidereal worlds may be fashioned. Nebular luminosity seems to be partly by reflected light and partly by electrical excitation from radiations of the neighboring stars. Paradoxically we may ask: Will the eclipse throw light on the structure and significance of the nebulae? Again, our sun is a star, the one nearest to us. Is it not probable that every glittering star in the sky is accompanied by its own corona? It would be rash to say that these can never manifest their presence to the future astronomer, armed quite likely with instruments not yet conceived. Did not the French philosopher of a past century deny that we could ever derive any knowledge of the chemical composition of the stars? To-day the astronomer by means of the spectroscope analyzes the stars almost as readily as if he could handle their substance in the laboratory. It is folly to set bounds to the extension of man's knowledge. Thus, the enigma of the corona is linked with sun and star, filmy nebula, and our old earth. Atoms and stellar organizations, the infinitely large and infinitely small, are alike involved in the perfect comprehension of its secret. The corona should be represented not by a winged disk, but by an interrogation point of multiplex form.

The sun is the power house of the solar system. Its light and heat are shed on all the planets. Without the sun's radiant energy earth would become dead, and mankind first of all. It is the one thing all-important in our lives. What stokes the sun to maintain its output of light and heat? What forces effect changes which so closely concern our welfare? How long will it last? These are questions we would like to have answered. Telescopes,

spectroscopes, and other instruments, coupled with photography, are in constant use to solve the riddles of the sun. It is so bright that it furnishes its own protection against inquisitive eyes. Some occulting disk is imperative, but no obstruction near to us can free the earth's atmosphere from the glare of the solar furnace. The moon at the time of total eclipse does screen off the intense brightness of the glory hole and permits astronomers a brief glimpse of the sun's surroundings. One may clearly see why so many astrophysical problems await solution.

What may be the outcome of eclipse observations? Not only pure knowledge, an insight into the working and inter-relation of gigantic forces active in and around the sun, but the source of atomic energy. The sun and stars are mighty crucibles in the magnificent celestial laboratory. It is for men to observe and to interpret. Helium was first found in the sun. We know that it is a product of the disintegration of radio-active substances. With disintegration, energy is released. When we find how the sun continues emitting light and heat, which can not possibly be maintained under the old conceptions of matter, we shall have in possession an exhaustless source of energy. The future ocean liner may cross the seas with a pittance of coal; the airship may carry its motive power in a thermos bottle. With the marvelous record of the past, why limit our view of the future?

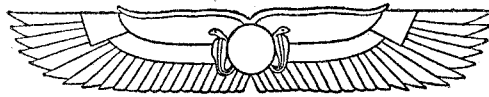
For the coming eclipse committees are active, arranging to disseminate information and to enlist public coöperation. The eclipse track, eighty to one hundred and twenty miles in width according to location, can be accurately defined by observation if all persons residing near the northern or the southern limits of the path will note whether the eclipse is even momentarily total or not. The observed duration of darkness, expressed in seconds, will be a great help to astronomers. Useful information may be gathered regarding the "shadow bands" which sometimes accompany the moon's shadow as it comes and again when it goes. Radio will be utilized by the committees to give explicit instructions; possible changes in "static" may be looked for during the eclipse.

The professional astronomer will time his movements with military precision. When possible, automatic devices will be employed. He could work a week without fatigue if he were per-

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mitted. But at best we shall have only two minutes to accomplish our desires. Clouds are the bane of the astronomer in eclipse operations. Observatories at a distance will be reluctant to send expeditions into the fickle eastern climate, where, it is said, an observer on Plymouth Rock can see, within a radius of three hundred miles, ninety per cent of the storms which sweep the United States. Wherever they are born, whether at Medicine Hat or at Key West, they all hasten toward the New England coast. The chances of clear sky for the eclipse track on the given day and at the given hour are in general less than fifty per cent. In southern Connecticut where the odds are slightly better. Insurance may come to the astronomer's aid. Two expeditions at the eclipse of 1923 took out insurance. For a moderate premium, a policy for \$10,000 was written "to conserve to science" a return for the outlay in preparation. It was for three minutes, — the shortest period ever contracted in insurance, — and protected against loss by rain, cloud, dust, or other natural elements which should impair or vitiate the expected results. But that was for the sunny clime of the Pacific Coast, with a good reputation. It is to be feared that premiums for New England weather will be higher. Nevertheless, it may be that where California promised and failed, New England, without bluster except from its many storms, will intermit such disturbances and deliver the goods.



THE LOST VOICES
OF AMERICA



Ong's Hat

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Illustrated by Conrad Roland

AS we came to the winding path which led from the sand-road to the Cabin, the sun had just set. The dark branches of the pitch-pines, fringed with black-green needles, tried in vain to bar the glory which streamed in from the west. Beneath a flame of living gold lay a strip of cool apple-green, and above that the sky was stained with colors never found on earth: dragon's blood, Tyrian rose, crimson-lake, — there are not names enough for the tints which showed in that winter sky. Against clove-black tree-trunks the shadows of the drifted snow showed ultramarine, and the sound of the wind in the pines was as the rush of mighty wings. In the distance lay the marshes, pools of ink set in the dull gold of withered sedges. Slowly the sky dimmed to orange-amber, ashes-of-rose, and at last to the black-violet of the striding dark, while faint and far-away came the ghostly hoot of that death-in-the-dark, the great-horned owl with his doubled second note.

It was a night of stars. Directly over the stone chimney of the Cabin swung the great Belt of Orion with the Stars of the Girdle, Alnilam Mintaka, and Alnita gleaming like jewels and guarded on either side by flame-white Rigel and rose-red Betelgeuse, while below swung Saiph, the Sword-Star, and lower still through the

tree-tops showed the green flare of great Sirius in the fell jaw of the Dog.

With the coming of the dark the wind whispered mysteriously to itself among the pines, sighed once, twice, — and was gone, and the woods lay before us still as sleep. As we reached the Cabin we could see the moon mirrored in the dark water of the sweetest, crookedest stream in the world, and we breathed deep the breath of the Barrens compounded of sunlight, sky-air, star-shine, and the spicery of a million pines mingled by winds which sweep over vast spaces where no man dwells. With it we breathed in that peace and joy which we four have found together so many times in the wilderness.

Then came the Lighting of the Fire in the vast arched fireplace built of orange, red, yellow, and brown sand-stone dug from under the snowy sand not fifty feet away. Over a foundation of white cedar and high-blueberry sticks were piled seasoned logs of swamp-maple, post-oak, and pitch-pine. Above the andirons, from the log tavern at Upper Mill built in 1720, the flames roared in the stone chimney and showed the gray-black blotches on the skin of a six-foot timber-rattler, which I caught at Mount Misery one May day. Tacked to the wall beside it was a prairie warbler's nest lined with fern-wool, the rarer feather-lined nest of the pine-warbler which we found one day at Double Trouble, and a humming-bird's nest covered with lichens and stitched with cobwebs.

During the week the Banker had been presiding over the destinies of a pillared palace of white marble where his lightest word was law. To-night, however, he was nothing more than a cook, and as such we allowed him to waste no time. Urged on by our hungry cries he built in the corner of the great hearth a little fire of mountain-laurel, — the best wood for cooking in the world, — and over it broiled with great skill and speed a vast porterhouse steak, full three inches thick, at the same time baking before the blaze sundry Spanish onions. Thereafter he made wonderful griddle-cakes, to be eaten with fresh butter and honey, and a pot of unparalleled coffee. Followed much good talk before the flickering fire, and the fellowship of long-time friends, until the sweet sleep of the Barrens began to press down upon our eyes like swathings of warm soft wool. It was bitter cold, and the thin clapboards snapped and cracked with the frost as drowsily we dragged

our beds into the circle of heat thrown off by the fireplace, tucking in the blankets cunningly, knowing that every calory would be needed before morning. Then we laid the fire for the night. First came a foundation of pine-knots, treasure-trove which we had mined out of the dry sand, the bones of long-ago pines filled with dark wine-colored resin. Over these we piled logs of post-oak and pitch-pine and lengths of black-gum, heavy and close-grained, which would burn sullenly for hours. At the first touch of flame the pine-knots burned with a smoky flare, and little by little welded the layers of logs above them into a glowing mass, which radiated heat for long hours at a time. Almost immediately we fell asleep to the soft whispering of the flames. Once, as always, during the night the fire had to be renewed, and I, as host, climbed out of my warm bed and brought in more wood from the porch. I found the setting moon showing among the black tree-trunks like a bowl of frozen gold with a big piece bitten out of its rim, probably the work of the Little Bear who swung low in the sky with a peculiarly bright, satisfied look on his face.

All that night, guarded by the stars and sentinelled by the pines, we slept such sleep as those who live in cities never know. As the eastern sky lightened I awoke, ready for anything, even to getting up of a winter morning, probably the most difficult duty of life. Like Dr. Johnson, on every birthday I highly resolve to rise early each morning during the coming year, and I fear that my seventieth birthday, if such there be, will find me saying sadly with him:

"Not one of these resolutions has ever been carried out and probably not one ever will be, yet it is well to make them since it is better to strive and fail than never to strive at all."

Springing out into the frosty air I hurried on my clothes, for he who would meet the birds of the Barrens in winter must look for them at sunrise. Leaving the rest of the party rolled up in warm balls like hibernating woodchucks, I followed a dim path fringed by masses of sand-myrtle (*dendrium buxifolium*) with its glossy little evergreen leaves. There, too, was the rare climbing-fern with its five-fingered leaves and stem like drawn copper-wire. Everywhere showed the light-green of the sheep-laurel and the black-green of the ink-berry, own sister to the holly, while little pools here and there in the snow were covered with new ice surfaced in wavy patterns like black watered silk.

As the sky brightened there stretched out before me a new world, — silent, mystical, wondrous, such as the angels of God might have seen at the dawn of the seventh day, — whose tender, shy beauty was overhung by a turquoise sky. For a moment the beautiful earth smiled up to the shining sky, then over the rim of the world appeared the flame-gold of the sun. Instantly there was a chorus of bird-notes to greet the new day. Down through the air came the caw of a passing crow as one of those black sky-pirates flapped his way overhead. From the depths of a nearby cedar-swamp a little company of robins, who had refused to follow summer south, chirped, and from a squat white-oak sounded the rattling call of the hairy woodpecker, who keeps the same pitch and does not run down the scale like his smaller brother the downy. Then, as the sun rose higher, a flock of tree-sparrows with red-brown topknots and wing-bars broke into a chorus like the tinkling of icicles, while the four pure tremolo notes of the Carolina chickadee sounded like an elfin horn blowing from far away. The Carolina, by the way, is over an inch smaller than his brother the northern and shows much less white on wing and tail-feathers. Beyond the chickadees was a flock of myrtle warblers in their winter plumage. The yellow patches at the base of their tails, which gave them the name of yellow-rumped warblers among the older ornithologists, were unmistakable field-marks even in winter. Wherever the ashy, waxen, sweet-scented berries of the bay abound in southern New Jersey, there this bird may be found wintering.

My path led along the side of a stream which showed all sepia and silver in the dawn-light. Not fifty feet from the Cabin I found where two deer had bedded themselves deep in the soft yellow marsh-grass and was glad to find that these shy wild-folk had at last accepted me as a part of the Barrens. The slim trunks of little cedar trees were bowed under the massed snow, and their fringed branches hung down like the hair of slim, beautiful dryads. In little bayous beside the creek, sheets of ice showed pearl-green like the inside of a sea-shell. Now and then there was a soft whisper and thud as masses of snow slipped off the trees and struck the ground, or a tiny splash as they disappeared in the dark water. Through the jade-green of the pitch-pines showed turquoise patches of sky, and the stream was a black opal with wonderful

colors in its depths, — orange-copper, silver, cypress-green, and an unearthly midnight-violet. The burdened trees bending over the stream narrowed its width by half, and through their tops flitted, with little high-pitched notes, a flock of tiny golden-crowned kinglets. Their crowns were really orange, bordered with yellow and black. Then there sounded the splintering notes of a jay, and suddenly one, all silver and blue, slipped across the stream and disappeared in the depths of a pine-tree. On the way back to the Cabin a flock of goldfinches passed over my head with their dipping, up-and-down flight and medley of sweet calls. One of the males had refused to put on his winter coat of green and gray, but still wore the black and gold of summertime.

When I came back to the Cabin I found my friends just out of bed and rebuilding the fire. When it blazed high, came the ceremony which three of us never fail to observe. Although well on into middle age, we still cling to one bravado of our lost youth, — the morning-dip, winter or summer. Stripping to the buff we flung open the door and plodded in solemn procession down to the bank where the pool of whirling brown water was ten feet deep and thirty feet across. Behind us, Cassandra-like, the Poet prophesied of death and doom, and as of old his warnings fell upon unheeding ears. The powdered snow came over our ankles and felt like cold fire against our bare legs. For one dreadful moment each of us stood in the biting air above the creek and then with a whoop shot down through the gold-brown depths. An indescribable thrill shot through us as the soft, stinging cedar water wrapped around our naked bodies. It was like a bath of frozen fire, and as we crossed the wide basin and turned back again to the little wharf, a clean, sweet ecstasy thrilled through every nerve and muscle. With another yell we scrambled out and sprinted through the snow back to the Cabin where we dried our smoking skins with rough towels before the blazing fire while the Poet babbled of pneumonia, heart-failure, and hardening arteries.

Then followed one of the Banker's unequalled breakfasts. In the city one eats, but in the Barrens one devours.

The dishes done and the Cabin swept and garnished, we set forth on a quest, — for that day we had highly resolved to find Ong's Hat, — which it may be explained is a place and not a head-gear. A century and a half ago, in that part of New Jersey,

an old Indian named Ong disappeared, and no trace was ever found of him except his bloodstained hat which gave its name to this clearing. Afterwards the site of his cabin was occupied by a tavern known as the Hat House which flourished in the days when Mary Ann's Forge cast the cannon which helped win the Revolution, and Tattletown, Double Trouble, and Mount Misery were crowded with families who raised cranberries in Gum Sprung and Boggly Wallow and pastured sheep on Ham Bone Ridge, now deserted and forgotten as Nineveh.

As the years went by, the Hat House on its bloodstained site was the scene of many a wild party and at last began to be known as the most sinister spot in the Barrens. Finally in the early forties a revolting murder was committed under its roof, and soon afterwards the place was burned down and never afterwards rebuilt.

To-day the Botanist wanted to discover the site of the Hat because he had heard from some rival scientist that mistletoe, almost unknown so far north, had once been reported from near that spot. The Poet longed to go there because of a poem he had recently read in which Ong was mentioned, while the Banker and I were willing to explore any new place on general principles.

We followed a tangle of trails through the powdered snow and the white sand of a sea forgotten when the world was young. Overhead the sky was ice-blue, and as we breathed deep draughts of an air full of frost and the fragrance of the pines, our spirits rose to the very top-notch of the human thermometer. Once again we were young and unafraid, — four friends, foot-loose, adventuring through a beautiful world.

As we walked, our ever delightful comrade, the Poet, chanted for us "The Bunty Shoe," Richardson's ballad of old New Jersey with its score or so of verses only five of which I can remember.

*The first mile was a red mile,
The fire burnt fair and free;
O red, red cheeks of the false woman
To burn the heart in me!*

*The second mile was a yellow mile,
The fire went mad with glee;
O yellow hair of the false, false woman
To burn the soul in me!*

*The third mile was a black mile,
As black as char could be;
O black, black heart of the false villain
Who stole my love from me!*

*It's forty-seven mile to Tuckerton Town,
The road runs trim and true;
And never the track but the track of a horse
That wears a buntie shoe!*

*The snow comes down, the snow comes fast,
From Ong's to Woodmansie;
And never a track for any man's eye,
Save only a man like me.*

Steering our course by Jemima's Mount, a huge snow-covered bank which showed dimly against the horizon, we pressed on due south. Our path wound its way back and forth through the wet sphagnum following unerringly little ridges of firm ground, which stretched here and there through the bogs, and I suspect that trail had first been made by the gray foxes of the Barrens, who dislike above all things to get their trim, slim feet wet. The Poet, although he had never been there before, was convinced that we had taken the wrong turn. A little later he had serious doubts as to whether we were even going in the right direction. A short time after that he knew beyond peradventure that we were lost and would probably wander miserably for days among the marshes. As a free-hand foreboder the Poet has few equals. At last, however, we found ourselves at Stop-the-Jade Run, which, according to our map, was near the Hat. That brook, although swift, flowed with the strange silence of streams in the Barrens where there are no rocks nor boulders to make them murmur. In the soft sand at the edge of the water we saw deep prints of sharp little hoofs where the deer had drunk at dawn. These deer of south Jersey are a southern sub-species of the Virginia deer and have finer and lighter horns and teeth than their northern brethren and wear their red coats all winter instead of changing to gray when the cold weather comes.

Beyond the run our trail led through the shadowed dimness of a cedar-swamp across a carpet of moss all pearl and green. Just as

the path seemed to fade away among the close-set trees we found ourselves out in the open again beside an empty shack built of brush and woven boughs. There a few years ago a hermit had lived who raised beans for a living when not engaged in holy meditation. Then came a day when he took unto himself a wife. A little later he took unto himself another. Thereafter he took himself off to parts unknown, pursued, according to common report, by both of his spouses. To-day his shack stood empty and forlorn, and the Poet drew a pathetic picture of him fleeing across the Barrens followed by a pair of wronged and able-bodied women. Probably by this time he has enshrined his sufferings in a poem.

Beyond the shack we climbed a hillock of snow and sand and stood at last beside a vast squat oak which once had shaded the veranda of the Hat House. Behind us a grove of white birches swayed in the sunlight, their branches showing wine-red against their silver trunks. As we rested we found beneath the white surface fragments of charred wood. These scattered ashes in the cold sand were all that was left of the famous tavern. In place of the high revels, the bloodshed, lust, and madness of those evil days was the silence of the pines, the whispering of the swaying birches, and the wind of the Barrens sighing over all.

Beyond the site of the Hat House stretched a wild fen-land where sapphire pools fringed with pale-yellow marsh-grass were strung like jewels on a smoky brown stream which wound its way through the heart of the marsh. Over a scented fire of sassafras and blueberry wood, the Banker broiled a great slab of Virginia ham which so affected the Botanist that he burst into a song entitled "Ham," an exquisite ditty which he claimed to have learned in the South in early childhood. It had but one verse which he sang until we stopped him —

Ham beats all 'er meat,
Allers fit for to eat,
Bake 'er, brile 'er, roast 'er, frile 'er,
Allers *good sweet* HAM!!!

After a lunch which finished the last scrap of food which we had brought, the Poet and the Banker curled up beside the fire and slept the sleep of the full-gorged, while the Botanist and myself started off to explore a certain stream, — Somewhere in New

Jersey. Usually that stream wound its way sluggishly through a morass so filled with quagmires and quaking bogs that I doubt if its fastnesses have been explored for many years, if ever. This year, however, long weeks on end of a cold which broke all records had made the stream a highway which could be followed into the most secret depths of the great swamp.

The Botanist elected to hunt for mistletoe after photographing some bitternut trees, hickories which have a smooth, interlaced bark and are much rarer than the more common shag-bark, pignut, and mockernut, the three common types of this family. For my own part, I decided to follow the windings of the stream into the very heart of that unknown marsh.

Walking along the new ice, smooth as black glass, I followed the plain path of the stream back into the swamp. On one bank the tight rolls of the gold-lined green leaves of the brave skunk-cabbage had thrust themselves up through the snow all ready for spring. Beyond them I came upon a little tree loaded down with orange-copper persimmons, frozen-sweet and tasting like some rich fruit-ice. They were so good that I ate and ate until I felt like an opossum, who when he finds a tree of ripe persimmons will feast on them until he is too full to move.

While I was filling my pockets for the benefit of the stay-at-homes around the fire, a tufted titmouse came flitting around me. He was an alert, well-groomed little bird, who dressed in gray and wore a white waistcoat and a crest, while his forehead was black, and he had eyes black and bright as obsidian and a pointed jet-black beak. At last he alighted on a limb so near me that I could see the red-brown wash on either flank, and after looking me over carefully suddenly popped into a hole in a small stump not two feet away from me. He blinked a round black eye up at me with his head on one side as I peeped in at him cautiously, and I left him snug and cozy in his warm winter-quarters.

Following the windings and doublings of the frozen brook, I at last reached the loneliest part of the great marsh, — and my great adventure. Close to the edge of the brook stood a beech whose flinty bark had been gnawed deep in a number of places, and I wondered what manner of animal could have tried its teeth upon such an unpromising tree. A rod or so beyond the beech I came upon a small sweet-gum about three inches in diameter which had

been recently gnawed down, since there were fresh chips all around the stump which ran up into a peak showing that the cutting had been done in a circle. Every gouge in the tree and every chip seemed to have been made by a heavy chisel with a nick in it which left a groove running through the centre of each cut. I stared at that tell-tale mark unbelievably. It was no other than the sign and seal of the beaver which no other animal can duplicate, the nick in the blade being the tiny space between the two big yellow cutting-teeth which every beaver wears in his upper jaw. A little further on I found where the gum-tree had been cut into lengths, and through the clear ice I could see where some of the cut logs had been anchored in the mud so that their bark might serve as food for the colony during the winter. At the base of the bank was the opening of a large burrow, which slanted upwards and probably ended in the grass-lined inner chamber of a beaver-home. As the water was deep and the colony undoubtedly a small one, the beaver had not made a dam but were living as bank-beaver. The felled tree was some fifteen feet high and two and a half inches through, and the first cut was made six inches from the ground, while the chips were fully an inch long.

There is a certain strange, unexplainable joy in suddenly discovering some hidden secret of the wild-folk. Once in New Jersey I was shown a colony of the second rarest orchid in North America, the cranesfly (*Tipularia discolor*); another time on a memorable winter day I found very near my cabin a flock of seventy-six evening grosbeaks, at that time the southern record for that rare and beautiful bird, and the largest flock ever reported in the Eastern States; again one May afternoon I collected a six-foot timber-rattlesnake in the Barrens where I had thought it was extinct. None of these thrills, however, equalled what I felt that winter afternoon when I stood staring at the home and the work of an animal supposed to have disappeared from New Jersey nearly a century before. One had been seen swimming across Great Egg Harbor River in 1818, and there were formerly beaver dams in Hammonton and between May's Landing and Weymouth and on Sleepy Creek between Atsion and Batsto. Another on Wading River is mentioned in an old deed dated 1848, and one can still see the outlines of a beaver-dam near South Dennis Station, while the mill-dam at Tuckerton was originally built by beavers, as was

found when a wash-out showed its foundation to be made of beaver-cut logs.

When I joined the Botanist again I found him full of a discovery of his own which left no room in his narrow, vegetable mind for any other interest. In his search for mistletoe he had chanced to walk along the frozen brook. Passing under the trunk of a huge swamp-maple which overhung the water, he suddenly saw, visible only from the stream, two tiny green spikes of mistletoe about an inch long which had forced themselves out through the solid wood.

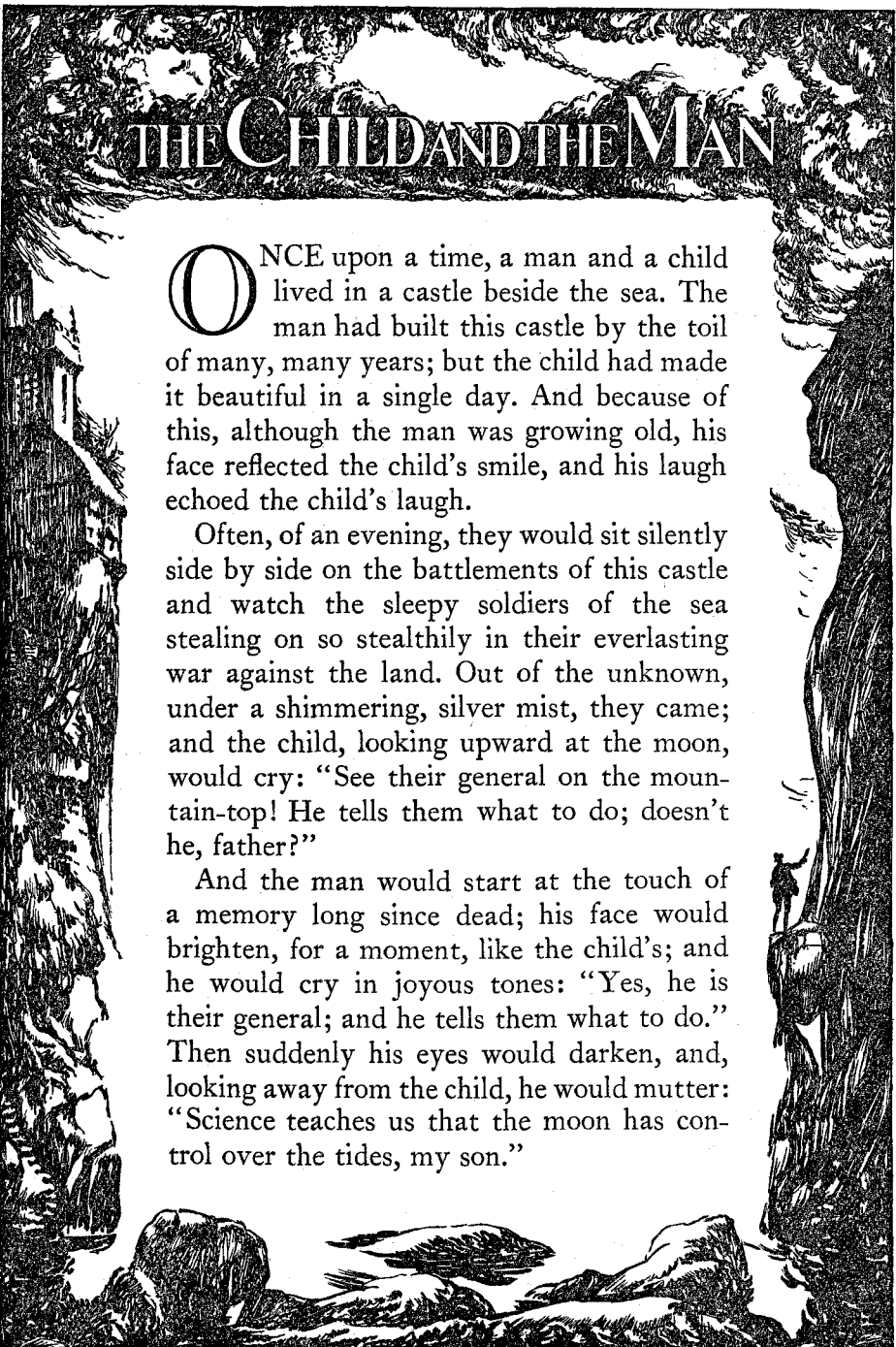
"*Pboradendron flavescens*," he chanted ecstatically, waving his hand toward the two pitiful stems, as if he had just personally created them, and all the way back to the camp-fire he babbled wearisomely about mistletoe instead of letting me talk about beaver.

We found the rest of the party just waking up, and it was with some difficulty that we dragged them out to admire our discoveries and eat iced persimmons.

Going home by another route we passed through the grim silence of Sheep Pen Hill, where deserted houses stared at us like skulls, and we seemed to hear voices at the end of snow-covered streets and to glimpse shadows at the empty windows. Why had men deserted this place? Why had no one lived there for fifty years! Those houses knew and hid the secret behind their gaunt, peering faces.

As we neared the little station of New Lisbon, the setting moon drifted down through a vibrant violet sky in which the stars were already beginning to show, while Venus flared like a lamp in the west and the golden crimson of the afterglow gleamed across the pallid snow. Slowly it dimmed and faded, — and our day in the Barrens was done.



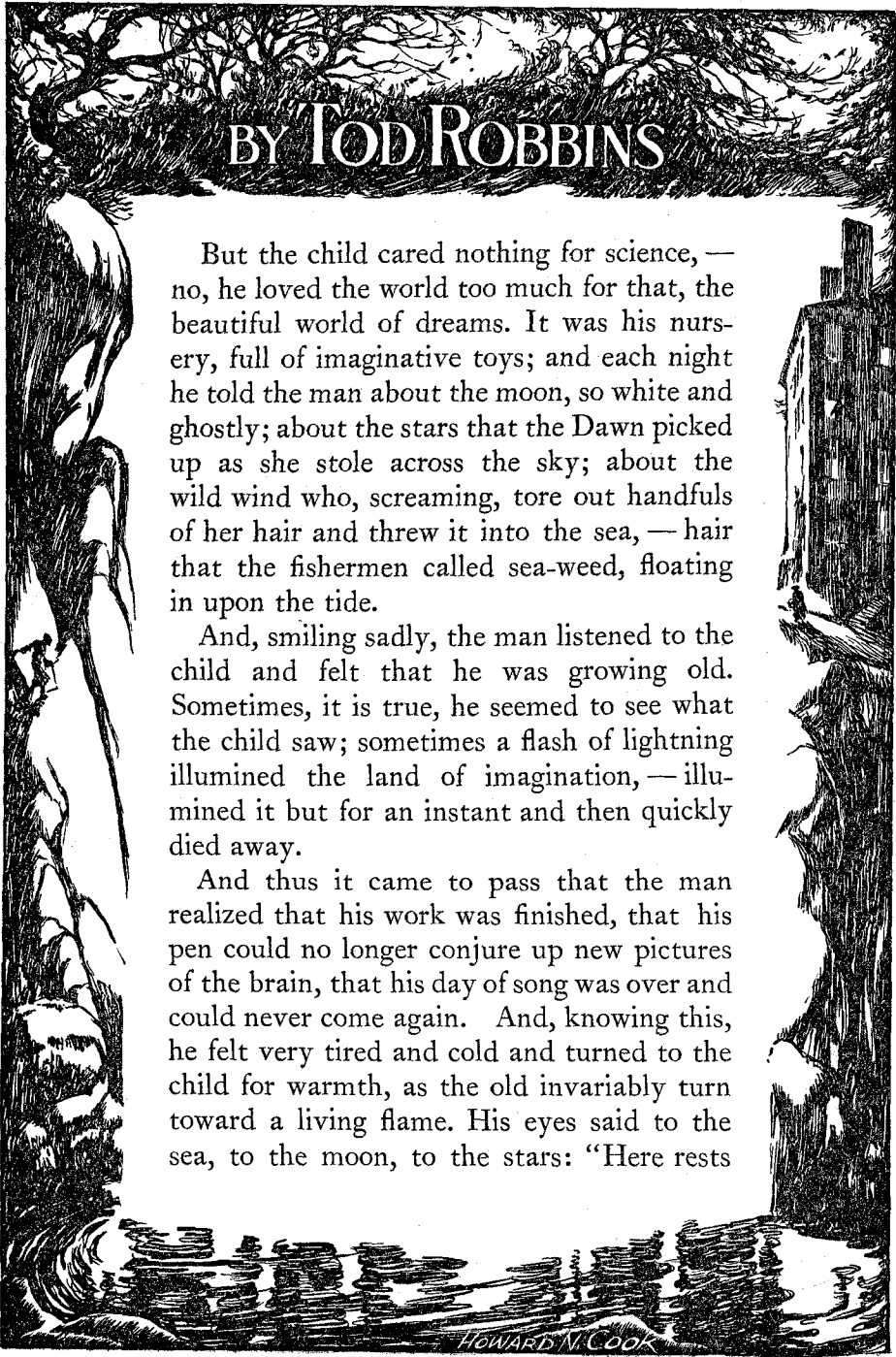


THE CHILD AND THE MAN

ONCE upon a time, a man and a child lived in a castle beside the sea. The man had built this castle by the toil of many, many years; but the child had made it beautiful in a single day. And because of this, although the man was growing old, his face reflected the child's smile, and his laugh echoed the child's laugh.

Often, of an evening, they would sit silently side by side on the battlements of this castle and watch the sleepy soldiers of the sea stealing on so stealthily in their everlasting war against the land. Out of the unknown, under a shimmering, silver mist, they came; and the child, looking upward at the moon, would cry: "See their general on the mountain-top! He tells them what to do; doesn't he, father?"

And the man would start at the touch of a memory long since dead; his face would brighten, for a moment, like the child's; and he would cry in joyous tones: "Yes, he is their general; and he tells them what to do." Then suddenly his eyes would darken, and, looking away from the child, he would mutter: "Science teaches us that the moon has control over the tides, my son."



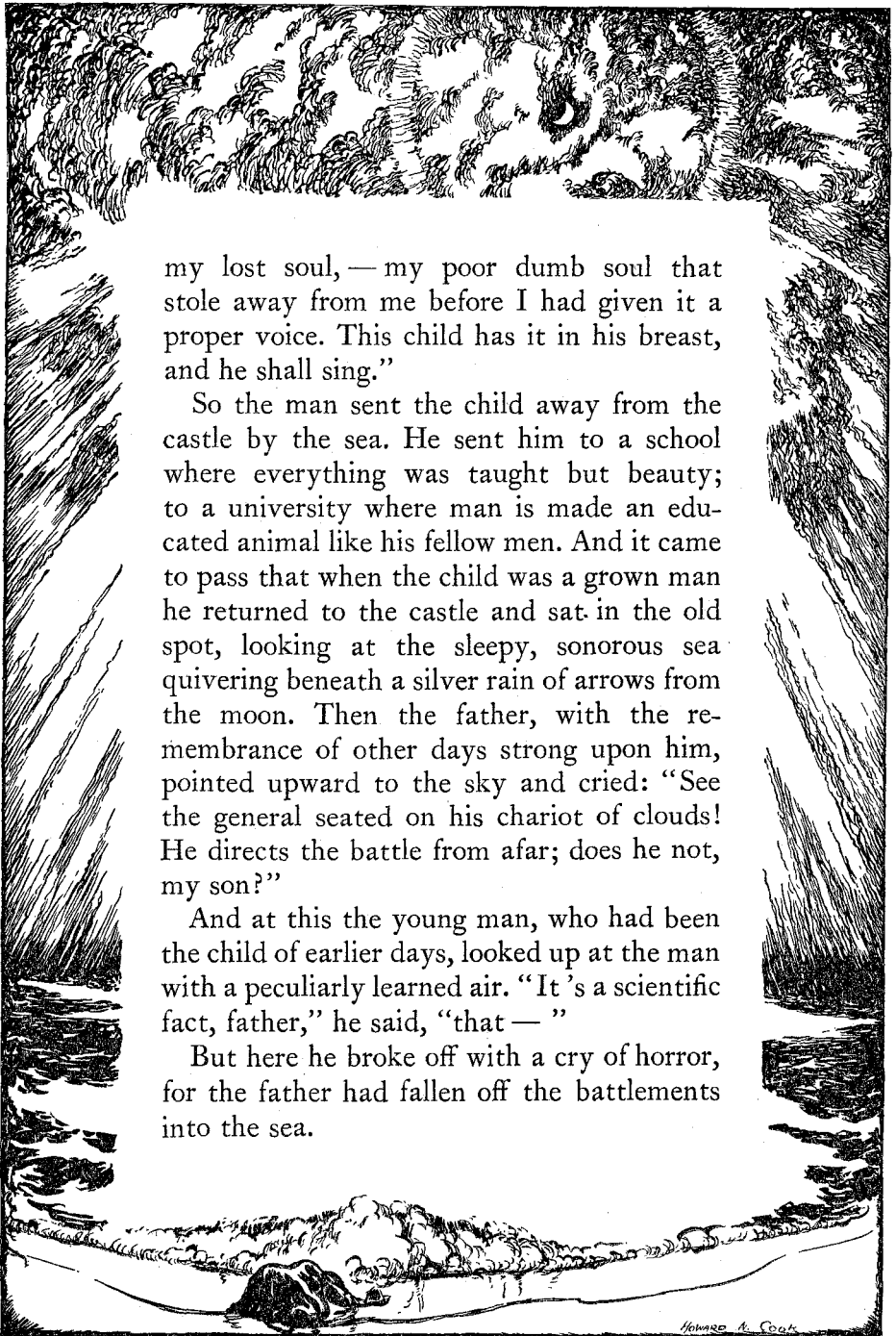
BY TOD ROBBINS

But the child cared nothing for science, — no, he loved the world too much for that, the beautiful world of dreams. It was his nursery, full of imaginative toys; and each night he told the man about the moon, so white and ghostly; about the stars that the Dawn picked up as she stole across the sky; about the wild wind who, screaming, tore out handfuls of her hair and threw it into the sea, — hair that the fishermen called sea-weed, floating in upon the tide.

And, smiling sadly, the man listened to the child and felt that he was growing old. Sometimes, it is true, he seemed to see what the child saw; sometimes a flash of lightning illumined the land of imagination, — illumined it but for an instant and then quickly died away.

And thus it came to pass that the man realized that his work was finished, that his pen could no longer conjure up new pictures of the brain, that his day of song was over and could never come again. And, knowing this, he felt very tired and cold and turned to the child for warmth, as the old invariably turn toward a living flame. His eyes said to the sea, to the moon, to the stars: "Here rests

HOWARD N. COOK



my lost soul, — my poor dumb soul that stole away from me before I had given it a proper voice. This child has it in his breast, and he shall sing.”

So the man sent the child away from the castle by the sea. He sent him to a school where everything was taught but beauty; to a university where man is made an educated animal like his fellow men. And it came to pass that when the child was a grown man he returned to the castle and sat in the old spot, looking at the sleepy, sonorous sea quivering beneath a silver rain of arrows from the moon. Then the father, with the remembrance of other days strong upon him, pointed upward to the sky and cried: “See the general seated on his chariot of clouds! He directs the battle from afar; does he not, my son?”

And at this the young man, who had been the child of earlier days, looked up at the man with a peculiarly learned air. “It’s a scientific fact, father,” he said, “that — ”

But here he broke off with a cry of horror, for the father had fallen off the battlements into the sea.

IS "PSYCHICAL RESEARCH" A SCIENCE?

HEREWARD CARRINGTON

IN the public mind there is great confusion concerning everything of a supernormal nature. A man who claims to have received telepathic communication soon acquires a reputation for believing in haunted houses. For years the various societies for psychical research have been collecting records of strange phenomena. Out of this mass of material, is there enough evidence to support the thesis that "psychical research" is a science? This question is answered by one who has devoted many years to the subject.

THE story is told of a famous English Bishop, who used to preach every Sunday on the glories and beauties of Heaven. He became ill and consulted a famous physician.

The latter said to him:—"You are a very sick man; you must take a vacation."

"I can't," replied the Bishop; "I am too busy."

"Well," said the doctor, "you will either go to the Continent for a rest, — or to Heaven; one or the other."

"Ah, very well," responded the Bishop, "I'll go to the Continent!"

Which only shows us that we Occidentals are all more or less materialists by nature. We may *profess* to believe certain things, but they do not vitally affect us or enter into our daily thoughts and lives. In the Orient such things do; they are vital and fundamental; but with us they influence us only sporadically and superficially.

Now, the point is that certain psychical and spiritistic phenomena, if true, demonstrate scientifically, by means of indisputable facts, (1) the possession by man of unrecognized powers and potentialities; and (2) they seem to offer proof of the reality of some spiritual or supersensible world, distinct from this world of matter and energy in which we live. What is the nature of this evidence? How is it obtained? And can such research be dignified by the name "scientific", in the same sense that astronomy, physics, chemistry, and biology are "sciences."

Personally, I believe that it *can*; psychical research is indeed a science, — new and imperfect, necessarily, but a true science nevertheless.

In this connection we must keep in mind one or two essential

truths. First of all, science does not really consist, as many believe, in a "body of facts." It consists rather in a *method*. The facts of science are changing constantly, the method never! It is quite possible, for instance, to be unscientific in the investigation of some physical phenomenon, and quite scientific in the investigation of a "haunted house." It all depends upon the method employed.

There can be no question whatever that in the investigation of psychical phenomena a truly scientific method has been applied by the leading and responsible investigators all over the world. Whenever a normal explanation of the facts has been possible, this has always been assumed. The utmost care and caution have been exercised, and any given instance of supernatural manifestation has only been admitted after the most painstaking investigation and verification. The "method" has usually been all that could be desired. What, then, of the subject-matter investigated?

Psychical phenomena may be divided, roughly, into two main groups or categories: the *mental* and the *physical* phenomena. Under the former heading would come telepathy, clairvoyance, apparitions, premonitions, trance, automatic writing and speaking, dreams, etc. Under the latter: raps, movements of physical objects without contact, materializations, and in fact any phenomena which affect the material world in which we live. Under this heading would also be included certain quasi-physiological phenomena, — such as radiations issuing from the human body, thought-photographs, odd changes in weight of the medium, reactions during trance, and so forth.

Some of these interblend, it is true. Thus, in the case of the "Ouija Board," we have (1) the physical *movement* of the board; and (2) what the board *says*. The first is a physical manifestation, the second a psychological, but they interblend one with the other. As to the movement of the board, there is nothing very mysterious in that. The subject pushes it, — unconsciously, of course. But assuming this, the interesting question still remains: Why does the board sometimes say the curious things it does, — things which the "medium" could not possibly know? That is the *crux* of the inquiry.

Let us now give a rapid *résumé* of these two fields of investiga-

tion, and see whether or not results of importance have been obtained.

It must be remembered that psychical research is a very young science, — little more than forty years old. At the time these investigations began, very little was known as to the nature of the subconscious mind and its varied activities, or of dreams, or telepathy, or hypnotism, or double or multiple personality, or trance, or automatic writing, or many similar manifestations, which are to-day well-known and accepted more or less as a matter of course. The general public does not appreciate, perhaps, the tremendous amount of work devoted to those questions, and how much our present comprehension of them is due to the investigations of the early researchers in this field. Frederic Myers's illuminating papers on the "Subliminal Consciousness" were the first really scientific essays in this direction, and William James gave it as his opinion that this particular field of investigation should in future be called "the Problem of Myers." Hypnotism was lifted out of a mass of ill-digested, pseudo-mystical doctrines, and placed upon a truly scientific plane, — thanks, largely, to the ingenious experiments of Edmund Gurney and others. Years of patient experimenting in "telepathy" succeeded in establishing its occurrence, — to practically all unbiased students of these phenomena. Apparitions appearing at or about the moment of death were shown to occur far more frequently than chance would account for, — as was demonstrated in the lengthy "Census of Hallucinations," filling Volume X of the *S. P. R. Proceedings*. Cases of double and multiple personality were carefully studied by psychic investigators before official science took cognizance of them. Crystal gazing and automatic writing are now so well-known that they are frequently employed in hospitals devoted to the treatment of mental cases, as means of "tapping" the subconscious mind. The question of dreams has received detailed treatment, — both normal and "supernormal." Trance phenomena have been studied at great length. In all these ways, therefore, definite progress has been made, and distinct contributions have been made to science by psychical researchers.

Consider, again, for a moment, the negative and critical work undertaken by the *S. P. R.* Scores of mediums have been detected in fraud and exposed; the psychology of deception has

been studied and emphasized; the important influences of suggestion, exaggeration, and expectancy have been pointed out and amply demonstrated; many "cases" have been investigated and shown to be merely the work of clever tricksters and charlatans. By calling attention to such facts and clearing away a mass of rubbish, by educating the mind of the average investigator so that he may rightly distinguish genuine manifestations from obviously spurious ones, the Society has done valuable and genuinely scientific work.

Then again, a vast mass of material has been published, which is forever available to the student. In most instances the facts are published without any particular theory by way of explanation. As a mine of curious lore, however, these records are of immense value.

Now, as to the "evidence" which has so far been obtained. Much has been learned regarding the powers of the subconscious mind, and all this has been useful in "explaining away" many cases of apparently spiritistic manifestations. Telepathy has been established, and this again is utilized as an explanation of many other phenomena. Numerous cases of clairvoyance have been artificially cultivated, and numerous cases of spontaneous premonitions and clairvoyance have been collected and studied. Many cases of so-called "haunted houses" have been investigated and experimentally studied. Prolonged investigations have been made with various trance mediums as to the nature of their "messages", and in certain instances very striking evidence of "survival" has been obtained. Hodgson, Hyslop, Lodge, Balfour, and many of our most eminent and cautious investigators have, as we know, become converted to a belief in Spiritism as the result, since they have felt that, — after making all allowances for telepathy, clairvoyance, subconscious mentation, etc., — sufficient inexplicable facts remain to warrant that belief and interpretation.

Should some form of "survival" be proved, as the result of these researches, this would, of course, be *the* discovery of the age, — beside which all other scientific investigations would shrink into the background. And there seems a very fair probability of this! But, taken at their very lowest estimate, these phenomena unquestionably show the possession by men and

women of extraordinary and unrecognized powers, latent within us, and for the most part quite unutilized and in abeyance. The discovery of such powers, and their subsequent development and utilization would, in any case, be of extraordinary scientific value and would fully justify this investigation upon this ground alone.

Let us now turn our attention, for a moment, to the "physical phenomena" and their study, from the purely scientific point of view. No one denies the fact that there has been an enormous amount of fraud connected with this subject; but innumerable investigations have also shown us that such odd manifestations do at times occur; while their detailed study, by laboratory methods, has been undertaken of late years, with extraordinary results. Such researches have been made by Dr. Geley in Paris, by Fritz Grönewald in Berlin, by Mr. Harry Price in London, and by myself in New York. I may, perhaps, summarize very briefly some of these results, and enumerate some of the tests and experiments which have been made in this field.

By means of these instruments, vital radiations, the dynamic power of the human will, the atmosphere or "aura" surrounding the human body, the subtle energies generated in and around the body during trance, the action of various thoughts and emotions have all been studied. The physical concomitants of telepathy (vibratory action) are being worked out; the nature of psychic lights are being determined by means of spectrum-analysis and photography; the nature and structure of the etheric or "astral" body may soon be discovered; the actual passage of a soul at the moment of death may then be registered.

Methods have been suggested by which the presence of an alien intelligence ("spirit") controlling the medium's body in trance may be objectively proved by means of a delicate galvanometer; objective (graphic) records have been taken of the physiological reactions of a medium while producing these manifestations, and accurate records of the manifestations themselves have been made. The losses and gains in weight of a medium during the production of "materializations" have been tested by means of scales, and the electrical (atmospheric) changes which take place during a *séance* have been tested by means of fine electroscopes, while the temperature changes have been recorded by means of thermometers (sometimes astonishing falls

of twenty degrees and more!). Phonographic records have been taken of raps and other noises produced during a *séance*, — whose “objectivity” is thus established. Calcium sulphide screens have been tested to show the presence and activity of invisible bodies or energies. Microscopic analyses of apparently “materialized” matter have been made, and micro-photographs of it have been taken.

Various magnetic centres in the human body have been shown to exist. The effects of varied colored lights, X-rays, etc., have been tested; and studies have been attempted of the degree of “ionization” surrounding the medium’s body while in trance. Electrical control of the medium’s body has been established, and electrical instruments developed which register the presence of other invisible bodies or energies. Special flashlights have been developed, capable of being discharged without smoke. Among the latest devices, I may mention the ingenious “living lamps” employed by the French Metapsychic Institute, comprised of luminous bacteria, enclosed within a glass jar, which emit a soft, cold luminosity, and which apparently permit “materializations”, so-called, to proceed without disrupting them as ordinary white light does. These are but a few of the many devices and instrumental tests which have been undertaken of late years, and, considering the newness of the investigation and the difficulties under which it has been pursued, I think that the reader will agree that the progress which has been made is at least proportionately equal to that in any other science.

We who are devoting our lives to the vital topic of psychical research, therefore, feel that this new branch of knowledge has earned for itself a place among the legitimate sciences, and that henceforward it should be dignified and classified as a science, — worthy of taking its place in the front rank of human progress together with all the other branches of scientific research. Indeed, inasmuch as it deals with the life and soul of man, — his future and destiny, — it may perhaps be regarded as the *most* important of all the sciences, — as Mr. Gladstone prophesied many years ago. Here at least is one vision which is rapidly being fulfilled!

INTERVAL

KATE MULLEN

IT was a bus filled with people going along a lovely autumn road that led to a railroad train. The train would lead to a big, gray penitentiary and past. Some of the people were going past the penitentiary.

Two nothing more than boys sat in the bus handcuffed together. They were slim and white, like two cigarettes. Their caps were each cocked toughly over one eye, but their caps were no part of them. Their chins and necks were still soft and gentle as though that one baby-kissing place in them were still untouched. They sat there sick, sick in the pit of their stomachs with dread and fear; they had made the Pen; they were done for; they were getting nearer and nearer — It. The Big House! Each of them tried to look careless under the busful of curious eyes that stared at them.

On either side of them sat a plain-clothes bull. One of them looked like a grocer but the other was a typical bull.

Opposite the handcuffed boys sat a mother, with her baby on her lap, trying to keep the hot, angry tears back, trying to choke back the scream that came up into her throat as she looked at these boys being taken to the penitentiary. Fresh from childbirth and those months of pregnancy, elemental, native, primitive, universal instincts were still acute in her. She was the mother animal, and they were her young. She wanted to tear society limb from limb for its sin against these boys. Now she had gone back of her race, back where human rights were more precious than property. Her cheeks were pink, and her eyes were growing red with suppressed tears.

To steady her, the baby's father, sitting beside her, kept whispering into her ear, "Now don't make a damn fool of yourself, idiot!" Back in him, he loved her for her anger, because he knew that it was for him and for all children of mothers everywhere that she suffered. He only blustered to divert her. And isn't it queer, but she was thankful for his rough speech.

The Reverend George Reid was also in the bus that was going to the penitentiary and past. It seems a little mean to write down

what he was thinking, — to take him off guard so, — but the story must be told. He was glad that these young men were on their way to the penitentiary. Because they were young and might be reformed — by him. He was even planning a lecture on prison reform before an audience of ladies and telling them how these boys had been “brought back.” The Reverend George Reid would not have admitted that he was glad that these boys were on their way to the penitentiary. Not being a man who occasionally gives himself a good hard kick, possibly he did not know that he was glad that they were on their way to the penitentiary; so how could he admit it? . . . But the Reverend George Reid was better than his thoughts. He loved himself first, as what man does not, — but he also loved these young men and because he loved them he was bound to do them some good.

And all this time the bus kept right along the lovely autumn road. Once it stopped, and the driver rushed in to get a basket of lunch. And left the busful of people sitting there. Somehow they all stopped talking. All around them was autumn, — lazy, quiet, busy autumn. A dog came nosing about the bus and stirred the rustly leaves. A cow mooed friendily. All about them, bathing them for a moment in its benediction, was the Day with its softened sunshine and purple, orange haze and fragrance of grape and apple and bonfire of leaves. No one spoke. It was very quiet. Vague, sad, beautiful hints of memories stirred . . . and then the driver came running out, the engine brrred, and they were off again to catch the train that led to the penitentiary and past.

And now the baby in the mother's lap stirred and opened her eyes, and some of the people in the bus noticed that a baby was stirring, and some did not. The bull, who was a typical bull, smiled at her, a chuck-under-the-chin smile. He noticed her because he had a baby at home about the same age; he thought how much smarter and fatter and prettier his baby was. The bull who looked like a grocer did not notice the baby; he was a bachelor.

The two boys did not smile at the baby but somehow they knew that she was there. They did not consciously know that she was there, but, like the sound of the rustly leaves and the fragrance of grapes, she was all a part of the world they were leaving. She made their suffering more poignant. Even if they had felt like smiling at her they could not have done so. Their

right to notice people, even to smile at babies was one of the things the handcuffs had taken from them. Now they were indeed outcast. Remotely they sensed this, and it became a part of their agony.

The bull could smile at the baby. He had not robbed society of property, therefore society had not robbed him of his right to friendly human intercourse. Strange, the boys did not seem wickeder than the bull, only whiter and thinner . . . it's a funny world!

The baby was all swathed in blankets and fluffy, wool things. She was dressed intricately, as civilized babies must dress. She had on, first a shirt, a shirt that was too large for her so that she could grow and the shirt could shrink. And a belly-band; she had not yet shed her belly-band, and over her diapers she had pink rubber bloomers. The next layer was a flannel petticoat, all featherstitched around and pinned over her toes, and then a white skirt that a school-teacher friend had embroidered, and a white dress of nainsook and exquisite smocking. Over her shoulders she had a little knitted jacket that an old lady had knitted, blue because her mother had expected a girl, and over that was a white coat that had cost eight dollars at the store. She had a very pretty bonnet on her head and crocheted socks on her feet from another auntie. The blanket that she was folded into was white and light and thick and warm and bound with pink satin wash ribbon. A fluffy shawl formed the outer covering.

When the baby stirred out of her clothes and blinked at the world and the bull smiled at her, the Reverend George Reid saw the smile, and that made him look in the direction of the baby, and his face immediately reflexed into a smile. Others in the bus took it up, that supercilious smile that people smile at babies. They did not know it but their smile betrayed what fools they were. For the baby, — and not even the mother knew this, — was ahead of them all. . . .

She was the race before it had been taught. She was ahead of them because, in spite of all her clothes, she was unincumbered by all the things that made them un-right. Now she had finished her blinking and was staring straight across the bus. The Reverend George Reid went "Cluck, cluck, cluck," hoping she would smile at him.

Now the bus was getting very near the station where the train would come. Now the two boys did not even try to look careless. Besides, people had stopped staring. The mother kept thinking, "When we get off the bus, will I speak to them? But I'm afraid I'll break down if I do. If I could only hand them a little note. . . ."

And then she was diverted by feeling a change in her baby. The baby hardly stirred but so alert was the mother . . . and then she saw that the little thing was smiling.

When the baby smiled it made her mouth look big because she had no teeth yet. This was a capacity smile full of delight. The mother followed the smile curiously and expectantly. And saw that she was smiling at the bull — joyously. Not because the bull was smiling at her; he had forgotten the baby and was chuckling over a funny story by the Reverend George Reid. It made the mother almost cross at the baby. She thought what a beautiful memory a baby's smile would have been for the boys to take into the penitentiary. Besides her pride in her baby; she would like to have told her friends how instinctively discriminating her baby was.

She looked almost angrily across at the bull . . . And then she saw. The bull had several large, shiny, gold teeth that sparkled in the sunshine!

The tenseness snapped. Startled, the mother found herself back where the baby was, back of propaganda and Art, back of property rights, back of human rights and human wrongs. And seemed to carry with her, back into primitiveness, all that the race had gained of beauty. It made her, for an instant, more than planetary, not aloof, but fluid, flexed briefly into the very fabric of Creation. The bull and the handcuffed boys and the baby and the baby's father and the parson and the lovely autumn day, all became generic . . . it was just a flash, but for one instant God was less lonely . . . And then the bus bumped into the platform of the railroad station, and they had reached the railroad that would lead to the penitentiary and past.

NEW TRENDS IN THE THEATRE

IV — *America*

MONTROSE MOSES

Part I

PINERO'S *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* has just been revived by Miss Ethel Barrymore. It was written in 1893, since which time much water has flowed under the theatrical bridge. It was written in the days when Bernard Shaw was young and beginning his *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* with *Widowers' Houses*. It came into being during the strenuous days of the London Independent Theatre when a brave fight was being made against the British censor. It was a blood relative of Ibsen who, by degrees, — much to the enlightened interpretation of Shaw in *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, — was making headway in London without being badly disguised, as Henry Arthur Jones had disguised *A Doll's House* with his adaptation, *Breaking a Butterfly*.

Making a success, akin to a furor, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was brought to America by Daniel Frohman for his Lyceum Theatre in New York. This little playhouse was dominated by the English dramatists of the time: Pinero and Jones, Haddon Chambers and Grundy, Carton and Esmond and Captain Marshall made it impossible for the few efforts of Clyde Fitch at the time to give even the smallest tone of Americanism to what was then one of the distinctive stock companies of the theatre. And the general belief, — which gained substantial credence by the attitude of American theatre managers of the time, — was that it was still a forlorn hope to be an American playwright unless one could come to New York via London. Hubert Henry Davies had found this to be the case, and so later Edward Knoblauch.

After thirty years *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* holds its audience as a superb piece of "theatre." That same change in moral viewpoint, in social standards, which makes the struggle of Nora in *A Doll's House* seem to us old fashioned, lends a certain absurdity to the moral qualms which seize those who surround Paula Tanqueray; yet notwithstanding, the story, of which she is the

striking centre, grips as it did when the play was fresh and an epoch in itself; it develops with a technique that isn't yet so useless as to be scrapped.

Witnessing this revival, I found myself asking the question: are there any American dramas of the same period which could be revived with as much effectiveness; which could so successfully rise above their weakest points, and appeal by reason of their essential humanity! Perhaps the raciest contributions to the American Theatre of 1893 or thereabouts were the farces of Charles Hoyt; *A Trip to Chinatown*, *A Texas Steer*, *A Milk White Flag*, and *A Temperance Town*. But one only has to read them now to see how their joints rattle, how much a mixture they were of materials for drama without those identifying marks of real art, of real structure, of real character to make them go beyond their immediate service as entertainment. This was not alone a limitation of Hoyt; it has been, right along, the limitation and wastefulness of the American dramatist since he first began dealing with American conditions, either in the vein of serious intent or of ironical lightness. We have proceeded on the principle of the Ingersoll watch: it runs well as long as it runs, but it is so cheaply constructed that it is far better to buy a new one than save the shreds and patches.

Belasco and DeMille were in those days writing their domestic and society plays, in a drawing-room atmosphere which did not have as much native color as Mrs. Mowatt's *Fashion*, and which were modelled on the same pattern as Bronson Howard's *The Young Mrs. Winthrop*. Augustus Thomas perhaps was coming nearest the American standard with his *Alabama* and *In Missouri*. But these have nothing in them of striking or lasting originality, though they opened a new vein, and their vernacular was familiar and not imported. Yet not one of these plays but would fail to-day because they lack the live quality of "theatre" which keeps *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* palpitant and which, even in its threadbare passion, makes of *Camille* a goal toward which the young emotional actress always aims.

The truth of the matter is that the literary movement in the theatre did not begin in America until many years after the renaissance of the English stage. The Fabian background of Shaw, the social conscience in drama, never became deeply impressed

into the American theatre, but, — in the decade after 1893, — the social conscience began to show its head in reportorial fashion, in the wake of “muck raking” which flooded our popular magazines; it brought the public eye on social conditions through sensational revelations, like the Standard Oil monopoly and the so-called Crime of Cities. Shaw’s *Widowers’ Houses* was written out of a deep conviction; Charles Klein’s *Daughters of Men* was on one hand a sheer imitation, on the other a shallow reading of the newspaper. And since that time our native dramatists have been reading the newspapers sedulously; their plays have been, not commentaries on life, but transcripts from the front pages of our dailies. With the result that theatricalism, rather than conviction, has made the product workable from the box-office viewpoint, but not at all valuable as a product to be saved and revived. Who would want to place faith in Charles Klein’s *The Lion and the Mouse*, — a clever reading of Ida Tarbell’s *History of the Standard Oil* was the incentive for it; who would say that Edward Sheldon’s *The Boss* was a permanent contribution, when one glance at an editorial in *Collier’s Weekly* gave him the theme?

Having, therefore, no full-blown social conscience back of him in the decade between 1893 and 1903, the American playwright began on his long schooling in the principles of the actor-proof play, with an occasional sprinkling of types, and a flashy dealing with business conditions. “We are short on art studies,” once exclaimed George Ade, “but we are long on iron foundries.” Just so. The drama progressed because it was long on “standard parts” out of which successful plays were constructed, and very short on ideas from which plays of some permanent value are made. I recall Bronson Howard’s breathless surprise when, in a play by Rachel Crothers called *The Three of Us*, as the heroine is about to be compromised by the hero, she exclaims: “It’s true, then, — all women must be afraid. I haven’t believed it. I’ve thought we could do anything that was *right in itself*. I *still* think it! I *know* it! A good woman hasn’t anything to be afraid of. Nothing can make a thing wrong that’s really right. I’m not afraid of the *world*, — it’s *you*, — *you* who can’t understand.” “That’s an epoch-making speech,” he declared, still accustomed to the Puritan restrictions which have been our censorship since the beginning of the theatre in America.

But nothing epoch-making came from this "marvelous" speech. The times were changing, and new American vistas were opening up: new only in the sense that they had been lost to the American stage for some time, with the influx of French and German plays, and the sure market the managers found in London, where plays could be judged for America without the necessity for too much initial speculation. Yet when I think of Eugene O'Neill's *All God's Chillin's Got Wings*, and the reticent, almost weak-kneed approach toward such a similar subject in our dramas of the past, there is measure for me of the wide gap in the theatre between the stage of 1893 and the present time. William DeMille, eager to treat the Negro theme, started out to put him in a college play, but the theatre was not ready for such unpalatable food, and so the hero of *Strongheart* became an Indian. Edward Sheldon, — making profit out of Booker Washington's statement that while one drop of white blood did not make a Negro white, one drop of Negro blood in a white man made him a Negro, — put a drop of Negro blood into his hero and created much talk. But beneath it all, there was no racial phlegm, no contribution such as one feels is made in O'Neill's *Emporor Jones* to the ethnological history of the black race. It was effective theatricalism merely that brought Sheldon's *The Nigger* to the fore. It's not worth reviving to-day because it doesn't get under the skin in the way Pinero somehow gets under the skin of Paula Tanqueray.

The American drama has reached its present status through no *will* of its own. It has followed the fashions, and one by one has brought American earmarks to it for identification. Much of the drama which we relished as being native between 1900 and the Great War showed a steady improvement in the manufactured product, a huge understanding of the value of theatricalism, a clever show of character by flashes, — a far advance over things of similar nature done in the past. It was not so long ago that William Vaughan Moody's *The Great Divide* was hailed as the great American Drama; it sensed the poetic contour of Puritanism and introduced into it a dash of gypsy daring. But Henry Miller trimmed it, even then, as being too strong for the American mind, and changed its original title, *The Sabine Woman*, — probably out of deference to our box-office mind, which is far from being familiar with literary allusion! Moody had the excellence of a lit-

erary touch; he had the feeling of a poet; but he did not tell his story honestly to the finished end; he pleased convention and let the wild note go. There are few American dramatists who have ever followed through with an idea.

Nor has the American theatre ever really encouraged a faultless pursuit of character. Now and again such pursuit has been consummated, but, — to judge by its rarity, — we might almost consider it an accident. The public allowed Clyde Fitch's most brilliant psychological play, *The Truth*, to go by the wall; it was saved through a discerning British public. The American counterpart to Pinero's *Iris* might be considered Eugene Walter's *The Easiest Way*, the one play in which Mr. Walter felt his materials and wrote out of the hot well of personal observation. The *New York Idea*, with an irony which was a fit relative of Sheridan, brought Langdon Mitchell to the theatre for only too brief a time. One of the essentials of even a relative permanence in the theatre is that the dramatist make some commentary on life through the agency of some human or some richly fanciful character. And it is because of these characteristics in the plays mentioned above that I consider them such stuff as American repertory is made of.

One can not therefore approach the present status of American drama from the standpoint of originality; the drama in this country has followed in the wake of the newspaper and the story: it became conscious of New England in the footsteps of Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman and Sara Orne Jewett; it became western under the guidance of Bret Harte; it found variety in the light of a widespread sense of news which marks the observation of so many Americans. And all the time it was improving in its structure, just as the American automobile improves with each new model.

Extenuating circumstances release the American Drama from some of the contumely critics are accustomed to bestow upon it. Just as in other directions the force of America's vigor has been put on the side of practical advance, so in the theatre. While all other countries were allowing their playwrights to develop a philosophy of structure the American theatre was falling into the hands of organization.

To be concluded in the February Forum

FEDERAL USURPATION

WILLIAM COX REDFIELD

MANY voices throughout the country are raised in protest against what are considered the usurpations of power by the Federal government. According to this former member of Woodrow Wilson's cabinet this so-called usurpation is more apparent than real. The Federal, State, County, and Town governments, — all are expanding inevitably, because the expansion of civilization has made essential a degree of coöperation between individuals and groups that can be realized only through the agency of Government.

IN a recent address upon Federal Encroachments upon State Sovereignty Hon. Edward P. Buford, President of the Virginia Bar Association, said, "thoughtful citizens in all parts of the country are beginning to realize the dangers that threaten our institutions as a result of usurpation by the Federal government of powers" it was not designed to exercise, and he added that he constantly received letters from individuals and organizations in different parts of the country asking coöperation to check the usurpation "of *all* power" (italics mine) and the transformation of our Federal Union into an unlimited bureaucratic empire. He quoted the Governor of Virginia as saying, "the centripetal forces pulling everything in toward centralization in the Federal Government have of late years grown so strong that they have well-nigh pulled our republic out of balance, — there is scarce one subject left to local control." Hon. Henry St George Tucker in addressing the House of Representatives on May 10, 1924, said, "we are enlarging Federal powers by robbing the States of theirs." At that time he repeated these words from President Coolidge: "I am fearful that this broadening of the field of government activities is detrimental both to the Federal and the State governments Efficiency of State governments is impaired as they *relinquish* and turn over to the Federal government responsibilities which are rightfully theirs." Mr. Tucker also quoted Secretary of State Hughes as telling the New York Bar Association in 1916 that "an over centralized government would break down of its own weight." Governor Ritchie of Maryland in his second inaugural in January last called upon his people "to resist unwarranted encroachments of every kind by the Federal Government upon the sovereign rights of our State and the guaranteed liberties of our people." It would not be difficult to find

words of other thoughtful students of our polity to a similar effect.

A note of deep pessimism pervades this discussion. Observe the words "dangers," "threaten," "usurpation," "all power," "unlimited . . . empire," "scarce one subject left," "robbing," "relinquish," "unwarranted," etc., etc. The tendency which we are called upon to resist is said to be one which is wholly evil, threatening our liberties, menacing our property and our rights, and promising to undo all that has been gained by centuries of struggle for freedom. There is presented no bright side; no note of achievement is heard; no silver lining appears to the cloud which impends above us. We are in the path of the storm and must hasten to protect ourselves as best we may.

The discussion is notable, also, for an almost complete lack of details. It is conducted in purely general terms and, on the whole, with a singular absence of scientific method. The eyes of the pessimists are turned backward. Their mournful cries are based upon a past whose problems were unlike those of to-day, but they know it not. There is little of modernity in their thought and almost nothing that shows that they understand the movement against which they protest. There is also an entire failure to state that movement as it really is and to grasp its causes and the motivating forces behind it.

No one denies that there is a drift toward developing the scope of the Federal Government and toward increasing its powers in fields which have hitherto been assumed to be reserved for State control. But this is only part of the truth, for there is also a similar drift toward developing the scope of State governments in fields hitherto reserved for county authorities. There is, as well, a drift toward the assumption by county or other similar governing bodies of powers hitherto exercised by towns or local units. Finally, we must admit that even these smallest units have assumed new functions and are exercising new powers. The movement is universal not particular, general not localized. It is one of increased functions in all phases of government. No one phase can be separated from its fellows and made the subject of special debate without falling into the error of taking a part for the whole, and of losing sight of a great developing process in looking at one feature of its growth. That is failing to see the forest because of the trees.

There is possibly quite as much danger of injuring humanity by insistence on a political principle, sound but not always and everywhere applicable in the same form, as there is from an alleged usurpation which no one contemplates, desires, or consciously promotes.

There seems to be no definite group, certainly no political party, that is devoted to increasing Federal functions. The movement on that side appears to be quite impersonal and non-partisan, almost non-political. Men of every party favor one step or resist another. Action seems to spring out of the demands of an expanding life rather than from any fixed purpose. No political party advocates expansion of government powers; some resent and resist it. Men elected on different platforms act favorably or the reverse, not according to rules but according to conditions. Successive steps are taken as new problems develop which call from time to time for solution. The record is rather one of patient waiting and thinking to learn of the reality of a problem than one of haste to usurp unnatural functions. Looked at from the human instead of from the political side, it is seen that many a step has been long delayed and has only been taken when suffering or sin or economic loss or an actual demand for human freedom has forced action through the power of moral law which adhesion to a rigid political principle too long resisted.

For life is dynamic not static. It will not be restrained even by accepted political axioms which, however sound, may need readjustment to conditions of life which did not exist when they were formulated. Political creeds may, like religious ones, call for re-statement not to destroy but to fructify them, to make them fit instruments to continue that human progress which they have done so much to promote.

The antagonists of what is called the tendency toward centralization in our government assert that the increase of Federal powers is necessarily accompanied by an injurious diminution of State functions, or by such duplication of them as involves needless expense and leads to inefficiency through the competitive action of State and Federal forces in the same field. They are not exact in giving details to justify the charge. It is sometimes merely assumed to be true, as when State bodies and Federal ones are enumerated having similar functions or names. So, also, there is a con-

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venient silence respecting the growth of State functions at the (supposed) expense of counties. Little is said of the enlarging demands of life, less still to show that the States so far from being weakened are, at least in some striking instances, more active, more efficient than in their whole prior history.

The advocates of the new Federal measures urge that they are necessary because some States either neglect to deal with acknowledged evils or have proved incompetent to do so, and because these evils, locally existent, are not local in their baneful effects but affect injuriously the whole body politic. There seems no middle ground of thought or statement. The evolution is said to be either wholly evil or altogether good. One side with static mental vision declares in effect, if not in words, that a political principle is at stake which experience has shown necessary to human freedom, and therefore to human happiness. The other side insists that the moral law and the human upward impulse are superiors to political principles and are the creators of them, and declare that they do not seek to discard the particular principle concerned but to apply it effectively to the life of to-day. They urge that the movement does not modify local self-government in substance but in application, that a vast change has come over human affairs in recent years altering social, industrial, and economic life. The world, say they, has moved and is moving, and with its movement has come of necessity a change in the relations of every political unit to one another; and a readjustment must be made in which interdependence and coöperation will take the place of independence and separation. Their view is that the new force of coöperation providing for mutual endeavor is superseding the extreme forms of local and State separateness, and that this, so far from injuring the lesser powers, actually enhances them. They aver that local freedom and State initiative are not menaced but stimulated, and that fresh, vigorous blood is entering into the arteries of our body politic restoring and reviving it.

There is, of course, ample ground for difference of opinion between sincere men on such a subject, which has its roots in a treasured past and reaches out to a boundless future. There are, however, certain questions rarely raised, if at all, in the discussion which it is well to ask. What, precisely, are the "dangers that threaten our institutions?" May we not have some clear statement

of them, — for if real they can be definitely stated, — so that we may avoid them? Is it actually true that we are threatened with a “usurpation of *all* power” by the Federal government? Will either the noun “usurpation” or the adjective “all” in the phrase quoted bear analysis of their precision and fitness? Whence does the alleged “usurpation” spring? Is it so skillfully conceived and faultlessly executed that only a limited elect can discern its presence and progress? Or, on the other hand, do the acts called usurpations arise at least sometimes from the demands of the very citizens whose rights are said to be usurped, or in others from an outraged conscience on the part of the greater community whose health and happiness are endangered by a Tory resistance to light? Is not there ground for occasional suspicion that the charge of the menace to political liberty is on the lips of those who use it on behalf of maintaining a certain industrial slavery? Do our governors and State legislatures actually find that there is “scarce one subject left to local control” so that their functions are becoming non-existent, save only that the right and duty of protest remains? One gets, perhaps wrongly, the impression from public prints and private contacts that our State officials think, at least, that there is quite a little for them still to do. Is there not somewhere a voice now and then lifted to suggest enhanced compensation for legislator or governor on the ground of increased service? What, specifically, is it that States have really relinquished and turned over to the Federal Government, as President Coolidge suggests? Will not even this more moderate statement require mollification to adjust it to the facts? Finally, is there not present in what has been quoted, and in much that has been said elsewhere, some of that exaggeration which forms so unfortunate a part of our American public discussion? Is there not absent a calm, careful study of the facts in all their relations? It is not here meant to imply that there is no justification for anxiety in the present situation. It is meant that no such subject should be treated on its purely negative side, and it is courteously suggested that the rôle of Cassandra was not a constructive one. Let us have the scientific method. What are the facts, all of them? What are their causes? Whence do they come? Tell us why they function as and where they do, and tell us, also, the extent of the facts, over what areas they operate and how. Do not confine the inquiry to what the Nation is doing to or

for the States. Tell us what the States are doing with the counties, the counties with the towns, and what new things the latter are attempting. Then we shall have the whole picture and be able to see and judge it intelligently. Now the mists of doubt and the clouds of discontent conceal the verities.

The limits of an article forbid more than the merest suggestion of a thought which is modestly offered, not as a solvent of the problem which admittedly exists, but as a partial explanation of some of its phases and certainly as bringing a needed note of optimism. For it cannot all be bad. The drift cannot be wholly wrong. We are not deep in the slough and hopelessly sinking deeper. Surely there is somewhere firm ground on which to stand. Let us take certain known cases for examples. Does Federal aid to good roads weaken State initiative? Does it cause a State in reality to relinquish its powers? Does it menace the freedom of anyone, or does it in actuality set many free, at least from mud? Whose liberty is impaired or threatened by it? No State is obliged to accept it. Any or all may refuse at will and may continue to function alone provided the public will allow. Is it not the fact, however, attested beyond all question, that this particular "usurpation" has stimulated State action in many and marvelous ways, which have gone far beyond the sphere of the so-called Federal intrusion and have led to enhanced State pride and progress? It is respectfully suggested that North Carolina affords an eminent example of progress in this very respect arising from a fine initiative and accompanied by a courageous and intelligent exercise of local public opinion. Nay, it is further urged that in that State, as elsewhere, many minor local government units have felt the inspiration of the larger movement and with a new vigor have voluntarily responded to the impetus it has conveyed to them. "Florida," says an Associated Press despatch, "rushes state road work," and, adds the same despatch, "counties are spending millions yearly in order to expedite construction." Are there not hints indeed of over-stimulation in some quarters? If aught has been relinquished, much appears to have been gained. To the man in the street it would appear as if many dormant local units had been wakened out of sleep, and as if some that were moribund had found new life.

Certain States have established in their rural districts State

police or State constabulary, as they are variously called. Are the functions of the county sheriffs impaired by this "usurpation" of local powers by the State, or are they given a new and powerful ally in the very work and responsibilities with which they are charged? Whose liberties are endangered unless it be those of malefactors? Does anyone argue that the freedom of any well-behaved citizen is lessened because the State has thus begun to coöperate with counties and towns in preserving public order? Is not this an almost new function for a State to assume, one of recent development, and how is this fact consistent with the wail that there was scarce one subject left in State control? Some labor leaders, indeed, have objected to the formation of State constabulary, not, however, on the ground of political theory but because abuse of authority was feared. Happily the average good sense of our people has sustained the creation and maintenance of this newly formed and enlarging State function.

Even as this is written a notice publicly posted in a railway station appears to confound critics and to point the way of restoring to them that peace which they seem greatly to need. It tells of "Agencies Coöperating" and announces that the University of West Virginia Agricultural Extension Service and Experiment Station, the County Farm Bureaus, the Lime and Limestone Manufacturers and a leading Railroad are acting jointly to furnish and equip the "West Virginia Soil Improvement Special" train. This is soon to arrive accompanied by five soil specialists, and farmers are asked to bring specimens of soils to the train that then and there they may be analyzed by experts. The promise is made that counsel and instruction will be given free, and that enough material to treat an acre will be supplied gratis. Here at least is one function not suppressed by the Federal power. Here is initiative and enterprise on the part of a State institution. One wonders, however, with the wails of woe still ringing in his ears, whether what seems on the surface to be helpful coöperation may not be some deep-laid plan of usurpation on the part of the railroad company, or how the associated counties regard the intrusion of the State institution into their local affairs. Indeed, it is rather more than suggested that the Federal aid which lies behind this coöperative action means a dangerous extension of the field of education.

Is not the solution of the vexed problem found in the changed

conditions of social and economic life? Existence has become far more complex than it was fifty years ago, and its complexity increases daily. Many subjects, if not most of them, have become specialized. Agriculture and industry are now scientific callings. The farmer needs for practical use knowledge of the chemistry of soils and of applied botany as well as something of mechanics and of civil engineering. No one man's mind can cover the whole area of endeavor even in such a field as agriculture. On a recent visit to a small farm where scientific culture was highly successful the father and two grown sons were found to have divided the work, each specializing on one part of it, and the three coöperating in applied science to a common result. The call is ever for more truth, for greater light. Men are increasingly unwilling to "go it alone" as they realize how wide the field of knowledge is, how necessary it is to cover it, and how hopeless it is for any individual to compass it all. Hence the call to others who know to come with help, to contribute their share of knowledge to the common fund; hence the urge toward coöperation among men, among industries, among political units. Hence does the county come to the aid of the towns, the State to the aid of counties, the nation to the aid of States. The functions not of one but of all are increased in volume and effectiveness; the larger light, the broader experience, the greater vision are all put at the service of those who need them most and who,—be it observed,—are conscious of their needs and cry out to have them met. Nor does this coöperation diminish, much less destroy individual initiative. In conditions rapidly becoming too complex for any individual to cope adequately with them, it often affords the only chance for the individual to express himself adequately. It does for adult workers in many ways something of the same service that the common school does for the expanding minds of children, and it provides a symmetry and universality of education we long have needed and as long have lacked. So far from attacking liberty it sets men free from the shackles of ignorance; it supplements their weakness by the strength of their fellows and makes life richer and sweeter by its beneficent work. It leads not to despotism but to a new and larger freedom.

POLITICS AND SUSPENDERS

ARTHUR CORNING WHITE



THE most virulent menace to republican government in the United States is not the rapacity of communism. Neither is it the repressive intolerance of any capitalistic clique. The most virulent menace to the American Constitution is our monstrous national penchant for suspenders. The Anglophile calls them braces. The simple bands of cloth-covered elastic which hold up the public's pants!

Literally considered, suspenders are, of course, innocuous. As mechanical devices to preserve male modesty they even possess a mitigating aspect. But their inherent philosophical implications are pregnant with ill. Our popular adoration of suspenders, vulgarly exposed, as a symbol of political sagacity is thoroughly bad. It presages woe.

In this year of our Lord a political candidate to secure general approbation at the polls must stump the country in shirtsleeves and suspenders. He must do this literally. Which is unfortunate. He must also do it figuratively. Which is worse than unfortunate. For it is fatal!

The increasingly recurrent pictures in the popular press are what disturb me. Mr. Calvin Coolidge, in shirtsleeves and suspenders, driving a mowing machine on the old New England farm. Memorials of the late Warren G. Harding, in shirtsleeves and suspenders, setting up type in the press room of the Marion Star. Senator Magnus Johnson, in shirtsleeves and suspenders, his copious buttocks precariously balancing on a three-legged milking stool in his own cow barn, a heap of manure in the background for local flavor and the true Tolstoyan naturalistic touch. And that egregious photograph of Mayor John F. Hylan's dear old mother hanging out the family wash in her Brooklyn back yard. As individual instances, all these are harmless enough, but

considered together and augmented by the hundreds of similar pictures in general circulation, they are significant. To me they suggest the beginning of the end of the United States Constitution as a going concern.

Our representative government is founded, if not on the announced statement, at least on the tacit assumption, that, though all men are to have an equal voice in the selection of those who will govern them, the governors themselves are to form and execute the specific policies under which the political administration is to be conducted. The foreign policy, for example, cannot be either formulated or executed by the "man in the street," who of necessity is so engrossed with his own personal concerns, business, family, recreation, he has no opportunity to investigate the infinite data from which as a basis inductions must be made and plans prepared. Foreign policy is not an exception. The same condition is true of any political problem. The tariff, for instance. The Constitution presupposes the delegation of authority to those who possess the intelligence and educational background to enable them to exercise the authority with some degree of social effectiveness. To assume that a farm hand, a bell-hop, and the woman who does their washing are equipped to govern directly is arrant, fantastic nonsense. It is nonsense to believe that the class these represent are competent to handle the details of government or to form its policies, though the Constitution as now developed assumes they are capable of wisely choosing those who are equipped to take up duties of state.

Unless perpetually guarded against, such a deplorable development as we are now witnessing, this idealization of suspenders, is inevitable in a republic. The situation evolves thus. A certain competent statesman in the heat of a campaign makes the discovery, or rather his manager probably makes it for him, that he once during a college vacation worked with a section gang driving spikes. The candidate appears before a meeting of railway laborers and tells them this. He can talk their lingo. He is "one of the boys." They are impressed. He wins their votes, not because he knows his job, but because he can speak the slang of the freight yards. This condition of things is bad. It is not, however, so bad as the next step in the process of natural evolution.

A laborer in a section gang, who has *always* been a laborer in a

section, at least euphemistically, — for he may have been merely a member of the union and drawn pay, — observes that a certain political candidate won office because he succeeded in creating in the minds of the voters the illusion that he was like them. So this second man, who *is* like them, being one of them himself, goes into politics. With the backing of some predatory financial interest or of some equally predatory labor group, and by the suffrages of his equals, our second man gains for himself a position of authority for the discharge of which he is utterly and forever unfit.

Thus a political candidate appearing in the manner of the people wins their acclaim. To secure authority in the state one must create the illusion in the public mind that he is as vulgar as “the man in the street.” Some competent, honorable men can do this. But only a few. Many incompetent men can do it better, for they do not need to employ conscious art or subterfuge. They need only be themselves.

A nation which attaches significance to manners, to shirt-sleeves and suspenders, at the expense of real capacity, is headed for trouble. For the manners to please the majority must be low manners. These can best be exhibited by those to whom they are natural. Those to whom such manners are natural generally possess neither the ability nor the background necessary for efficient political life. This nation has in its body politic the virus of decay. It is sick. Without proper aid and a patient subservience to sound, expert advice, it will die, — not at once, but certainly, — though slowly. Perhaps it will pass away in one last horrible death-throe. And on the ruins of what was once a Constitutional Republic will rise a new despotism, either of one man or of a powerful few.



THE ROMANCE OF RUM ROW

TWO VIEWPOINTS

THE Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, and the able historian author of The Story of Mankind, both see romance in Rum Row. Both see deeds of adventure and high heroism being performed off our coasts as part of the ubiquitous struggle between law-breaking rum smugglers and the Coast Guard. But they see the romance from somewhat different points of view.

I — COAST GUARD TO THE RESCUE

WAYNE BIDWELL WHEELER

RUM ROW IS DOOMED! It hasn't set its sails or signalled "Full Speed Ahead" on its way to oblivion as yet, but its days are numbered. The Coast Guard's new fleet is rapidly assembling, and the Coast Guard has been told not to let smuggled liquor touch American soil. The Coast Guard, as America knows, has the habit of success. It is only one hundred and thirty-four years old and hasn't learned how to apologize for failure. So Rum Row will probably emulate Davy Crockett's coon which cried out, "Don't shoot, Davy, I'll come down" when it saw that the peerless marksman was hunting it. Since April, 1924, the Guard has successfully carried out over two hundred operations against smugglers, capturing or sinking vessels or forcing them to jettison their cargo of liquor.

The new task is not really new, after all. The Coast Guard was organized one hundred and thirty-four years ago to do this very thing. Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, asked Congress at its first session to organize the Revenue Cutter Service, as the Guard was then called, to stop smuggling. We had no navy until six years after the Coast Guard was born, since at the close of the Revolutionary War we demobilized our war vessels. Alien and domestic smugglers were landing contraband at will. The Coast Guard of that far off day did its work so well with the ten vessels built for the service that Uncle Sam added the hard

tasks no one else wanted, — the thankless tasks and the impossible tasks, — to the duties of the Revenue Cutter Service. The Service never worried over the hardness; like Napoleon it “hated that beast of a word impossible,” and has been indifferent to thanks. To stop rum-smuggling is a man-sized task. That’s why the Coast Guard is assigned to that duty.

The whole record of the Coast Guard is a death-knell to the rum-pirates. Armed and placed under strict military discipline from its organization, this incorruptible, indefatigable sea force has “cleaned up” every job ever committed to it. It had only eight cutters available when we had trouble with France in 1798 and 1799, but they captured twenty-two enemy ships. When Britannia claimed to rule the waves in 1812, a Revenue Cutter made the first capture in the war, while the nine Coast Guard ships brought into port fourteen prizes. The spiritual ancestors of the rum row sailors were the followers of Lafitte, the pirate of the Gulf. The Coast Guard chased them to their lairs and closed that chapter. They fought along the whole coast of Florida in the Seminole war. Five cutters played their part in winning the Mexican war. The famous message of General John A. Dix, Secretary of the Treasury, “If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot,” concerned the Revenue Cutter Robert McLellan, then at New Orleans, as the Civil War broke out. All manner of valiant service in that war was performed by the Coast Guard. It aided both army and navy in the Civil War. In the World War it covered itself with new glory. One vessel, the Tampa, escorted three hundred and fifty ships through the war zone, losing only two, until it was sunk by a German submarine. Not one of the hundred and fifteen men on board survived. The British Admiralty formally expressed its admiration of the heroic work successfully performed by the Tampa. But that work was simply in accord with the regular traditions of the Guard, — to do the work committed to it, regardless of difficulty and danger. The Guard lost more men, proportionately, in the war than either army or navy. This is the type of man, and these are the traditions of service in the force which doom the booze smuggler.

The Coast Guard has been working miracles with antiquated equipment. Of twenty boats available when Congress passed the new appropriation, only nine were equipped for active service,

and two of these nine are out of commission at present. Slow and ancient boats, some of them twenty-eight years old, discarded by other branches of service, averaging a speed of twelve knots per hour, have been the only craft with which to chase the speedy racers which dump liquor, dope, and Asiatic immigrants on our coasts.

The new appropriation made by Congress gives the Guard \$13,550,000. This will add twenty destroyers, two mine sweepers, and 323 motor boats to the sea force. The personnel will be increased by one hundred and forty-nine additional commissioned officers, four hundred and eighteen warrant officers, and three thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine enlisted men.

The speed of the new government boats will be about three miles per hour to each two miles made by the rum smugglers. This will practically insure the capture of each outlaw boat espied by the officers. Guns mounted on the Guard boats will fire a shot as a warning to halt. If this order is disobeyed, the next shot will sink the smuggler. The Coast Guard takes its duties seriously. It enforces its commands to the utmost, as more than one smuggler has learned as a shot crashed in his brittle boat.

The right to search within an hour's travel from the coast will make enforcement of the law far easier than when the three-mile limit prevailed. Sheer luck alone will enable motor boats to ply between the floating bar and the shore without capture. No speed, good management, or careful scheming can insure that safety.

The Coast Guard has just pride in the character of its personnel. It has been incorruptible. The new officers and enlisted men are carefully scrutinized. Politics will not secure appointments. No doubtful candidates will be accepted. Each man will be one hundred per cent loyal to the Constitution. Boasts of the liquor pirates that they will "plant" confederates in the Guard are empty phrases. Even if one disloyal man did slip past the examiners, the magnificent spirit of the Guard would soon discover and expel that man.

As illustration of the efficiency of the Coast Guard in performing its varied duties, it might be mentioned that not one life has been lost through collision with an iceberg since the Titanic disaster. The Coast Guard has seen to that.

In his orders to all commissioned officers of the Coast Guard, March 29, 1924, the Commandant, Rear Admiral F. C. Billiard, said:

"It is indeed a large problem for a service as small as ours to undertake. We have been given this job to do, and the way in which we do it is going to have a tremendous influence on the future welfare and prestige of the Coast Guard. I have taken the position here in Washington that the Coast Guard has never fallen down in any task assigned to it, and that we will stop rum-running on our coasts if given the funds for which we asked. For the honor and prestige of the Service, we *must* not fail and we *will* not fail."

That means that Rum Row is doomed!

II — HEROES ALL

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

With Illustrations by the Author



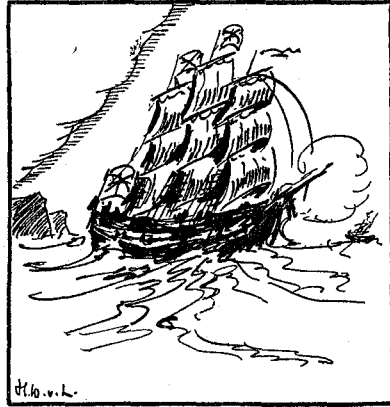
WHEN I was eight years old Saint Nicholas brought me a beautiful book. It was full of lovely pictures of ships and sailors and battles, and it was called *The Smugglers of the Sea*. It told the story of one Piet van Moerkerken, who, outraged by the terrible tyranny of the Spaniards, had sworn a dire oath not to obey their outrageous laws and who therefore refused to

pay the sixty per cent tax which was levied on all imported goods for the benefit of King Philip's treasury.

This Piet was a man of heroic qualities. With his little vessel of only twenty-seven tons, the "Catherina," he carried enough goods into Holland to supply that suffering country with arms and ammunition for at least ten years of revolution, not to mention certain bits of merchandise which brought him a hand-

some profit and allowed him to marry the daughter of the richest man in town.

In the last chapter of the book, Pieter and his crew of trusty cut-throats destroyed an entire Spanish army corps, raised the siege of the town of Varkenshuizen, and were welcomed by the grateful burghers as the saviors of the country and as true patriots, worthy of eternal praise.



A few years later, the good Saint brought me a companion volume, entitled *Outwitting the Corsican*. The plot of this tale was laid along the English coast, and the chief character was one "Sea Horse Charley" who all alone defied the entire Continental System and who smuggled so persistently and so successfully that Napoleon finally sent an entire fleet to capture the lone bandit.

Charley, however, was a man of parts. He blew up the admiral's ship, captured four French frigates, and returned to Portsmouth with enough plunder to be elected Mayor of the city.

Still a few years later, when I had learned a little English, I got hold of an even more entertaining bit of fiction, in which a small but enterprising number of young gentlemen from Boston played horse with His Majesty's marines and established a regular training school for smugglers to be employed in the clandestine warfare upon the authorities of the Mother country.



I remember that in one chapter General Washington actually embraced the leader of the "Jolly Thirty" and told him that if he only had "two thousand fellows like you" the war for independence would have been ended six years before.

Personally, I am not enamoured

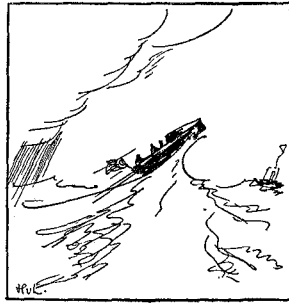
of violent physical exercise and I would just as soon play golf as devote myself to a career of smuggling. It means too much discomfort and very irregular hours, which is bad for a man of my age. But I want my sons to enjoy all the benefits of that healthy hero-worship without which no child grows into decent manhood.

Alas! when Christmas came around, I discovered that the Literature of Filibustering had come to an end when the department-store Magnate was made our national hero and was given the preferred space on the pages of our popular magazines. In sheer despair I then thought of translating the Dutch books into the American vernacular. The war, however, intervened, and when peace had been declared, the Amsterdam publisher who owned the copyright seemed to have gone out of existence. And so, what

with one thing
boys were dem-
mollycoddles,
the beauties of the
trainsyoung Amer-
cal soldiers and

Then the Eight-
to the Constitution

I have heard
blamed upon the
who inhabit the



and another, my
veloping into little
totally ignorant of
only true life that
icans to be practi-
sailors.

eenth Amendment
was passed.

this calamity
poor old women
darkest hinterland

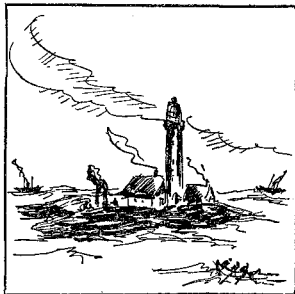
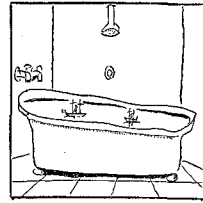
of Kansas. I have been told that it was the fault of the Baptists and the Methodists and the Unitarians. And I have listened to long harangues, explaining just how and why and when the Pope or the Oberrabiner of Cracow had ordered America to be dried up. But now at last I know who was responsible. The much maligned Hundred Percenters are to blame—or to praise. I think the latter.

When the cunning patriots forced their grapejuice down our throats, they knew that they were rendering the cause of young manhood the greatest possible service. At last, after almost fifty years of stagnation (since the sinking of the "Alabama," to be exact), young men were once more given the chance to learn manly independence, upon which the success of all nations is based, through the ancient and honorable sport of smuggling.

No longer was it necessary for the young generation to read books about the ancient buccaneers. Any issue of any newspaper

(city, country, or Chicago) now contains tales of glory compared to which the little encounters of a century ago become mere child's play.

Two or three men venture forth in a flimsy craft of four or five tons. They race through angry seas. They brave the grenades and the shells of pursuing gunboats, and when they return home the mortgage of poor old Mrs. Jones is paid to the cruel banker, and little Johnnie is sent to Harvard, and Eliza Jane gets a new gown, and everything is just as it was in those books we read and loved when we were young.



Thousands of fine, stalwart fellows between the ages of eighteen and seventy-five are learning seamanship and gunnery and navigation and all sorts of useful things which only a life on board a rum-runner can teach them.

When Germany tried to close the ocean to all neutrals and forced us into the war, we found it difficult to man our ships with competent naval officers. When the next war breaks out, we shall have an oversupply of young Farraguts.

The recruiting offices will be literally swamped by bright young lads, who can handle a destroyer as easily as if it were a flivver. Let there be a call for volunteers to smuggle inspirational messages from the Bureau for Public Information into the hostile country, and there will be a row of candidates stretching from the Bowery to the Bronx. Most wonderful of all, these great results will have been accomplished at a very low cost to the government.

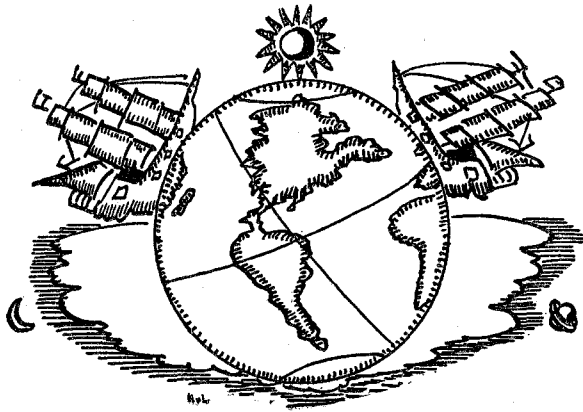
Annapolis is an excellent institution, but alas! it costs a great deal of money. Even then, the young midshipmen must necessarily be trained to navigate their craft in a bath-tub. When at last they are given real ships on a real ocean, they often run afoul



of a couple of cliffs or mistake the mouth of the Chesapeake for the entrance to the Erie Canal. But the graduates of Block Island and Nantucket will suffer from no such disadvantage. They have been trained in the school of hard knocks and hard liquor. They can do without their Bowditch, and they despise a log-line as a mere encumbrance which interferes with the speed of their vessel. In short, they are perfect in every respect, and the discipline which they have learned on board the S. S. "Cognac" and the S. S. "Cherry Brandy" is such that they will regard the manual of rules and regulations printed by the Navy Department at Washington as a supplement to the Blue Book and the Handbook of Etiquette.

I wish that I might grow rhapsodic, but I must leave this to my grandchildren. That is their good right, and I must not deprive them of it. I just can see how it will be a hundred years from now. A swarm of little Hendriks and Willems will turn their bright eyes upon dear nurse and they will ask, "Won't you please read us the story of Billy the Rum-runner?" And the good nurse will hasten to get the book, for, so she reasons, the example of these brave men will fill their dear little hearts with admiration for the pluck and the courage of their ancestors. Then she will open the first page and she will read:

"Once upon a time there was a poor little cabin-boy on the motor boat 'Saugatuck,' bound from Cuba to Westport with a cargo of ——."



BELLES LETTRES IN BALLOT BOXES

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

THE literary statesman has suffered an eclipse lately. The political overlords of the world to-day are little given to books and, necessarily, less given to those philosophical and intellectual aspirations that go to make politics so appealing to youth, — and to all ages as a matter of fact. Particularly does the literary statesman appeal to those who have not the courage and the character to undergo the privations that lie at the beginning of all literary success. Then, too, there is something fascinating in the man who has mastered two difficult professions and made them serve his single purpose.

I believe that studies of selected literary statesmen of the past hundred and fifty years would come very near being an interesting history of democratic progress in the Anglo-Saxon World. Of course Tories write books, and very good books some of them, but they are always less Toryish when they write than when they talk. The best books, — or shall we say the most interesting books, — are written by the Whigs, the Liberals, the Radicals, the Progressives, the Third Partyites, the Reformers, the Mugwumps, The GooGoos, the Garoos, and the many others who might be described generically as the “Kickers”.

It isn't the Tory's fault, for how can one be expected to be literary, historical, hortatory, appealing, ecstatic, indignant, and rhapsodic over the *status quo*? Of course there will be disputes as to what is “literary” in the matter of statesmanship. If we begin in America with Benjamin Franklin, Hamilton, and Jefferson, we must include old John Adams, and immediately our theory about Tories and statesmen is smashed into smithereens. William H. Seward, although entitled to a union card as a “regular” author of a book, must give way to Abraham Lincoln whose fame rests perhaps on two short pieces that will live forever. Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson mark our own time brilliantly, though with their deaths we find ourselves in a Cimmerian gloom.

Some years ago, in an inquiring frame of mind, I sent out a literary questionnaire to the members of Congress, with some

surprising results. Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania answered no questions, but he sent a copy of a book on municipal reform that he had written shortly after leaving college. Another statesman sent me a copy of his book on Bridge. Both products brought to mind the story of Professor Dodgson who was complimented by Queen Victoria with the request that he send her all his books, she having been much fascinated by his *Alice in Wonderland*. He immediately responded by sending her his *Formulae of Plane Trigonometry*, and several other books representing his real professional labors.

John Morley quotes Treitschke, "the greatest of modern absolutists", as saying that everything new that the nineteenth century has erected has been the work of Liberalism. This would explain why, if we were to pick a half dozen or dozen of literary statesmen to discuss, they would in most cases be of the Whig or the Liberal cast of thought. Literature must have something new in it — thought primarily, and if not that something new in expression.

And yet if I were to write such a series my first portrait would be that of a distinguished gentleman, who created no literature but was created by literature. It is time, I believe, that the political world did justice to the Honorable Plantagenet Palliser. The name will fall, I realize, with a thud on the ears of many politicians, who like to feel that they have studied carefully the lives of those who might be most useful to them. Only the other day I was talking with one of our American statesmen, and a "literary" one at that, and when I quoted Palliser as one of those who would live when Palmerston and Disraeli were forgotten, he vaguely suggested that he had followed his career but slightly and it was a pity that there was not a good biography of him.

There is the rub. The only modern statesman of whom we have a real biography is Palliser. The fact that he wrote no books and that his short career in high office was a failure has caused a great many people to ignore him entirely. The great reform, that of decimal coinage, with which he aspired to have his name associated is still unaccomplished as far as England is concerned, but, like Fabius, he won as he retreated. If I were given to organizing Committees, which I am not, or if I had any ability in that direction, which I have not, I should certainly organize a

Palliser Committee to erect a water fount in his name or signify in some appropriate way the fact that there was a revival of interest in his thoroughly dull and undramatic life.

That is one of the fascinations of Palliser's life; it was dull, it was undramatic, and it was intentionally so. Morley quotes Sorel, — surely without Morley I should never have been able to write this article, or perhaps inclined to write any article, — quotes him to the effect that politics is not a drama where the scenes follow one another with well-ordered and climacteric regularity; rather is it a conflict wherein frequently the hero dies in the first act, and, speaking by the book, villainy frequently triumphs in the fifth. Without the assistance of Morley, or Sorel, or any other philosopher, we all know the tragedies of politics. We know that in many instances the ablest and the best men die unhappy, with little that they hoped for accomplished. Those of us who try to know something of American politics and American history know that it is filled with tragic deaths and that the tragic lives out-number the happy ones. There never was a happier life than that of Theodore Roosevelt. When he was shot, and when he thought that he might be fatally wounded, he declared in Milwaukee that he had lived a happy life. If ever there was a man who had a sincere desire to end his life on the field of battle fighting for his country, it was Roosevelt. And yet, he died just as he was about to conquer every enemy that he had ever made and to establish almost every principle for which he had fought. No Greek dramatist could have conceived of a greater tragedy.

Palliser was not a profound man, but because he came of a long line of ancestors with whom authority was second nature, he seems to have lived, or so ordered his living, that he could give to his country all that was in him without being touched by the drama of politics. From the day he stepped into the political arena until the day he was forced from high office, he so conducted himself that he was always the most impersonal of forces. The result was failure, as the world counts failure, — for this is a dramatic age, and we are too apt to count a man's success by the number of times that he emits a shriek of triumph or dismay, and not by the well-ordered philosophy that inhibits any manifestation of either joy or sorrow.

The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that I should write an article about Palliser himself and not dismiss him with just a casual reference. Perhaps he is a peg on which I would like to hang some theories of politics, and literature as it affects politics; but of this, I am sure: there is no one in politics or literature that has more appealing qualities, or for whom I have more respect. He reminds one of many great men in our modern politics; sometimes by his lofty disdain of all that is low and common, and frequently by his humanity, and less frequently by his humility.

And so next month I shall discuss this forgotten statesman, — which is, perhaps, somewhat imitative of his biographer who always left the story to be continued in the next.

THE FACE

EDNA LOUISE SMITH

*Life's handiwork is cautious, slow, and fine
In most of us, the toil of weary days,
With tender knife that marks but never slays,
Or patient pencil lingering on each line.
But looking on your face, one may divine
You were not formed in such slow, tedious ways,
But like a metal molten from the blaze,
Stamped in a moment with a deep design.*

*What dreadful deed, what hideous, dark surprise
In some lone place one midnight hour befell?
What base deceit, what scarlet lie of lies
Has gone to form your face? But who shall tell?
I cannot image forth a fiend from Hell
Could make that grim indifference in your eyes.*

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

BY THE PEDESTRIAN

RELIGIO PEDESTRIS

"So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies."—RALEIGH TO HIS EXECUTIONER.

THE Rev. Studdert Kennedy (Saint "Woodbine Willie") says in a stimulating article in the November FORUM that "the great necessity for democracy is a true religion." He adds that this idea "will bear a lot of thinking about." He is right. A number of people have been thinking about it, off and on, for a good many years and haven't worn it down yet.

It's a very provocative thought — no question. The difficulty, now as ever, is to get at the word *religion*. Religion, Mr. Kennedy says, is "a synthesis and sublimation of all the instincts." There is a fork in the road here; in fact, a veritable five corners. It would be inviting to stroll down the road of the "sublimated instincts" and find out where it comes from. (People, by the way, have a curious habit of following paths to see whither they lead, whereas oftener than not the vital question is whence they come.) Then there is another road, with Professor Irving Babbitt at the entrance, waving his arms and beckoning to the place where impulse is not sublimated, but is checked by the *frein vital*, where "natural" law is regulated by "human" law. "Very good," the Saint might retort; "only," — but I'm not going to let these philosophers involve me in a controversy; especially as I hear an Oriental gentleman at another road, warning me that "the West still believes that knowledge will give her God." His road is rather more alluring, with its camels and palanquins and far-off temples shimmering through the dust; and his voice has a mysterious charm as he tells me, without waving his arms, that religion is not a matter of instincts, sublimated or restrained, but of losing our wills in the Will of the Universe. It was a man from that region who said, "Beware, beware: good can choke up a soul as much as evil." And *that* "will bear a lot of thinking about."

I shan't describe the other roads; for, as I look again more closely, I see that there are more than five, — myriads, indeed,

and all good roads, I have no doubt. But if you take your religion afoot, you follow the foot-path way, — sometimes an easier, simpler way; sometimes too, the more hardy pedestrians avouch, an arduous, lonely way. I speak not from much experience, but report truly what other pedestrians, those of the better sort, have told me. Back-slider that I am, I am more familiar with religion of the highway.

Religion is a complicated, a forbidding thing when it gets confused with philosophy or theology. It is a hideous thing when it appears in the discordant din of “sects and schisms.” Usually, it is a tawdry thing. Yet, stripped of its derivative meanings, religion becomes so simple and so fundamental that there is nothing in it for the controversialists to write about. This simple, inevitable “tie that binds,” — back through the experience of mankind to the source of life itself, — all men recognize it without definition in those rare moments when they accomplish true humility. But they are bound to lose sight of it if they mistake grovelling for humility, or if they seek to pass reforms in the name of religion, or to formulate creeds, or to bite their thumbs at one another.

Of course it may be charged that one who takes his religion afoot is incapable of the exhilaration that impels your regular “go-getter” Christian. But it has its compensations. A pedestrian in his wanderings stops in a good many wayside churches; sometimes, too, in little chapels among the hills; and of course he has long been aware that

“The groves were God’s first temples.”

In these places, — the pretentious “church edifice,” the modest little chapel, and the far-flung forest aisles, — he finds a good deal of religion in its purest and simplest sense. It doesn’t seem to make much difference to religion what sort of outward stage men set for it. Non-conformists have time out of mind mocked the audacity of traditionalists for supposing that “consecration” made bricks and mortar holy; but they also have to learn that the mere lack of consecrated stones does not in itself invoke the Holy Spirit. The groves were also the devil’s first hunting-grounds.

It is not unnatural, therefore, that religion in derivative senses, terrible or tawdry, should flourish too in all three types of places. With or without buildings, man seems to find adequate opportu-

nity to glorify himself and to hold public altercations with his Maker. What the pedestrian notices most, however, is a kind of religiosity, a sort of seething, potential current, dammed by vain imaginations, made impotent and unholy by self-assertion rather than strong and beneficent by humility. "Vanity is the worst impurity."

But we must not fall into the common error of cynical youth and denounce all the forms and trappings that frequently stifle "pure religion." Sometimes they do just the reverse, — set the current going. In any event, the social animal, man, cannot get along without some outward and visible sign. Even the superstitions are better than nothing. Most of us, if we face the facts, must have some sort of idol, — even if we make it of mental mud. Worship of almost anything is better than no worship at all; in fact, no worship at all, the metaphysicians tell us, is really worship of the devil (*der Geist der stets verneint*)! With the *forms* of religion there can be no sensible quarrel. Personally, I am so far a Protestant that I think there are not forms enough. Inclined for the most part to the Quaker "way," as less obstructive, I crave at times a more outward expression, a more objective beauty; at other times I wish for a positive hilarity in my religion. Yet I am not permitted to belong to a number of churches, as I might to a number of clubs, — to the Society of Friends, for instance, to the Roman Catholic Church, and to the Holy Rollers all at once. It seems to me a very narrow dispensation.

If such genuine catholicity were permitted, we might go even further: we might learn from the East something about holiness. I don't mean that there is anything promising in the gesture of certain exotic Christians, who dabble in Eastern cults. In the first place, they are playing at religion. In the second, they mistake cogitation for meditation. You in the West, says a Holy Man of India, are "no more capable of meditation than a tiger is of vegetarianism." Furthermore, I can't see why an Occidental should try to become an imitation Buddhist any more than a Hindu should try to become a "go-getter" Christian. Indeed, I do not see why the East and the West cannot be complementary in this as in other things. In the East, religion in its essential meaning must imply meditation. Is it wholly fanciful to imagine that in the West it must imply passion? God may appear in the whirl-

wind as well as in the still small voice. The Rev. Samuel Drury once preached a sermon, of great appeal to me, on the necessity of "ambulatory and ejaculatory prayer." The great point in the West is to invade activity with religion, not evade activity for religion.

Still, lacking the guiding and elevating power of meditation, our passion too often takes the course of sound and fury. It was Nicholas Farrar, I think, a gentle soul of the Seventeenth Century, who went into seclusion at Little Gidding to escape what he called the "furie of Protestantism." Perhaps the latest manifestation of that fury is the disposition to discuss religion, to imagine, on the one hand, that a sort of rotary club conference will settle the matter once and for all; or, worse yet, to indulge in obstreperous vilifications, — which may well strike the poor benighted heathen as odd interpretations of Christ's teachings. I fear that the trouble usually begins in the pulpit. Instead of feeding the hungry sheep, the clergy indulge freely the quaint notion that they are called upon to deliver lectures on all sorts of social, economic, and political questions. They too often turn the pulpit into a sort of Union Square soap-box. Cynical and flamboyant youth ought to be allowed to heckle then and there, and so get it over with instead of filling the magazines with their controversies. Of course the controversies may be all right, as such, but they are not religion. As Godkin said at the outbreak of the Spanish War, "Why drag God into it?"

"Woodbine Willie" is right. We need "true religion." What seems to stand in the way of it, though, is not some mysterious new malady of democratic peoples, but the old, old malady. The air is still full of discord, in the name of religion.

Yet, — we have a strange and promising way of dropping our bickerings at Christmas. Those to whom the day means more than feasting and exchanging gifts recognize in it only one significance, — peace on earth, good will towards men. It never enters the head of Romanist or Protestant on that day that the other belongs to a perverse generation of vipers. Each, without reservations or theological distinctions, is celebrating the birth of Jesus; each accepts entirely, without quibble, the message symbolized by that birth, — peace on earth, good will towards men.

But what preposterous person would suggest seriously that we

try the Christmas religion for three hundred and sixty-five days a year? It would play havoc with our vilifications. It might destroy our precious institutions. What it might do for democracy and mankind surpasses the wildest dreams. It would mean unheard-of effort, impossible renunciation, incredible Grace. Yet, — Christmas is not an effort, and on that day Grace is had for the asking!

SELF

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

*I am my handmaid, and the least
Of all the servants that prepare a feast.
I am my handmaid, that has laid the board
With fair white linen, and a board
Of shining silver. There will be
Flowers and fruit for my high guest to see.*

*I am my master, when the work is done,
And dare the secrecies of cloud and sun.
I am my master, and with shining things
That touch the floor of Heaven with their wings,
I claim the sudden splendors of all worlds.
I hold the garnered stars within a net,
And am a lord, a king, a prophet, yet —*

*I am my handmaid, and the least
Of all the servants that prepare a feast.*

Soundings

A Novel in Seven Instalments — IV

ARTHUR HAMILTON GIBBS

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

NANCY HAWTHORNE, a charming young English girl, has been spending a year of freedom in Paris, — living the life of a bachelor girl, sharing a studio with her wealthy American friend, Cornelia Evans. During the year Cornelia's brother, Lloyd, and his room-mate at Oxford, Bob Whittaker, have come over to Paris to spend a fortnight with the girls. Nancy Hawthorne has felt herself attracted to Bob. But she is not sure of herself. Her single previous contact with sex has been only an incident: a boy, "Curly", in the little village of Brimble, England, where she has lived with her artist father (her mother died giving birth to her), kissed her one night, but she felt no reciprocal emotion. Seeing Cornelia flirt consciously with almost every man who comes to the studio, Nancy wonders whether it is she or Cornelia who is abnormal. One night from her window she sees a pair of lovers embracing on the path below, — and suddenly she realizes that she wants Bob to hold her like that. Then she wonders whether she is in love with Bob or merely with love. Cornelia has cajoled an automobile from her parents, — and the plan is that when the term at Oxford ends in June, the boys shall join the girls on the continent and go for a trip with them. Nancy's year is up on June the thirtieth, and Cornelia is devastated at the thought that her English friend may have to return to her father. Nancy, herself, impatiently awaits the coming of the boys; if she finds that she really does not love Bob she will return to Brimble, — that is her secret thought, for she does not confide in Cornelia. The girls have motored to St. Malo, where Bob and Lloyd are to join them early the following morning. Nancy's long wait is over . . . in a few hours she will know —!

PART TWO—CHAPTER VIII

Continued

FOOTSTEPS came clumping down the uncarpeted corridor and stopped at their door. Nancy, lying awake, was annoyed at the furious banging that ensued.

"*Il est cinq heures, Mademoiselle!*"

Cornelia woke with a start. "Eh? . . . What's that?"

"*Bien. Merci!*" replied Nancy. "Five o'clock, Cornelia."

The footsteps retreated.

Cornelia yawned, profoundly, luxuriously. "Name of a name!" she said. "Why don't they make that ridiculous boat come in at a respectable hour? These French are so beastly matinal! However . . . one-two-three . . . up!" Combining word and deed she heaved back the bed-clothes and sprang out. From the moral superior-

ity of a standing position she turned her attention to Nancy, whose only move had been to pull the blanket back over herself.

"Do you propose to lie there all day, Nancy Hawthorne? . . . A little pep, please! Show a little pep!" She laughed. "My dear, to-day's the day! If by any chance Lloyd and Bob aren't on that boat this morning, I shall be so desperate that I shall display the Men Wanted sign across the dining room to the handsome Englishman from the annex. He's dying to know us, poor dear, but I suppose he's waiting for me to fall down a cliff or something so that he can dash to pick up the pieces and then consider himself properly introduced!"

Nancy pushed back her hair with an impatient gesture. "I'm not coming with you, Cornelia," she said.

Cornelia stared, wide-eyed. "Well, for the love of Mike!"

"I know it seems beastly unsporting to let you go off by yourself," said Nancy, "but please won't you leave me here? I . . . I just don't want to come, that's all."

The protest that was all ready on Cornelia's lips remained unuttered. There was a note in Nancy's voice that she hadn't heard before. She took a quick look at Nancy's face. It was a little drawn, tired.

Cornelia stooped swiftly, kissed the tip of Nancy's nose, and gave her shoulder a firm squeeze. "All right, honey," she said. "I see." Within fifteen minutes she was dressed. "Well, so long," she said. "Breakfast about eight?" She went out without waiting for an answer.

For a long while Nancy remained staring at the ceiling. It was like a huge map, drawn with boundary lines in the plaster, and curly rivers. There were two flies up there performing their morning evolutions, flying in endless patterns of sharp angles and flowing arabesques, a noiseless, unceasing ritual, as though in fulfilment of some deep purpose.

When she went downstairs there would be Bob, no longer a remote element in a problem which was hers alone, but, even if he didn't know it, a participant in a problem which was his as well. Was Bob an utter stranger to her emotion? Had he never thought of her from the day he left Paris? Had he been so occupied at Oxford that there had been no room for her in his mind? Had she never been in it, — as he had in hers, from the angle of man and woman? If not, then why had there been that gradual seeking, that iteration of momentary contact that had broken through Lloyd's assiduous attention? Was that nothing but imagination, the delusion of her own desire? No, it couldn't be! Something had passed between them when they turned away from the bronze boy, something that was not hers alone. He, too, had been held still by that momentous sense of expectancy before the street lamps had suddenly blazed out and broken the spell. . . . He must have carried that with him to Oxford! He wouldn't be human if he hadn't. . . .

The cracked bell in the village church struck eight. Nancy sat up with a jerk.

Bob was there, downstairs!

Her heart was pounding. She placed a

hand on it as though to try and stop it. "Fool!" she murmured. "How *damn* silly to get all upset like this! I'll probably make an idiot of myself. . . . The others will be there when I meet him, and Cornelia suspects something, too!" She pressed her hands to her flushed cheeks. "I've got to get hold of myself! I . . . I wish he hadn't come. It isn't worth all this." She caught her breath. It made an odd little sound in her throat. Her hands dropped from her face. For a second she remained motionless, staring. Then, with a note almost of fierceness, she said aloud, "No I don't. I'm glad!"

.

Cornelia chuckled. "My," she said, "but it's good to have you two lunatics around again! I confess that I'm not cut out either for my own, or exclusively feminine, society." She looked Bob and Lloyd over with approving eyes, — an act already consummated by the five other girls, of French or British nationality, who were sitting at breakfast so demurely with their fathers and mothers at various tables in the dining-room. They were both so clean-cut and fit, alert-looking, lean, ready.

In the *salle-à-manger* of this seaside hotel, — where the majority consisted of soft, plump French women and their sallow menfolk, who wore black alpaca and carried parasols lest they should catch a sunstroke, — this youthful threesome was as glad a sight as the first morning of spring.

They were halfway through breakfast, — a breakfast *à l'anglaise*, — when through the glass door Lloyd caught sight of Nancy coming across the hall. "There she is!" he said, and hurried out to meet her.

Bob half rose and sat down again. Cornelia smiled and shot a keen glance at him as he looked past her towards the door. She was puzzled, disappointed. She couldn't read the tightening of his jaw, the barely perceptible narrowing of his eyes. She tried a question. "Does Nancy look good to you?"

"Quite," said Bob.

Cornelia bit her lip.

Lloyd met Nancy as she stopped at the table on which letters were spread out for the guests of the hotel. She had tried on three different silk waists before finding

the psychological one to go with her mood and with her new golf coat and skirt. "Hullo there!" he said. "How's the golf pro? You're a sight for sore eyes, Nancy, and I'm so darn glad to see you that it seems like a thousand years since we were in Paris!"

How could he tell, as he wrung her by the hand and looked down into her smiling face and unflinching brown eyes, of the trouble that lay within, or guess that even now to form words demanded violent physical effort? She was in a sort of trance, aware of one single thing, one great overshadowing fact, — that through the fog, just over there where she dare not look, was *Bob*.

To those who watched her, she was almost sprightly in her walk. She felt that she was going forward on reluctant, leaden feet. With her eyes she clung to Lloyd, who steered her with one hand on her elbow.

"Here she is!" he said as they reached the table. "Here's the young slacker who preferred to roll over and go to sleep again!"

To Nancy everything seemed to stop, to be still. Her eyes left Lloyd, clung desperately to Cornelia for a second, then went on.

Bob's voice came through the fog. "Hullo, Nancy! How are you?"

At the sound of that voice her self-consciousness dropped from her. She found herself looking into his eyes. Why, of course! How stupid that she hadn't known all along! It had been like a panting struggle up a steep trail, — to come suddenly out into a cool, green meadow where there was a great peace.

She gave him her hand and was intensely aware of the touch of his. "Hullo, Bob!" It was saying so little and so infinitely much. Then she moved, with a quick laugh. "What does it feel like to be an Oxford blue? Don't you two feel as if you owned the earth between you?"

And as they all sat down, and Lloyd hissed loudly to catch the eye of Alphonse, Cornelia tried another question, "Well, honey," she said, "have you decided when you're going home?" It was a bomb, and she knew it.

"Home?" cried Lloyd. "What on earth do you mean? You can't go home, Nancy. Why, it would simply wreck the foursome!"

Bob made no comment. He paused in the lighting of a cigarette and looked at Nancy across the table.

Nancy raised two large, surprised eyes at Cornelia. "Home?" she echoed. Then a frown of remembrance creased her forehead. "Oh!" The exclamation was almost to herself. It was like the opening of a mental door, through which came rushing all the other considerations that had been shut out by this meeting. Then she said quickly, "I don't know. I haven't decided yet!"

CHAPTER IX

Whereas in Paris Nancy's contact with Bob had been a progression from aroused curiosity to exploration, to a gradual finding and piecing together of certain qualities already anticipated at the moment when she first became aware of him, — and it is curious that the likableness of someone else is in direct ratio to how much of oneself one can find in that someone, — their relations in St. Malo began on an entirely different plane. Her question in Paris had been, "Is it Bob? — or just man?" Her answer now was, "It's Bob."

She no longer felt the spur of that instinctive tension, fencing, play-acting, that assumption of heightened personality which is man's equivalent to the fussy strutting in the animal world when male and female consider one another. She met him now with level-eyed certainty, with the calm self-possession of a mind made up.

She was content just to be with Bob, to see and hear him, to hug to herself the delicious fact of his presence. To her, each new day was a gift, an exaltation, a beatitude. As they stood in the cool of the evening on the short, spongy turf of the headland and looked down over the rocky sea, the wind, which blew her hair from her face and plastered her clothes against her body, seemed to fan the flame of happiness within her.

She loved the sea when they all swam in the long lazy afternoons, because it was another element that they could both share. They did not bathe from the machines on the populous beach. They set off, hatless, with towels over their shoulders, carrying bags of cherries and sticky brown *pains d'épice* embedded with almonds. They found a deep, dark cave in the rock, which, after due investigation on

the part of their squires for bats, snakes, or other incommensurables, the ladies used as a dressing room. The squires used the sunny lea of a great brown tooth of rock on the other side of the cove. With no other sound but the voice of the sea, no sight but the elemental rock and water and sky, they had a sense of being cut off on some desert island. To three of them the seclusion was the finishing touch in the perfection of the place. To the fourth, Nancy, a thousand people there would have made no difference. To her it was ecstasy as the waves slapped at her throat and face and she felt the lift of a roller, to know that Bob was swimming strongly beside her.

She would look up across the deep rocky pool in which they were all hunting for shrimps, and, with a strange feeling of pride and tenderness, revel in the perfection of line that was his as he stooped, searching intently beneath the lacework of seaweed. He was beautiful, she thought, as beautiful as the discus thrower in the Luxembourg, as balanced and graceful and strong. She tried to imagine him in the boxing ring and couldn't, but found herself primevally glad of the strength which had enabled him to triumph. The reflex of that thought made her exult in her own body and her own strength. She tingled at the thought that she, too, was not only beautiful but that she could keep pace with him in rock climbing, that she was as at home in the sea as he, that she could actually beat him in driving a golf ball.

She found his moods extraordinary. Plunging his muscular arm into the pool, he would address his intended prey: "Now, you shrimp, I'm going to get you so it's no use your dodging. I can see you down there just as well as you can, so . . . Ah! Would you? Little rotter, getting under that seaweed! Next time . . . Well! Well! What did I tell you?" His hand would emerge clasping the beguiled shrimp, and his smiling eyes seek Nancy's. "Sporting little devil, wasn't he? Shall we put him back?"

In such a manner, thought Nancy tenderly, did children run to their mother with treasure of daisies, eager to share their delight. Was it the same being whose philosophy of golf made her almost scared of him? Unlike Lloyd, who laughed at his bad shots and made the others laugh at his good ones, Bob retired into himself, stalked round with a scowling face, putting

into every stroke the last ounce of concentration and effort, unyielding, doggedly persistent, determined to master the game. Was it the same being again who, on assuming his dress clothes, seemed to assume also a sophistication that sometimes showed itself in sneering criticism, an aloof boredom; who, as they sat and listened to Pol Plançon's *Mephistopheles* in the casino, refused to allow himself to be stirred to enthusiasm? There were several Bobs apparently. Which was the real one?

She was asking herself that question as he grinned at her across the pool, shrimp in hand, and asked, "Shall we put him back?"

"Why of course, infant!" she said. She snuggled back against the rock, stretched out luxuriantly, full length in the hot sun, and smiled at her toes as she twiddled them. "Isn't it grand," she said, "to be alive and fit and unafraid, to be able to feel things so intensely?"

.

They had cut the last act of the opera to watch Bob work out a run of luck at *petits chevaux*. He was only playing with five franc pieces, but it seemed that the god of the tables had taken him for the time being under its wing. Wherever he put coins one of the numbers turned up, until his winnings became a pile, not only of coin, but of paper.

"*Les jeux sont faits?*"

Hurriedly Nancy opened her small bead bag, dived among powder puff, vanity case, and handkerchief, and fished out a folded note. "Put that on for me, Bob!"

Together with his own five franc piece Bob dropped her note on to number eleven. Immediately a shower of coins fluttered on to the same baize square.

"*Les jeux son faits! Rien ne va plus!*"

The wheel was slowing. Every eye followed the nimble ball. It plopped into number twenty-three, climbed out again, ran towards the centre, rolled back, skirted the zero, flirted with thirty-five, lurched away, hovered maddeningly on the brink of seven, and then, as though obedient at last to other forces than the prosaic ones of gravitation and centrifugalism, gyrated to number eleven, dropped in, and clung, regardless of the still spinning wheel. A sort of wave of release went over the table, like the indefinite breathing and rustling that

risers from a congregation as the minister turns to leave the pulpit.

A man's voice from across the table said, "*Quel veinard que cet anglais!*" With no change of expression or tone the croupier made his announcement. "*Le onze noir impair et manque.*"

Enriched by notes that crinkled to the tune of three hundred and forty francs, Nancy was dancing with excitement. How perfectly splendid Bob was! He didn't seem to mind a bit that all those overdressed women made eyes at him, or that the men were openly waiting to follow his lead. She felt that she, under similar circumstances, would have been awfully cocky, would have felt infinitely superior to the rest of the world. Yet there was Bob, perfectly quiet, gathering up his winnings with a steady hand.

She was still excited when they left the casino about eleven o'clock that night. Until they came out into the cool, starry night she hadn't realized how stuffy the roulette rooms were. The tide was high, and the sea was reaching and pulling at the *digue*, falling back on itself with a boiling roar that streaked it as though with soapsuds.

"Don't let's go back to bed," she said. "Let's go for a stroll, will you, Cornelia? . . . Come on, Bob! We'll set them an example."

Cornelia laid her hand on her brother's arm and checked the pace until Nancy and Bob, arm in arm, and exaggeratedly in step, had more or less danced their way well ahead.

"What's biting you, old thing?" said Lloyd.

"Something rather special," said Cornelia. "Tell me, Lloydie, is Bob all right, really all right?"

Lloyd looked at his sister. "That's an odd question to ask a man about his friend," he said.

Cornelia slipped a hand through his arm. "It may be," she said, "but Nancy happens to be mine. Are you aware that she's fallen for Bob?"

Lloyd laughed. "Why, yes, but she's fallen for me, too, thank God, so what's the odds? Safety in numbers, you know!"

Cornelia shook her head. "If it were just that, if you were both simply beaving her around, I shouldn't be worrying."

Lloyd turned to his sister. His voice

dropped a little. "You don't mean that there's anything really serious in it, do you?" Cornelia nodded. For a moment neither spoke.

"Now," she said, "will you answer my question?"

"You've handed me rather a jolt," said Lloyd. "I'd no idea there was anything of *that* in it. I'd thought that we were just four good fellows together."

"Four?"

"Of course!" said Lloyd with a touch of impatience. "Bob's one of the best. He . . ." And just then Tillie came popping into his mind.

"You see," said Cornelia, "Nancy's full of dreams and ideals, — impossible if you like, but darned enviable all the same, — and I'd hate like anything to see anyone smash 'em up. And there's something about Bob that makes me instinctively distrust him. However, if *you* say he's all right, why, let her go ahead and land him as soon as she can. Suppose you and I take the car to-morrow and beat it off somewhere together?"

Lloyd patted the hand where it lay on his arm. It was a sign of approval, but all he said was, "You're not in favor of letting the grass grow, eh?"

"If there's anything in it," said Cornelia, "the sooner she finds out the better. She's due to go back home any day now."

"I see," said Lloyd.

For the rest of the walk he replied jerkily in monosyllables, his hands plunged deep into the pockets of his dinner jacket. They were almost back to the hotel when Cornelia said abruptly, "It doesn't touch you, does it, Lloydie?"

"Eh?" said Lloyd. "Me?" He laughed. "Oh lord, no! What do you say to Dinan to-morrow? Those English birds were talking about it in the dining-room yesterday and seemed to think it was worth while."

As they came up, Bob and Nancy were waiting for them in front of the hotel. The four chatted for a few moments, and then the girls said good-night and went in.

The two men crossed the street to the annex.

"Cigarette?" queried Bob.

"Thanks," said Lloyd.

They went upstairs.

Bob began emptying his pockets of money on to the corner of the mantelpiece.

"Lloyd, old man," he said, "let's avoid that damn place for the rest of our stay. I've made enough to-night to pay my entire expenses. If we go back I'll lose it all!"

Lloyd grunted by way of reply. He was staring out of the open window as he undressed, lost in the silver pathway of the moon on the quietly lifting sea. Apparently its beauty was lost on him, for there was a deep frown on his face. Apparently also he hadn't settled his problem when he turned to flick off the light. Bob was already in bed.

"All set?" queried Lloyd.

"Quite!" said Bob.

With a snap the room was dark. Lloyd padded across the bare floor and climbed into the other bed. For a time he watched Bob's cigarette glowing intermittently, like a firefly. At last he spoke. "Oh, Bob!"

The answer came drowsily. "Uhuh?"

Lloyd's enunciation took on an edge like a knife. "Say, old man, we don't want any Tillie stuff around here!"

For a moment there was silence. Then Bob jerked up on one elbow. "What the hell do you mean?" he snapped.

Lloyd saw no need to answer. The question, he knew, was purely rhetorical.

CHAPTER X

"What are you going to do with life, Bob?"

Nancy's question had been led up to by a long morning together in St. Malo, a morning of happy wandering and incessant talking.

"That's more than a question," said Bob. "It's a most complete expression of your mental outlook."

"How do you make that out?" asked Nancy.

"Why, most people put it the other way round. They wonder what life is going to do to them. The only people who have the nerve to take life in their two hands and squeeze it dry, like a sponge, are the ones whose names live. Are you going to be one of them? You're so amazingly definite!"

Nancy laughed. "Oh rats!" she said. "Don't be idiotic." Nevertheless, if her mind refused to play with the idea, she was not displeased with Bob for uttering it. She added, "In any case," — and thus did she admit it, — "you haven't answered my question."

"It's not easy to answer," said Bob,

"unless one starts off negatively and says what one is not going to do with it."

"People have been known to arrive at something definite by a process of elimination! Proceed, oh, cautious one, and give me a cigarette."

A seagull went screaming by. The two were lying on the crisp turf at the edge of the headland. Miles out, the channel boat, like a tiny toy in an enormous bathtub, unwound a ribbon of smoke half a mile long, — the only indication that it was moving at all. Below was Silver's Cove imprisoning a great semicircle of blue and jade-green sea in its rocky embrace.

Bob plucked a sprig of sea holly, and while he talked his fingers explored the plant as though they were messengers sent out to gather information about it, — length of spike, texture, contour. Fascinated, Nancy watched them and saw in imagination the pathetic, if sturdy, little boy growing up in a rectory, strangling in the odor of sanctity and inattention that had been the unconscious sins of an honestly religious father, who took his profession so seriously that it blinded him to the daily enlarging needs of his own children. The picture as Bob had drawn it for her may have been one-sided. The majority of parents, however, would be aghast if, once during their lifetime, they could learn the complete truth of what they seem in the eyes of their children.

"You see," said Bob, "at Oxford one hears a lot of men yapping about what they are going to do, — the Bar, politics, the Church, and all that stuff. To me it's like the babbling of kiddies of six who say they want to be policemen when they grow up. They are all vastly concerned with that stultifying word 'career'. They want to get on, to climb to the top of the tree, — in other words to get into the limelight. Having got there, presumably they'll be smugly content to sit down in it and bask. In their own words they will have 'arrived'. They don't know it, but they will begin to wonder, in a dumb sort of way, what they have missed, why life doesn't mean more. Could anything be more bovine? When I listen to all that, — and I firmly believe that one can listen to it in any college between midnight and one A. M., — it makes me feel overawed, apologetic that I should be such an ass as to think differently. But when I get away from the superiority of

numbers all my unanswerable, discontented questionings come back."

"I know!" said Nancy, nodding.

Bob went on. "Don't think I'm crabbing Oxford. I'm not. I never knew how to think till I went up. I'm not sure that I do now, but at least I've made a beginning. I no longer accept anything at its conventionally accepted value. I've reached the state of mind when I want to prove everything for myself." He stopped. "Am I boring you?" His eyes went to hers for the real verdict. It wouldn't have helped her to utter a polite "no".

He didn't have to worry. Nancy pushed the question aside altogether. "What sort of thing do you want to prove, — the whole sociological tangle?" She was leaning on her elbows, her chin cupped in her hands. Her hat was off, and her mass of chestnut hair was deliciously rumbled by the breeze.

Bob gave a little laugh, — not so much a laugh as a nervous expression of the thrill of satisfied ego that a woman's whole and undivided attention gives to any man, of whatever age. The consciousness of it deflected his line of thought, colored it.

"That's the idea," he said. "All the traditional things that they burble about so hypocritically, — religion, morals, patriotism. There are no such things as hard and fast rules about any of them. Ultimately they become a matter of entirely personal valuation if you scratch a man deep enough."

"Of course!" said Nancy.

"It seems to me," said Bob, "that until a man's about thirty-five it's impossible to form any lasting conclusions as to what life is all about anyway, and therefore the more varied the experience he can get in that time, the closer will be his definition of it. At the moment I'm much less interested in the possibilities of my becoming Lord Chancellor, — which God forbid, — as in the human equation. To me the most fascinating thing in the world is to try and fathom people's motives, to see whether they will run true to form and do given things under given conditions. The variations are infinite, amazing." He laughed and turned to the girl. "Take Lloyd and his sister, for example, or you and me. Lloyd and I hadn't seen each other for more than two minutes before we arranged to share rooms. Why? How did we

know? Cornelia is the sister of that man and an awfully good sort, and yet somehow I haven't a word to say to her, feel absolutely no response to her. Why? And here I am yapping my head off to you, whom I met at the same time as I met Cornelia, as if you were the one girl in the entire universe with whom I'm not afraid to be myself. . . . Why? What are the laws governing these things? What is there in you that Cornelia hasn't got? What is there in me that strikes an echo of you, so to speak?" His eyes were on hers. He came to a full stop, and suddenly, with an abrupt gesture, he threw the holly over the cliff and leaped to his feet. "Shall we . . . shall we go and swim?" His voice sounded unnatural. His manner was constrained.

To Nancy, who had been following every word and expression intently, the change was startling, because so completely unexpected. Their whole conduct had been, up to that moment, not impersonal exactly, but utterly devoid of any recognition of sex-consciousness. They had "swapped backgrounds," as Bob called it. With the unconscious dramatic heightening that always goes with a sympathetic audience, each of them, intensely serious and really moved, had lifted corners of the veil for the other to peep through. They had been very close to one another, in attention, in sympathy, in response, but with none of the subtle emphasis which marks the recognized intrusion of sex.

In Bob's sudden break of tone, with its hint of strain, it came to Nancy as surely as though he had clenched his fist and hit her. She could discover no reason for it. It was as unanalyzable as the quick shifting of the wind from north to south. She knew, however, that Bob had suddenly become obsessed with a sense of her; that he had caught fire. She knew, furthermore, that she could extinguish him, as she had extinguished Curly at a later stage. But even as she knew it, her emotions came rushing to attack her. She didn't want to stop him. It was not Curly, — it was Bob, the man she loved, and this was the moment, the dream of which had submerged the city of Paris.

"Can I give you a hand?" said Bob.

Wordless, Nancy took his, and was standing facing him. She was aware of vast excitement, apprehension, a mental and physical incoherence. His eyes were

on hers. What was it in them that drew her, that caught her up?

"Nancy!" he said.

She gave a little cry which was silenced by his mouth on hers. It hurt her exquisitely, but he held her so tightly that she could not move even if she had wanted to. As though she had known how from the beginning of time, her arms went round him, and she caught him close to her, awake to the uttermost tingling nerve.

Nancy went into Bob's arms with her soul in her eyes. In giving him her lips and holding him to her heart, she gave herself, body and soul, into his keeping and took him into hers, finally, irrevocably. Her decision would not be more absolute when she stood by his side at the altar steps and said, "I will!"

Consequently not the faintest pin prick of doubt entered her mind when later that afternoon Bob said, "Look, Gorgeousness! Let's keep this a secret from the others."

And Nancy, her head on his shoulder, laughed happily, shivering with delight at his extravagant nickname. "It's impossible," she said. "Aren't we two entirely different people from the you and me who started out this morning? How can we hide that?"

There was a frown between Bob's eyes, but as his cheek was on her hair she couldn't see it.

Nancy continued, "And why should we keep it a secret, my dear? Isn't it something infinitely precious that we have found out, something to be very proud of? I'm so glad of it and proud of you that I don't care if all the world knows."

"You darling!" said Bob. His arms were round her, and the softness of her breast beneath his hand was immeasurably sweet. "You've said it yourself," he went on. "It's so precious that I don't want anyone to share it. Cornelia would make it the opportunity of getting off some of her bright lines, and old Lloyd would attempt to come the heavy father. It would seem like sacrilege. Let's be misers and hoard it ourselves."

Nancy was sitting very still, her eyes half closed as though afraid that, were she to open them wide in the bright sunlight, she would wake up and find that it was all a dream. It was the mention of Cornelia that decided her. There would be a note of sarcasm in her congratulations.

"All right, greedy!" she said. "Then we'll pretend to be very pompous and casual when we get back, and I won't dare to meet your eye across the dinner table because I know that if I do mine will flare up like a bonfire, — and then the cat would be out of the bag!"

With one hand she imitated the feline leaping forth, and they both laughed; and then for a moment were silent. Nancy sighed and settled herself more comfortably against him.

"Why must we go back, my dear? This blue lagoon of ours is unforgettable. We have made it our own for all time. Why can't we make time stand still for us? We have found heaven, — why must we go back to earth, to people who don't matter, to silly dinner tables where you will be separated from me by thousands of miles of unreality? . . . Oh, my dear, my dear! Don't go away from me for too long. I want every minute of you! I hadn't any idea how jealous love could make one. I hadn't any idea what love was until you kissed me, although in my mind I had it all cut and dried." She laughed softly. "Wasn't that perfectly childish? Hold me tight, Bob. . . . Tighter." She gave a little gasp and then laughed. "Oh, that hurts! . . . We are magnificently strong, aren't we, both of us?"

And on the way back, hand in hand in the cool of the sunset, it was Nancy who stopped and turned to him. "In a few minutes we shall be in sight of the hotel and then we shall have to begin pretending." She held up her face. "Kiss me goodbye."

.

Sleep? . . . That was for last night, not to-night! Who would want to lose consciousness of *this*, — this fire that flamed and seared through all her senses, this ecstasy that flashed and rioted like lightning in a summer sky? It was an icy fever, a joy that was terrific, a great wonder that she held and did not hold. The word "Bob" became the *leit motiv* of a wild music whose theme was love. Her mind soared away in great imaginings and came whirling back to it again. She heard the name as a triumphant shout, a crooning, an obligato, a whole orchestra. She quivered and vibrated to the immensity of its rhythm.

It seemed that hitherto she had been looking on at life, wondering, as a child at

a peep show. Now a hand had reached out and pulled her in, and with a great gasp, she was snatched up and swept away. She was one with it, throbbing to its throb, — but not saturated with it. This was only the first wonder-step, the fringe, the initiation. This was as far as one could go, alone. To touch the very core, she and Bob were necessary to each other. They must go together, together as one, down the marvelous ways of love. Bob! Bob! . . .

If she slept at all she was not aware of it. As the dawn came rushing up out of the sea she sat up suddenly in bed, her eyes shining with a great eagerness, her body feather-light, her mind racing. Speed! Hurry! Flying would not be fast enough to keep up with her desire. A new day was waiting to be lived! A new day, with Bob! She was up, impatient fingers bungling exasperating hooks.

At last she was downstairs, past the astonished servants, and outdoors, with a deep gloating breath at the magnificence of everything. As she came to the empty beach, gulls cried out to her, the sea smiled, and a little wind came and kissed her. She stood silent, her heart shouting. The day flowed through her. She was melted into it. Bob was coming! Without seeing or hearing, she knew it. She could feel him coming. They had made no arrangement to meet. He too, then, had felt this divine urge! She turned and saw him in the distance. He broke into a run and came racing up.

Nancy held up her hand. "Let me look at you first!" she said.

He stopped, glowing. "Hurry up!" he laughed. "I shall die of starvation! I'm hungry to kiss you!"

There was such reckless triumph in his voice, his eyes, his whole being. Triumph! — how exactly that expressed what she felt too! The moment was too big. Her eyes half filled with tears. She went up to him and took his two hands and placed them on her breast, holding them there.

"Do you know what to-day is?" she asked. "It's *our* birthday!"

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June the thirtieth had passed. Nancy did not know it. For her, time had no meaning except that every moment of it gave her a new understanding of happiness. She was living too fast to be able to stop

and analyze her happiness. Every tendril of thought in her waking hours reached out and curled itself around Bob, around the ideal of him that she was steadily building.

To say that love is blind is to convert the truth to poetic uses. In reality it sees through a magnifying glass. What is merely precocity it interprets as genius; homeliness it invests with a special aureole; a single tear becomes a very Niagara of affliction; a smile, and the world is suffused with radiance. Nancy hadn't learned this; so to her the everyday gestures of Bob were naturally endowed with the odor of Galahad. He was the very gentle parfait knight, "*sans peur et sans reproche*."

From the moment that she had admitted to herself that her unrest in Paris was not simply a phase of growth but was immediately and absolutely personified by Bob, she saw no further need for resistance. Her mind opened itself to the idea of Bob; and now that he had told her by word and deed that he loved her, now that she was carrying with her the touch of his lips on hers, the feel of his arms around her, there was no longer that instinctive recoil, that quivering "Not yet!" which had been her response to the clamor of nature before his coming. It seemed that Bob had legitimized the clamor. It was no longer something to shrink from, as though venturing upon obscure ground dotted with great notice boards marked "Danger!" She had looked into Bob's eyes and then gone into his arms, and the danger boards were down.

Emotionally she was too absorbed, too intoxicated, to do any thinking ahead. She didn't ask herself whether she was, in the language of society, "engaged" to Bob, or whether she realized that it would be years before they could marry. She hadn't thought of marriage specifically. She hadn't thought precisely of anything. They had found each other, and that fact was so big, so vital, that she was unable to envisage any other. Yet if anyone had challenged her with the definite question, "Are you going to marry Bob?" she would have replied without an instant's hesitation, "What an extraordinary question! . . . Why, of course. What else?" — as though indeed one were doubting such natural phenomena as sunrise or high tide.

This single-minded completeness with which she regarded Bob was strengthened

as the days passed. Every kiss that they managed to steal, every intimate glance that they secretly exchanged, every pretext that they devised to be alone together confirmed the fact that life and Bob were identical, that in future to consider the one without the other was impossible. They loved each other, — and that said everything.

There came a morning, however, in the second week of July, which was to give a new set of values to these brave dreams. A new factor was dropped into their consciousness, more unexpectedly than a bomb, — for the ingenious instrument of death at least announces its imminence by a premonitory scream. This one took the form of a telegram.

All four were in the car, mellow with eighteen holes and an excellent lunch, Lloyd and Bob halfway through their cigars. For a moment the only sound was the rasp of the handbrake as Cornelia stopped the car in front of the hotel and the friendly chirping of a million crickets. No one made a move to get out.

Then in a sleepy voice Lloyd said, "Well . . . that's that!" He shifted slightly in his seat. "Do we stay here, or do we swim?"

"Swim!" said Nancy.

"Stay here!" said Bob.

"Swim!" said Cornelia.

Lloyd groaned. "Oh, lord, the ayes have it. These women are Amazons!" He flipped the door open and dropped one leg out upon the running board, and at that moment caught sight of Madame coming from the hotel. "The lady carries a telegram," he said. "*C'est pour nous, Madame?*"

"*Oui, Monsieur. C'est pour Mademoiselle!*"

Lloyd went to meet her. "*Merci, Madame,*" he said. "*Je lui . . .* How the dickens does one say quickly 'I will give it to her'? . . . Anyhow, I will." He took the telegram from her hand and gave her another smiling *merci*.

"Who's it for?" queried Cornelia.

"Nancy," said Lloyd.

"For me? Why, what on earth . . . ?" Nancy sat up and stretched out her hand. "It must be from Dad." She ripped it open and unfolded it. As she read it her face emptied itself of color. She looked up at Bob, her eyes wide with terror.

"What is it? What's wrong?" he asked quickly.

There was a dead silence while Nancy read the telegram aloud.

"Return immediately. Your father struck by automobile. Doing well but needs you. James Freemantle.' . . . That's the doctor down in Friar's Icknield," she added.

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed Cornelia.

"Oh, my God!" said Bob.

Lloyd's lips were pursed for whistling. No sound came.

Nancy turned to Bob again. "Does that mean that he's dead?"

One glance at her face was enough for Lloyd. Before Bob could answer, he flung the door of the car open. "Good lord, no!" he said. "Don't talk rot, Nancy! He's had a smash and he's probably feeling pretty groggy, of course, but there's nothing more in it than that. Come along. Hop out and we'll see what is to be done."

But Nancy stopped him. "Don't you think he'd have signed the telegram himself if . . ."

"Heavens, no!" said Bob. "The doctor wouldn't let him. They're a fussy breed, and when they've got a man where they want him they're regular martinets. Besides, this one says 'doing well', and that always means they're disappointed that the patient isn't a darn sight worse!" He helped Nancy out and began unloading the golf bags.

"I must go to-night," said Nancy looking up at him. "I must!"

Bob's face was turned away.

"The boat leaves at ten o'clock," said Lloyd. "You go up with Cornelia and start packing. I'll take the car and see about your stateroom for to-night. And I'll also send a telegram to your father."

Nancy turned to him. "Thank you, Lloyd," she said simply.

Cornelia slipped an arm through Nancy's. "Come on up, honey."

Lloyd looked impatiently at Bob. Then he stooped over a golf bag so that his head was near Bob's and said in an urgent undertone, "Aren't you going to offer to take her to England, you fool, or will you leave it to me?"

Bob started as if Lloyd had kicked him. "My God!" he said. "I . . . Nancy!" He hurried after the girls and caught them at the entrance to the hotel. "Nancy, may I come with you? I don't think it's right for you to cross alone. Let me come

and look after you. It's a long way. You won't get home till to-morrow afternoon, and there are a million things I . . ."

Nancy put out her hand and squeezed his. "You're an angel," she said. "But I . . . I want to be alone. You don't mind?"

Bob made no protest. Nor did he sense the desire not to hurt him in her quick little, "You don't mind?" But Cornelia glanced at his face and wondered what was going on behind his deep frown.

He dropped Nancy's hand. "Of course not," he said. "It's quite all right if you don't want me."

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At a quarter to ten that night the car drew up on the quay within the white radius of the arc light hissing and spluttering above the gangway. Blue-bloused porters shouted and gesticulated about the side of the ship. A great moon silvered all the waters of the harbor. A knot of people saying goodbyes was gathered at the foot of the gangway. Two silent *gendarmes* in flowing blue capes walked slowly up and down.

Ordinarily it would have been interesting and a little exciting to watch, — the types were so different from anything one could see in an English or American port. But to-night the wing of tragedy had brushed the four young people, and their nerves were on edge. They were aware only of themselves.

Three of the porters fell upon the car and fought for Nancy's suitcases.

"Get to hell out of here!" cried Lloyd. "Here, *you!* Take these things." He designated one of the men with a pointing finger. The other two fell back grumbling. "*Prenez-les à la chambre trente deux!*" he added and gave the man a coin.

"*Trente deux? Bien, M'sieur!*" and the porter went off up the gangway with the suitcases and the golf sticks.

Lloyd turned to Nancy. "You've got all your tickets and things safely?" Nancy nodded. "Well," said Lloyd. "We'll see you on board. Come along." He took Nancy's arm. The others fell in behind, and they followed the porter to the stateroom.

There was an air of restraint over them all.

"Well, honey," said Cornelia. "We'll expect a telegram from you some time to-

morrow to say that everything's all right. I think we'd better say goodbye now because the boat'll be going in a few minutes." She took Nancy in her arms. "Bless you, Nancy darling. It's going to be all right, I know! Don't you worry too much, honey. We're going to miss you horribly!"

Nancy kissed her on both cheeks. "Don't forget that you're coming to Brimble if . . . if Dad's well enough."

"Not 'if,'" said Lloyd. "When! . . . We'll all come crowding down and put so much pep into your father that he'll be glad of a rest! I give you fair warning that it won't be a case of writing to invite us. Oxford is dangerously near, you know, and an invasion of amorphous freshers will make things hum!" His grin was infectious, — or very nearly so. He took Nancy's hand in both of his. "Good luck, old soldier!"

Nancy smiled up at him, saying nothing, holding his hand very tight.

Lloyd swung round. "Come on, C'nelia! I want to mail a letter on board."

"Goodby, honey." Cornelia blew her a kiss and followed her brother out of the stateroom.

"Goodbye!" said Nancy. "You've both been perfect angels!"

Bob, hitherto hard-faced, silent, fidgetty, gave the door a push with his elbow. They were facing each other alone at last.

The thought that had been uppermost in her mind all day found immediate expression. "I believe he's dead!" she said. "I believe he's dead!" She stood there white, her hands clenched, her eyes bright with unshed tears.

"Oh no, no!" said Bob. "Of course he's not!"

At the sound of his voice she shook herself, passed a hand over her face, and took a deep breath. "Yes, that's rot, isn't it? . . . I mustn't let my nerves play the devil with me like that. . . . We've got to say goodbye, or you'll get caught on the boat."

Bob put his arms round her. "Won't you change your mind and let me come?" he urged in a whisper. "I've only to stay on board, — here, with you."

She shook her head. "No," she said. "If you came I wouldn't be able to look after Dad properly. It's his turn now, — for a while, — isn't it?"

For a breath there was silence. Then,

"Why, of course," said Bob, steadily. "I understand."

"I knew you would," said Nancy. She put both her hands on his chest. "To go away is to die a little. D'you remember? It's true, Bob. It's like being uprooted to leave you behind, — possibly to go and lose Dad!" She gave a little shivery laugh that was half a sob. "Curious how things turn out, isn't it? But whatever happens I love you, my dear. I love you! D'you understand? . . . Is it utterly beastly of me to be saying that when Dad may be dead? I can't help it. It's true. The two things are tearing me inside, fighting each other. . . . Bob! Oh, Bob, I'm so frightened of them both: they're so big." She stopped, choked, fought for control in his arms. Then with a ghost of a laugh she said, "You must go. I . . . I don't want you to see me make a fool of myself!"

"Oh God! I wish I . . . You poor kid!" He kissed her lips passionately.

For a long moment they clung to each other. Her tears were wet on his cheek. Then Bob let her go abruptly, caught up his hat, and went out.

The ship's siren gave a prolonged blast. The throb of the engine began. Blind with tears, her face all crumpled, Nancy flung herself downwards on the bed.

Standing on the quay beside the car, Lloyd threw his cigarette down and stamped on it violently. "Hell!" he said. "It's rotten bad luck!" He climbed up in front beside Cornelia and slammed the door. "Come on," he said, "let's beat it! . . . Oh, Bob."

The ship pulled away slowly from the dock and with much clanging of bells and waving of handkerchiefs drew out into the harbor.

Bob, his hat clenched in his hands, his face drawn and white, turned from the departing boat. "Thank God she's gone!" he thought. "I might have . . . have loved her too well! She's lucky if she only knew it. A few days more and I . . . I couldn't have helped myself!" He reached the car and got in without a word.

PART THREE

CHAPTER I

The rattle of a high gig came near, passed, and died out. From behind Brigg's place came the piercing squeals of a litter

of pigs, drowned by the sudden roar of a car which changed gears as it took the hill at the end of the street. Then there was silence, — that silence which the country knows at noon on a day in full summer, murmurous with bees and crickets and the whisper of languid leaves, interrupted from time to time by the more strident activities of man that are made musical only by distance.

Jim Hawthorne lay listening to it in the hospital at Friar's Icknield. The nurse came into the room. She crossed to the bed.

"You won't need me much more, Mr. Hawthorne," she said. "You're not only a million times better, but your daughter's here. She's coming up the stairs."

"That's the best news in the world," said Jim. He held out his hand. "You've been awfully nice to me, nurse. I'm deeply grateful."

Voices and footsteps could be heard on the stairs. Jim's eyes were glued to the door.

The nurse went out. He heard her say, "Here you are, Miss Hawthorne. He's all ready for you!" Nancy entered the room. Someone closed the door behind her.

It was not across ten feet of floor that they looked at one another. It was across the enormous gap that one brief year had made between them, a year whose climax had been equally devastating for both. Much as they loved each other, close as they had been during the long quiet years of Nancy's girlhood, this short separation, like a cyclone, had whirled them apart and tossed them upon far different peaks of experience. Unconsciously their glance was an appraisal behind which was the desire that each would fit back in the old accustomed mental pigeon-hole.

For Nancy, loaded down with the burden of new discoveries, new experiences, it would have been easier if he had met her at the boat with his usual quiet poise, familiar with the smell of Scotch tweed and tobacco. In this bare room, tinged faintly with carbolic, she was not sure of him. The fact of his lying there, without movement, caught her by the throat.

It was with something of a shock that Jim saw, not the young girl whose immaturity had been his one anxiety when she departed so gaily from Brimble, but a young woman on whom forces outside his

control had been at work. She was like a bud which overnight had blossomed. It was not that she had changed physically. She was the same slim, upstanding, adorable Nancy; but she had a quality, a fineness, the word was almost "leanness", which told how much water had flowed under the bridge in one brief year. It was most wonderful and beautiful to see, the flowering of this girl, the perfection of whose youth inspired a sense of wonder and reverence, almost of holiness. If only he could catch it and put it on canvas! The thought passed like a flash through his brain and was immediately wiped out by the emotion of this vision of her immense significance. It seemed to him that she personified the whole mystery of life, past, present, and for all time.

Nancy remained at the door only for the space of two quick heartbeats. Then she heard him say, in a tone almost of awe, "Nancy! My dear!" and the next moment was across the room, kneeling by his bed, her arms around him.

"Dad!" she cried. "Dad, what have they done to you?"

For a moment Jim Hawthorne marveled. How amazing were some of life's paradoxes, at one moment to plunge one into the abyss, the next to give one such ecstasy as this! He laughed, following her with greedy eyes as she sat up.

"What have they done to you?" he asked. "Child alive, let me *look* at you!"

His laugh bewildered her. "I want to know about you first," she said. "What happened? Who did it? When was it? That telegram frightened me almost to death!"

Jim frowned. "That fellow Freemantle is too damned conscientious. He's steeped in the rules of his craft. I'd rather he'd have held his hand until I could write you."

"Tell me what happened!"

"It was my own fault," said Jim, "in a way, — like taking a mashie for an iron shot. The Judkins kid came dashing out of their front gate just as I'd edged over towards the ditch to let a car go by. For a fraction of a second I was petrified. Then I jumped, grabbed the child, — and was too late to get out of the way of the car. It caught me fair and square! Just imagine standing there like a fool! If I hadn't wasted that second before I leaped we

should both have been all right. As it was, — well, they tell me that the child is all right. The car, it seemed, went off at top speed. Rottenly unsporting, I call that. However, I suppose it doesn't make any essential difference. The whole business is pretty damned silly!"

Nancy laughed, a little hysterically. She felt shaken and rather sick. "You're a perfect idiot, blaming yourself!" she said. "That's what's damned silly! . . . If I had my way," she sprang up and began walking up and down, "I'd track those brutes down and take them out of their precious car and *beat* them to death. It's disgusting to think that they got off scot free, while you . . ." She stopped and looked down at him. As she put her question she was rigid, awaiting the reply without breathing. "How long is it going to take you to get well?"

Jim had known all along that sooner or later that question was coming. He had made up his mind exactly how to answer it, — with a quiet evasion, with a casualness that would entirely mislead her, more, would make her believe what she wanted to believe; that in a few short weeks he would be about again. But as he looked at her he knew that it couldn't be done. It would have been all right for the old Nancy, the child who went away, untouched, with no basis of experience for the proper valuation of responsibility. He was brought up short by the realization of a new Nancy. Whatever her experience had been, — and even at that moment he felt a little jealous at being outside it, — her voice, her manner, her whole bearing were no longer those of a child turning to her father. They were those of one individual dealing with another on terms of equality. (The thought recurred to him that he had used almost the same phrase about the attitude of David in his psalm. It was right. The similarity was there.) This Nancy was asking for no comfortable evasion. She was standing shoulder to shoulder with him, braced, asking as of right for the truth.

He gave it to her. "I'm afraid we're rather up against it," he said quietly. "We shall have to make some pretty basic readjustments, you and I."

Nancy was very still, "You mean . . ." She herself had used the word readjustments in Paris. She was to have taken sleepy old Brimble, where nothing ever

happened, in both hands and squeezed life out of it, she and Dad between them . . . she and Dad, and Bob!

"I shall be able to work again," said Jim, "use my hands and arms, but Freemantle says it may be years before I can walk again, if ever. The verdict is partial paralysis."

The human mind is like that extraordinary plant which curls up at the approach of a trespassing finger. Unlike the plant, however, it cannot remain shut indefinitely. And yet it is a moot point, after all, whether the tragedy would not be greater if it could. On the pronouncement of those words Nancy's mind closed up tight, refusing to let their meaning percolate. It seemed that the two words lashed around inside her head, echoing and reverberating until, the momentary spasm of contraction over, they darted at their objective, like a snake striking.

Jim was watching her. "Bite on it, old lady!" he said. "Wasn't I right when I said that it was damn silly?"

Nancy sat down on the bed again, leaning forward, her hands clasped so that the knuckles were white. "Is it true?" she said. "I can't believe it. It's . . . it's impossible, Dad! You . . ." A hundred different pictures of him flashed through her mind at once, as though they were arguments against the possibility of this monstrous thing's being true. "One reads about these things in the papers," she said. "They always happen to someone else. It never seemed possible that it could happen to you or me. . . . You're right. It's damn silly — Oh, my God, how silly it is, how futile, how sinfully wasteful, how incredibly blundering, to go and pick you when there was a whole villageful of laborers to choose from! Why, I met people in Paris who thought I was wonderful just because I was *your* daughter, who raved about your work, who couldn't ask me enough questions about you! Why couldn't it have been young Fields, or Curly's drunken father, or any of them. They've never contributed anything, and never will. . . . It isn't fair! It isn't right! There's no sense of proportion about it! It's sheer unintelligence. . . ."

"Steady, old lady! Steady!" said Jim. "That's pretty wild shooting. Any child is worth saving, and this one was 'contributed' by one of those laborers!"

"That's not using the word as I meant it! These people breed like rabbits. Mary Judkins herself is the only one alive out of six. The other five were merely good excuses for expensive funerals and much beer!"

"And yet," said Jim, "if you'd been there instead of me, you'd have done just what I did."

"Yes," said Nancy, "and if I'd been crippled you'd be saying just the things that I've said! . . . Oh what's the use?" It was almost a cry. She caught her father's hand and gradually her voice lost its sharp antagonism. "I had to spit out the bad taste, Dad! But it knocks the whole damn thing sky-high!"

CHAPTER II

Looking over the hedge and across the terraced garden whose lower slope was a blaze of roses and carnations shepherded by tall prim hollyhocks, one might have seen the two of them most fine afternoons on the red brick porch, — Jim on one side of the tea table, lying back in an attitude of superb relaxation, pipe in teeth, reading aloud to Nancy who, in the depths of a deck chair, hands clasped behind her head, one knee crossed over the other, sat listening, facing the west so as to get the last of the setting sun.

A colored linen cover concealed the rubber-tired chair with wooden hand rims on the wheels in which Jim looked so lazily at ease; and the presence of a single golf bag, a woman's, leaning against the cottage wall behind them would not have struck one with any peculiar significance. One would probably have passed on, indeed, with an inward glow of pleasure at the picture of "palship" made by that perfectly beautiful girl and her big brown cheery parent in that setting of flowers with the background of the cozy thatched cottage. A moment later, on the way to the village, one might have met a nurse, trig, and well set up in her gray uniform, and it would never have entered one's mind that some time later she would be helping that big brown man to bed. . . .

Nancy had fought against the woman's coming. "We don't want a stranger messing about, Dad! It's *my* job, and you're jolly well not going to cheat me out of it."

"Sorry, old lady, but Freemantle's promised to send her up this afternoon."

"Then I'll ride down and tell him to stop her!"

Jim shook his head. It was his first day out of hospital. "Please don't," he said. "I'll feel more comfortable with a nurse, honestly!"

That settled it. The duel of half lies was begun.

After the first month, when Jim was beginning to settle down to a routine, Nancy saw to it that the nurse was removed from the cottage and lodged in the village with orders to come only in the morning and at night. For the rest Nancy gave Jim all of herself that she could, — a great affection, deep loyalty, and the kind of continuous service that made her spend herself in concealing the fact that she was doing things for him. She encouraged him to read to her, demanded that he play chess with her, quarrelled with his criticism of her work so that he might the more speedily be driven to grasp a brush to prove by actual execution the argument that would always have two sides if left to discussion only. Her tactics might be described as stimulative opposition.

But when she went off by herself, sensing the times when he needed to be alone, Nancy found herself, spiritually, foot-loose and fancy-free. From the moment that her father turned the corner, — and it was then that the nurse was relegated to the village, — Nancy went on with her happiness like a squirrel in the depths of winter with its hoard of nuts.

The business of her father was like a dam which temporarily blocked up and held the stream. Jim became now like an island round which the flood water has poured and gone on, seeking its inevitable level. She was waiting, hugging to her like a miser the greatly enriched horizon which she had brought back to Brimble. She went through the long quiet days like the bearer of secret tidings, — with serene superiority, seeing the things around her as infinitesimal and unimportant, unreal even, in comparison with that secret world wherein she alone might walk.

She was glad of this period of waiting. It gave her time to sort things out. "I seem to need introspection periodically," she said to herself. "It's like laying out one's clothes on the bed and going over them. One knows then what one's got and what condition it's in." She smiled. "I

never realized when I went off that Curly really knew more about me than I did myself. All that going up the hill at night with Dad and the thrill that couldn't be put into words have only one meaning now that I look back. Curly knew it! And that amazing combination of unhappy happiness, of perfection with a sense of tarnish on it, that feeling of not-quite-completeness that took the edge off things in Germany and Italy, and in France even after Cornelia came, — they were the same thing I'm perfectly sure, and I hadn't the slightest idea of it! . . . It's extraordinary what a difference Bob has made! I feel, — how shall I put it, — all gathered together. I don't want to run about any more. I'm not fussing in my mind, not restless. Thank the lord there aren't any people here one has to bother with, no men I mean . . . I wonder whether Bob is meeting other girls and hating it?" She laughed. "Do I flatter myself? Or are men less monogamous than we are?"

Something of this new tranquillity of Nancy's was manifest to Jim. It seemed to be a part of that ethereal loveliness which had surrounded her like a halo on their first meeting. He put it in a nutshell by commenting to himself that her eyes had greater depth. He was eager to probe the reason, to dispel her unconscious aloofness, to be invited in to her state of being. But never by hint or question did he trespass. In the fulness of time perhaps she would come to him. Meanwhile there was no one aspect of her experiences abroad, as she had related them to him, to which, in his opinion, the reason could be ascribed. Somewhere therein, however, lay the explanation; and, in the endless embrace of the wheel-chair, in the manipulation of which he was acquiring considerable skill, he turned it over in his mind. There were three men of whom she talked, Lloyd, Jean, and Bob. Jean, presumably, could be dismissed from any calculation. He was concentrated upon Cornelia. But the other two? Jim Hawthorne looked at Nancy and pondered.

"I didn't graduate from the blind frantic period of unconscious search until I met Nan and, figuratively speaking, took root. That brought me to comparative sanity, to where, in fact, Nancy is now, if one can believe those eyes of hers. Has *she* taken root? Please God, she has without

having made a damn fool of herself. So long as the boy is the right kind. That's where one gets fooled. . . . I'd like to take a look at those two lads!"

So September came; and with it an unexpected break in the routine of readjustment and waiting.

Nancy had written at length to Cornelia in St. Malo giving the full news of her father and the impossibility of their coming to stay. Before she had time to write to Bob, giving him different and more private news, she received the first of a series of postcards from which she could only deduce that they had been hit by a burst of unrest the moment she had left them. The cards were like a paper chase helter-skelter through the departments of France, — from Brittany, south through Poitou into Gascony, then across to Languedoc and Provence; thence along the Riviera and up into the French Alps and the Franche-Comte; back through Champagne into Paris and on to the Channel.

One morning, however, instead of the postman, a boy came toiling up the hill on a bicycle which he dropped into the hedge at the gate and, standing shyly first on one foot, then on the other, demanded sixpence as a delivery charge for the telegram which he handed to Nancy.

Almost before Nancy had read the wire and paid the boy, trembling with excitement as she told her father that they were coming, the unforgettable note of Cornelia's horn could be heard down in the valley as they turned the corner out of Friar's Icknield and took the hill that would bring them into Brimble.

"That's the car!" she cried.

"Perfectly splendid!" said Jim. "Run down and meet them or they'll shoot past the bottom of the lane without even noticing it."

He watched her leap down the terrace. Her eagerness to greet these others whom he did not even know hit him hard for a moment. He felt a hot wave of resentment at their coming, against their very existence. Then he gave a wry laugh. "I suppose that's a sign of encroaching decrepitude!" he muttered.

The car came to a stop on the other side of the trees. Jim couldn't see them,

but the rich youthfulness of their excited voices came up to him like a warning. It phrased itself: "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

"Well," thought Jim, "bring on your king!" His impression was of something irresistible and beautiful, but sweeping and relentless. They were the future, — and he was the past. It would be difficult, he felt, to speak the same language, much less to reach out and touch their attention.

"Here they are, Dad!" said Nancy. "You can't very well help identifying Cornelia, but that's Lloyd, and this is Bob."

They stood in a group round his chair. Cornelia sailed down upon him in all her blond loveliness. At the sight of her, little lines of good humor ran to the corners of Jim's eyes and mouth.

"Why, my dear," he said, "you're like an inquisitive little ray of sunshine. I hope you've come to stay?"

In her own phrase Cornelia "fell for him" on the spot. She gave him her hand warmly, and laughed. "Of course I'm inquisitive!" she said. "To satisfy my curiosity about you was one of my reasons for stopping off here. It would be perfectly lovely to stay, but unfortunately we're on our way to Plymouth."

"I suppose it wouldn't be fair to suggest that you change your plans," said Jim. "I'm curious too, you know!" He turned a keen glance on Lloyd. "What do you say? You're evidently the boss of this expedition."

Lloyd chuckled. "You hear that? I knew all along that it was evident to the naked eye!" He turned to Jim. "We're running on schedule, sir. Mother and Dad took it into their heads to come over, and they're due to land to-morrow. After we've dropped Bob at his home we're going to meet them at Plymouth and take them joy-riding."

"Nice boy," thought Jim, "Charming manners — and *clean!* . . . Well," he said, "I'm delighted that we can all get a look at each other even if it must be a short one." He held out his hand to Lloyd. Then he turned to Bob who, in the ordinary British way, contented himself with a firm handclasp and an inhibitive "How do you do, sir?"

TO BE CONTINUED



The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns

The Pedestrian Confesses

In reply to the Editor's questionnaire many comments on the "Pedestrian" essays were sent in to THE FORUM. Various criticisms were published in "Our Rostrum" pages in November. These comments ranged from the enthusiastic, the skeptical, and the reserved, to one very blatant one which read "Bunkum, Piffle, and Tommy Rott, also Flapdoodle." The Editor warned the Pedestrian of the outcome of the questionnaire. Evidently confession is good for the soles of Pedestrians, for the latter writes:

Dear Editor:

You are more cryptic than ever. When I got your letter warning me against the harsh criticisms of the Pedestrian, I was prepared for the worst. To-day I snatched THE FORUM nervously from the hands of an urbane postman. I did not see how, if the referendum you recorded was unfavorable, you could decently go on publishing material which your constituents, by your invitation, had condemned. What a dust you got up! Then, behold, many far too favorable comments from readers who mistook my notions for ideas and my gestures for style! Only one was hostile,—the "Bunkum, Piffle" one,—and I must confess that I wrote that myself. When the questionnaire came, some cynic devil in my blood got the better of me, so I signed an imaginary name. (Josiah Snodgrass, I think). I thought I might take the liberty of insulting myself. And now I am "hoist with my own petard."

THE PEDESTRIAN.

From Mexico

Since the publication, in August, of Dr. Ernest Gruening's article, "Mexico's New Leader," the Editor has received letters of appreciation from both Mexicans and Americans. The following extract has been made from a telegram to the Editor, sent by the then President-elect of Mexico.

October 27, 1924.

... Pray accept my sentiments of deep appreciation for the splendid coöperation and efforts of THE FORUM towards bringing to the people of the United States more truthful and enlightened information regarding the people of my country and believe me that in my turn I will be glad within what may be the limits of my jurisdiction to coöperate with you to the end of your endeavors.

PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES.

Sorry

In the October "Toasts" an error was committed in the paragraph relative to Henry Adams Bellows. In addition to the fact that Mr. Bellows is Editor of the "Northwestern Miller," it was stated that Mr. Bellows is likewise the musical critic of the Minneapolis "Tribune." This latter point of personal history should have read "musical critic of the Minneapolis 'Daily News'—1920-1923." Professor James Davies, of the college of Science, Literature, and the Arts, University of Minnesota, is music editor of the Minneapolis "Tribune."

An Appreciation

Elizabeth Stanley Trotter, contributor to "The Atlantic Monthly" and THE FORUM, writes most appreciatively of the December issue. We hope very sincerely that the majority of our readers feel as enthusiastic about THE FORUM.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Your invitation to each of your readers, in the "Introduction" to the December FORUM, to send his mind adventuring through its pages, caught my fancy instantly. "I'll do that!" I must confess that I gasped as I plunged into the icy distances of Stefansson's Arctic Air Routes. But I hadn't wandered long before I fell under the glamor of the explorer's "beautiful poetical and mathematical conception." I ended by sharing his hope that some day some brave birdman would fly across the Arctic to convert the earth,—the earth that Magellan changed from a pancake to a cylinder,—into a "sphere traversable in all directions by ships of the air."

My adventure had begun propitiously and I had caught just the right mood for Anne Hinchman's poem, "Winter." In the flash of an eye, I saw, as she meant me to, her bluejay through snowflakes, the red head of her woodpecker, and the antlers of her stag and the horses steaming in the snow. While on the subject of poetry, Mary Dixon Thayer's poem, "The Search," might have been written to typify my own feeling about her poetry. Whenever I read her verses, I know there is always more, and yet more to seek in them than I have found.

Dare I say that I found Arthur Train a bit inconsistent here and there? If, as he declares, "the public hatred of wealth has subsided," why then does he picture John D. Rockefeller "hated by the public because of his vast wealth" though he has "given more for the good of humanity than any man who ever lived"? And was it the "people of the United States" who "gave" the oil to the Rockefellers? And, later on, to others? And when Mr. Train speaks of a millionaire's enforcement of the Golden Rule does he mean the new interpretation: "Do unto others as others would have you do unto them"? As I read "The Billionaire Era," a flavor of the dear

old ideas of the Victorian Eighties came back to me. Such as "Rags is royal raiment when worn for Virtue's sake." Although Henry Ford is by no manner of means my pet rich man, I confess I'd like to hear him answer back "Pish-tosh" to Arthur Train!

I smiled a bit woefully over Sarah Lowrie's "Passing of Dowd," for she brought him before me to the life. I remember being taken to his famous linen-counter by my mother-in-law, when I was young and ignorant of the importance of either Mr. Dowd or of linen. We settled down on two stools as if for an afternoon call. For nearly an hour we "oh'd" and "ah'd" and differed and agreed about table-cloths and napkins, sheets and quilts. As we finally rose to go, Mr. Dowd leaned over to murmur audibly in my ear, "You've married into a fine family; always glad to serve you!" Then in a voice pitched to confidential depths: "They all have 'G. P.' after their names on our books!" I looked blankly at him and he added, illuminatingly, "'Good Pay,' you know."

And we are glad that Mrs. Trotter has included a word of praise for Howard Cook, whose artistic genius is reflected on FORUM pages so frequently, in the form of black and white drawings of unusual charm.

Howard Cook's drawings for "Where Christ Meets Buddha" are done far too well for my peace of mind. They are awesome and inscrutable and so implacably eternal looking that they make me fear eternity is not nirvana or inertia but something far worse—motionlessness, eternal, inevitable motionlessness. On the other hand, the illustrations of "A Bit of a Banshee" are inspiring and diverting. My only criticism is that there aren't more of them,—two more, anyway,—one of Shaemas O'Shea and "her who was Bridget Malone" sitting pensively on top of a hayrick, and another of the Bit of a Banshee "with the howl comin' out of her!"

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER.

Philadelphia.

Further "adventurings" among the pages of the December FORUM will appear in "Our Rostrum" columns next month.

Janitors and Journalists

To some, no doubt, the wood-carvers of Switzerland are "jest a whittlin'." The amusing bit of conversation which follows is an incident in a day of a busy and successful writer, Viola Paradise. From the rich experiences, the creative spirit, and the typewriter of Miss Paradise come such fascinating travel sketches as "Snapshots in Albania," published in the September FORUM, and "Joggings in Jugo-Slavia," a feature of a forthcoming issue.

"Would you jes' as soon move your typewriter out there, while I clean in here? And that reminds me. I been meanin' to ask. What you all writing, all the time? — You don't mean things that get *printed*! Not — not things you make up yourself! I thought you was addressing envelopes, or, you know, some work that offices give you to take home. But stories! I knew you was educated, but I didn't think you was *that* educated. I could never do anything like that. But my husband, now, I think he could. He finished high school, and he expresses himself beautiful. But he never tried to write for magazines. My land, and all the while I thought you was addressing envelopes."

"Well", I confessed, "there's a good deal of addressing envelopes connected with it."



"I suppose, now, you send the same story to all the magazines, and they all print it at the same time? — What, only one magazine prints a story. My land, I shouldn't think it would pay you for your time! — Still, it would be nice to write up a dozen ahead, and then take some time off. How many can you do in a week? What? Oh well, some people are just naturally not as quick as others. Some girls would take twice as long to clean this apartment than I. Good lord, I certainly would like to see my husband's name in print. (I almost married a dentist.) But it seems sort of — slow, if you know what I mean. And risky."

I knew what she meant. And confessed to the risk.

"Well, I don't guess my husband had better try it. He has a good steady job as a janitor, and they think very highly of him, the place he works. They *respect* him. — My land, I can't get over it, and all the while I thought you was addressing envelopes!"

VIOLA PARADISE.

New York.

A Reply to Youth

Allan Armstrong Hunter's article "The Stirring of Youth" in the December FORUM has attracted a great deal of attention. Dr. Clark Trow, Associate Professor of Psychology in the University of Cincinnati, replies. In his own words, he "slings his toga over his shoulder and marches stolidly into the FORUM." There he speaks to the "Youth Movement" from the point of view of the elder generation, although it might be pertinent to add that Dr. Trow himself has recently celebrated his thirtieth birthday.

Editor of THE FORUM

One wonders, in reading Mr. Allan Armstrong Hunter's prismatic presentation of a possible Youth Movement, if the "we" which appears here and there in it refers to the present generation, or if it identifies the writer with the movement which he is endeavoring to persuade himself he sees on the horizon.

I am inclined to think that the latter is the case, that he is one of that unorganized and, as yet, un-group-conscious band of militant idealists, who by the force of their own intelligence and discussion will build a new social order on the ruins of a will-

fully ignorant and evil world. I do not wish to dampen the ardor of Mr. Hunter nor that of any of his shining-eyed colleagues, for what they see through their rose-colored glasses is the same world which is open to the view of all; though to the enthusiast planting mustard seed, it is simply more colorful.

There seem to be three points which stand out in Mr. Hunter's article. The first, to disarm the incredulous, admits that the younger generation is in part made up of flappers with thoughts less deep than the powder on their noses, yet affirms that this does not tell the whole story. There is nothing here to disagree with. The weakness consists in the probable proportion of those young men and maidens who lack the intelligence for and the interest in serious discussion concerning the social problems of the day, — or any other problems for that matter. The colleges and universities are not overpopulated with these, and ninety-five per cent of those who start out to school never get to college. The vast majority are mentally incapable of doing more than listen when others discuss and follow where others lead. The Youth Movement, then, is for the intellectuals, but here again, the thinking numbers are still further reduced by the "limits of club and fraternity." Ideas are too often outside these limits if they are not cut in the prevailing mode. Intelligent thoughts are never born, or die in infancy.

Mr. Hunter's second peg upon which he hangs full many of his hopes is summed up in the word Discussion. He shies a stone at his idea of present-day education which, however, endeavors to furnish the knowledge without which discussion is mere futility. He fails to show that there is anything particularly new in this discussion. There has always been discussion among vigorous-minded youth; but because debating societies have followed the chain-store vogue of the age, there is a "Youth Movement". And because these youth are interested in social problems, there is a new thing on the face of the earth. It need but be pointed out that this surprising interest of the youth in the problems of the social order closely parallels a similar interest in them on the part of people of all ages.

Mr. Hunter's third point deals with



certain group activities such as the Bear Mountain meeting which may or may not be more significant than Brook Farm, and with the Indianapolis Meetings where 300 young people out of a few million in the country voted to have no part in any future war. I recall a picture which enjoyed considerable circulation in the days before the Great War which showed a vast multitude of men holding up their right hands. These were German Socialists who thus signified that they would take no part in any future war.

No, if the writer of "The Stirring of Youth" will lay aside his rosy-hued lenses for a moment, and look out upon the world, I think he will see old men and old women, middle-aged men and middle-aged women, young men and young women interested in themselves, their sports, and their gains. And he will see them facing the future with clear eyes and set faces, determined that the future shall at least not repeat the blunders of the past.

CLARK TROW.

University of Cincinnati.

The Turkish Treaty

A SYMPOSIUM

Summarizing or quoting opinions of various students of politics on a subject which was debated by Albert Bushnell Hart and Edward Meade Earle in the December issue of THE FORUM

A treaty between Turkey and the Allied and Associated Powers of Great Britain, France, Italy, Greece, Rumania, and Japan was signed at Lausanne, in 1923. The United States was not a signatory of this main treaty of Lausanne, but a treaty with Ismet Pasha, a sort of supplement to the Treaty of Lausanne, was subsequently drafted between the United States and Turkey. It is this Turco-American Treaty of Lausanne that is to be presented to the Senate for ratification or rejection at the present session of Congress.

Judging from the opinions reflected in the volume of letters coming to the Editor's desk, the majority of readers take their stand with Professor Edward Meade Earle of Columbia, who maintains that we should ratify the treaty because it merely gives legal sanction to a *fait accompli*. In fact, of the many symposium contributors, only three upheld Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, who believes that ratification of the treaty means making friends with unrighteousness. This proportion of for and against may not be at all conclusive. In the recent presidential election, the "landslide" for Coolidge might not have been so spectacular had all the Democrats exercised the right of franchise!

AGAINST RATIFICATION

An authority on World Politics, Herbert Adams Gibbons, Princeton, who has been an instructor of history and political economy at Robert College, Constantinople, and a foreign correspondent in Turkey for a number of years, writes to the Editor: "I have made a careful study of the Treaty of Lausanne, in its setting, and I have just returned from Europe, where I was in conference with the men who have given their life to the Near East. The arguments for the ratification of the treaty concluded at Lausanne between the United States and Turkey do not appeal

to me. In fact, they are novel and astounding. If we were to accept them it would mean that our government ought to give legal sanction to *faits accomplis* in every case throughout the world where we were unwilling to oppose by force violent repudiation of treaty obligations.

"This treaty is a bad treaty and seems to me without justification. We have surrendered rights and we have got nothing in return. Why have any treaty at all until Turkey is able to establish a responsible government? We have not recognized Russia. Why follow a different policy toward Turkey? The present Turkish Government is by no means on a solid basis that Professor Earle assumes for it, as we shall see in the very near future. We really do not know whom to deal with in Turkey at the present time, and common sense dictates waiting for a stable government there and the restoration of normal conditions before concluding any treaty at all."

The General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, Charles S. Macfarland, feels that we should not have entered into such a treaty and agrees in general with Professor Hart. "This question, like all other similar ones, ought to go to the League of Nations," he writes, "and we ought to participate with the League in its consideration. Turkey ought not to be admitted to the League except under such an arrangement." An opinion which finds an echo in that of Joseph Dana Allen, Headmaster of the Polytechnic Preparatory School, Brooklyn, who writes: "My feeling is that for us to ratify the treaty would be to continue the opportunism which has characterized the relations of most Western states with Turkey, when constructive statesmanship would in the end have done so much more for both Turkey and for Europe."

RATIFICATION

"This treaty represents America's share in establishing peace in the Near East,"

states Mary Mills Patrick, for years president of Constantinople Woman's College, and author of various articles dealing with the education of women in Turkey. "England, France, Italy, and Japan have already ratified the treaty of peace with Turkey signed at Lausanne. The Turco-American treaty is based upon the principle of equal rights of independent nations, while former treaties between America and Turkey were based upon the assumed rights of a more powerful nation to interfere arbitrarily in the affairs of less powerful but independent states.

"This treaty would promote the economic interests of both countries, for it grants reciprocity of economic relations, allowing Americans to enjoy the same economic privileges in Turkey that are granted to Turks in the United States. The treaty assumes for both nations the most favored nation treatment regarding import and export duties, patent and trade marks, transportation of goods, and free entry of merchant vessels, according to the privileges of the open door. Normal economic conditions would be restored. America and Turkey both need mutual freedom to import and export, and there should be a large amount of trade with Turkey. From 1919 to 1922 American trade with Constantinople alone averaged over \$20,000,000 annually, and could be greatly increased under favorable conditions. The Straits convention of Lausanne is the most liberal international agreement ever concluded regulating navigation in those waters." In conclusion Dr. Patrick touches upon educational, archeological, and philanthropic interests of America in Turkey, which must rest upon mutual good will and confidence, and which can best be promoted by ratification of the treaty.

That Turkey is getting to be a homogeneous nation, with its disturbing elements largely eliminated, is a point made by George Arthur Plimpton, member of the firm of Ginn and Company, publishers. Mr. Plimpton was in Constantinople last June and had an opportunity to meet many of the Turkish officials and to study the situation. He feels that the Turkish government has cut itself loose from the past, doing away with the Capitulations and thus securing their independence. "They have separated

church and state, in this respect following the United States. The present rulers are ambitious for a modern republic and are working hard to put their government on the best possible basis not only financially but as regards education." A country showing such intentions of maintaining a stable and a just government deserves the coöperation of America. Sidney L. Gulick, Secretary of the Commission of International Justice and Goodwill, the Federal Council of Churches, urges ratification on the same grounds, "such action being to the best interests both of the United States and of Turkey, and of the peace of the world." Henry E. Mills, New York, has been impressed with the force and clarity of Professor Earle's presentation of his side of the question, and feels heartily in accord with his views; while Lothrop Stoddard, author and authority on present-day Europe, says, "Those who oppose ratification ignore the fact that here is a clear case of 'put up or shut up.' Their stock arguments imply the desirability of intervention in Turkey. That would mean 'putting up' at least 500,000 men and several billion dollars. Any attempt to dodge this hard fact is mere piffle."

AVOID WAR

This "hard fact" likewise is touched upon by Henry White, former Ambassador to Italy and France. "Unless this country is prepared to go to war with Turkey I think the treaty should be ratified. If our 'backing right with might' that is to say, going to war with Turkey, in respect to the treaty in question, were a practical consideration, it might be worth while entering into a discussion as to what is 'right' in this particular instance. As, however, I do not imagine any sane person in this country considers our making war upon Turkey a practical question, a discussion of the matter would seem to me useless, and I may add that nothing is more derogatory to the dignity of a nation than the assertion by its government of principles in respect to foreign policy which the nation itself is unwilling or unable to enforce."

MUST MAKE THE BEST OF IT

"I could wish that conditions might have been such as to have enabled the

United States to exert pressure at Lausanne, in common with the other powers to the general treaty, so as to secure more satisfactory terms," writes Charles G. Fenwich, professor of economics and politics at Bryn Mawr College. "Or, I would wish that conditions might be such now as to give promise that a better bilateral treaty might be drawn up in the near future. But it is now too late to remedy the first situation and very doubtfully possible to improve the second. Hence it seems futile to maintain a purely negative attitude by refusing to ratify the treaty and still doing nothing. I favor ratification in the hope that the resumption of normal relations may make it possible to exert diplomatic pressure to remedy outstanding and future abuses. Beyond that I urge coöperation with other nations in the effort to secure the adoption of general principles of justice in respect to the treatment of minorities and aliens."

"A rejection of the treaty can produce no good," in the opinion of Charles E. Bacon, of the publishing firm of Allyn and Bacon. An opinion held likewise by Charles L. Carrick, attorney of Jersey City, and Frederic R. Coudert, New York attorney. Dr. Coudert, who is Director of the French Alliance in America, feels that "the time for action, if any, was during the negotiation when direct protest and sustained policy might have modified the terms of the present treaty." That without the treaty we have only makeshift temporary means of settling any difficulties arising between the two countries, is the reminder made by Florence Billings, New York, while Grace E. Benjamin contributes the pointed remark, "We must look upon treaties not as moral principles, but as plans of procedure."

"What could take its place, if this treaty fails?" asks Henry Scattergood, Philadelphia financier and humanitarian, "Would the nations who refuse to ratify the Lausanne Treaty be willing to undertake to force Turkey to make further concessions such as the restoration of Capitulations or the granting of further special privileges? The time has come for treating Turkey as well as China as members of the family of nations able to work out their destinies nationally and internationally on the lines common to all

civilized peoples." By rejecting the Treaty we shall not do anything in behalf of the Capitulations or of the Armenians, "but we may do much to discourage the very elements in Turkey that are working for the establishment of democratic ideals," in the estimation of Ellen Bliss Talbot, professor of philosophy, Mt. Holyoke College.

A NEW TURKEY

"There is a new Turkey despite the propagandists of exploitation," affirms Arthur Ringland, Montclair, N. J. "The new Turkey has declared its independence of influences of the past and has proclaimed its sovereignty. The Republic is entitled to a chance to work out in peace its own salvation free from foreign political intrigue and ruthless exploitation." Consideration of the new Turkey is advanced by Beverley W. Bond, Jr., associate professor of history, University of Cincinnati, who sees no reason to believe that the Turkish Republic will not prove permanent. William R. Shepherd, professor of history, Columbia University, also has faith in the Turkish Republic, and concludes his very able argument with the paragraph: "Anyone personally familiar through residence and study on the spot with the Turkish situation, and free from bigotry on the subject of the 'unspeakable Turk,' will find in the treaty all that American interests reasonably might expect or demand. Our educators, missionaries, and merchants are well protected, and their opportunities for further usefulness enhanced. Moreover they say so themselves and they ought to know!" That the Turks give every evidence of a desire to conduct their relations with us in a fair and friendly manner is the reaction of Stephen P. Duggan, Director of the Institute of International Education. Dr. Duggan feels that we ought to reciprocate in the same spirit and the best way to do this is to pass the treaty. "Turkey should be allowed to stand on its own feet, so should China, and the United States should be among the first to recognize the rights of such states to the complete exercise of this sovereignty, helping them when necessary by kindly advice and suggestion," writes James Q. Dealey, professor of social and political science, Brown University.

"Our treaty making power is already sufficiently discredited in the eyes of the world and ought not further to be discredited by senatorial interference with the presidential prerogative," maintains C. B. Ames, New York attorney, adding quaintly, "we may sit on this side of the Atlantic and make faces at Turkey, or we may make the best of the situation and by open negotiations undertake to protect American rights in Turkey." Raymond V. Ingersoll, New York, is equally original when he compares our government's general policy in regard to world affairs to the cynic's definition of an optimist, that he is a man "who doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to him." Mr. Ingersoll feels that for practical purposes we are helpless to do anything else but sign. "Turkey has shown sufficient improvement to be given another opportunity to make good before the world," in the opinion of William R. Osgood, University of Illinois; and of Edward E. Moore, member of the American Commission for Relief in the Near East, and professor of theology at Harvard University; William Linn Westermann, Columbia University; Herbert Adolphus Miller, Ohio State University; Roberta Wellford, University of Virginia; Mrs. Agnes M. Jenks, Douglaston, L. I.; Elizabeth Briggs, New York; Kemper Fullerton, professor of Old Testament, Oberlin College; and Elizabeth A. T. Halsted, New York.

INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL

On the broader grounds of inherent justice and international good will Albert Shiels, Teachers College, Columbia University, bases his arguments for the ratification of the Treaty. "It may not become a better Turkey," Dr. Shiels admits, "but it will be a responsible one,—not a little camarilla bolstered up by the flatteries and insolences of ambassadors who govern, though they do not reign." George P. Antonoff, New York, likewise advances the feeling that the treaty with Turkey will be a long step toward the maintenance of world peace. "The Turkish nation still retains a suspicion that the Great Powers, including the United States, by not ratifying the Lausanne Treaty, are seeking to restore the Capitulations on account of which she has suf-

fered so much in the past. The act of ratification of the treaty in question will disperse this lingering suspicion, and the Turks will then be able to settle down to peaceful work." This expression of opinion is re-echoed in a letter from Rear Admiral Colby Mitchel Chester, of the famous "Chester concessions",—a letter which unfortunately is too long to be quoted, and which presents such a vast fund of valuable information that we are sorry we cannot publish it as a separate document. This is likewise true of the discussion sent the Editor by Albert Howe Lybyer, professor of history, University of Illinois, who does feel, however, that "it is impossible to visualize any real gain from the prolongation of the present anomalous situation."

"In what position, pray, is the United States to deny to the Turks what every great power has already granted?" asks Ferdinand Schevill, professor of modern history, University of Chicago. "We now at last have an opportunity to disentangle ourselves and to meet and shake hands with the Turk as an equal." That we should take advantage of this opportunity is further urged by James L. Barton, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; by Adelbert Moot, attorney of Buffalo, N. Y.; John Foster Dulles, New York attorney, writer and lecturer on international law and finance; Charles Nagel, attorney of New York and Ex-Secretary of Commerce and Labor; Setty S. Kuhn, member of the Cincinnati League of Women Voters and the Foreign Policy Association; and Harold A. Hatch, New York cotton manufacturer, and trustee of Constantinople College who suggests that we test the fairness of the treaty by reversing parties. "This treaty would, in my judgment, be the kind of treaty which America would desire Turkey to sign if the positions of the two countries were reversed. The American colleges in Constantinople have enrollments this fall larger by thirty-five per cent than last year. These educational institutions and others in and near Turkey are the real foundation for faith in the future of the Near East and I believe that their heads are almost if not quite unanimous in urging a prompt ratification of the treaty by the United States."



They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscripts submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 500 words in length, and those of 300 words are especially desired.

India's Face in America

After twelve years of voluntary exile, Dhan Gopal Mukerji made his pilgrimage back to the country of his birth; "Go to India," came the summons to him, "and at the feet of Holiness renew thy spirit." He knew, of course, that he should find changes; he knew that even the immutable face of India must be affected by its contact with Western industrialism; just what those changes were he has written down in a book admirable for its clarity, its poetry, its color, and its presentation of India's ancient soul (*MY BROTHER'S FACE*: Dutton, \$3.00).

To a young Brahmin, himself in a measure changed by twelve years of life in New York and other Western cities, the first glimpse of Bombay was wholly satisfying and at the same time full of disappointment. There were, on the shore, the brilliant saris of the women, — gold and purple, cerise and green, — and the temple, ochre-colored, leaping "like a golden red column into the deepening emerald dusk of the sky," and there were also the old streets widened so that two automobiles might pass at once. There was a theatre at which a group of Hawai-

ians were dancing the Hula-hula, and another where almost pure Sanskrit and the old classical gestures were used to present a play from the *Bhagavad Gita* itself. These contrasts were to be seen everywhere: at the shore of the Ganges where pious bathers in bright colored saris bathed next to hideous and smoky factories; at Calcutta, the second largest city of the British Empire, electric lighted, full of taxicabs and business, and yet where Bengali is spoken as nowhere else. It was small wonder that the young exile, returning to a land so full of contradictions, should have been perplexed with the problem of East and West, meeting in India but not mixing, and meeting outside of India only to clash.

Mr. Mukerji found himself troubled by the distrust of the West by the East, and the exploitation of the East by the West. He brought his difficulty to a Holy Man at Benares who had found God many years ago, and got an answer if not satisfying at least arresting: "What is man that his quarrels about the ant-hill, this Earth, should reach the lofty precipices of Heaven?" Mediaeval India finds refuge from industrial India by retreating into itself and listening to the voice of God.

But the dilemma is no less present: India, defiant, arrogant, fighting the West with the weapons of the West, must lose its own soul; India quiescent, passive, "Being instead of Doing," lost in religion and poverty, will find food for the soul perhaps and none for the body. It may be that Gandhi combining non-coöperation and non-resistance with a revival of the old crafts and a boycott of foreign goods, has hit upon a possible solution. Mr. Mukerji does not attempt to say or otherwise to solve the problem he sets himself and his readers. What he does do very effectively is to show India as it has always been and as it is beginning to be. Incidentally, tales from the Hindu bible and translations of noble and moving verse from Sanskrit, both plentiful in the book, should make the proud West a little more humble.

DOROTHY G. VAN DOREN.

New York City.

Gargantuan Vituperation

For fifteen years H. L. Mencken has held a fixed course. Honest, fearless, resolute in the pursuit of a fundamentally serious purpose, a foe to sham and hypocrisy, he has never wavered in his determination to wage his war for freedom after his own fashion, — that is, through brilliantly caustic writing which is apparently intended primarily to entertain and amuse. The conscious cleverness and willful exaggeration so constantly manifest in his work, the downright inaccuracy there so often and so painfully evident to the critical eye, and the Gargantuan vituperation in which he so frequently indulges, — all this has served to alienate the interest of many tender-minded readers, who perchance would be among the first to raise a decorous cheer if they once grasped what really lies behind and motivates the whole. But nevertheless Mr. Mencken's audience has steadily increased, and of late his influence has grown fabulously, so that the *PREJUDICES*, Fourth Series (Knopf, \$2.50) will be read and discussed wherever living books are read and talked about at all.

And this new volume is full of characteristically provocative stuff. The already famous essay on the American tradition is here, enlarged and embellished; the "lonely companion of *Bos*

taurus, the sweating and oppressed farmer," comes in for a stinging and perhaps well merited castigation; the current debasement of theology is hilariously exposed. Political reform, Federal justice, prohibition, holy matrimony, the tottering of civilization, Service, Art, and the liberation of the novel, — in two words, literary criticism and "boobology," — all these and more are set before us with superb *élan* and an infectious joy in sheer workmanship. Mencken's prose has never been finer than here and there throughout this last and, on the whole, best of the *Prejudices*.

Who will be so squeamish as to quibble over petty, precious points of taste and manners? Here is a hearty repast; let us be robust enough to give pious thanks and so fall upon the viands without more ado.

H. M. PARSHLEY.

Northampton, Mass.

Iowans on Iowa

If Iowa were a person, its name would be Smith. Its inhabitants are neither very rich nor very poor. It claims no superlatives, either of praise or of blame. It is a nice, average, conventional State. Perhaps this lack of distinction among States is what has led so many modern novelists to choose Iowa as a background for their stories. The absence of distracting characteristics makes it a clean blank canvas upon which plots and persons can be painted vividly. Nothing happens; ergo, anything can.

THE *TATTOOED COUNTESS*, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf, \$2.50) describes the return of the *Countess Nattatorrini* to her old home in *Maple Valley*, Iowa. As might be expected, this gives Mr. Van Vechten an opportunity to effect some violent contrasts, but on the whole *The Tattooed Countess* is less extravagant than either of his previous novels. Absent are the lists which so often give his pages the appearance of an overloaded Christmas tree. His allusions are not so remote as usual, and one can sometimes read an entire chapter without being teased by words such as "sciapodous," "egrimony," or "epithumetic."

The action takes place in 1897, and in order to create the atmosphere of that

period, the author ingeniously devotes some twenty pages to the conversation of *Mrs. Bierbauer* and *Mrs. Fox*, — two garrulous characters who have nothing to do with the story, but whose references to Free Silver, the newly-discovered X-ray, scorching cyclists, Gunter's novels, McKinley, Cleveland, the Klondike, and other headlines of twenty-five years ago, serve to establish the time definitely in the mind of the reader.

Mr. Van Vechten is a native Iowan, yet he blandly speaks of "meadows stocked with cattle," and tasselled "cobs" in the month of June. It is refreshing to encounter such inaccuracies in this age of painstaking realism. Those who expect to find in *The Tattooed Countess* the photographic exactness of *Main Street* or *Birth*, will be disappointed. The author is more interested in the *Countess's* cosmopolitan past than in her suburban present, and as the book nears its close he appears to share her impatience to get away from *Maple Valley* and its waterworks.

The best thing about the story is its title. The *Countess* herself is excellently drawn, and so fantastic as to be above criticism. But *Maple Valley* and its people are not the author's own. He handles them awkwardly, and dismisses them with evident relief as soon as he feels that he has done his duty by them.

We did not expect Mr. Van Vechten to write well about Iowa. The marvel is that he should write about Iowa at all. It's like drinking buttermilk from a cocktail glass.

WEARE HOLBROOK.

Onawa, Iowa.

Colonial Women

Some measure of appreciation has been accorded the men who came early to our shores, but the United States still owes a debt of gratitude to the heroic women, who came with their husbands and fathers to help them in their difficult and perilous task of making homes in the wilderness.

With all that history has told us it remained for Elizabeth Anthony Dexter to prove to us the value of Colonial women in helping with the upkeep of homes they had made: COLONIAL WOMEN OF AFFAIRS (Houghton, Mifflin, \$5.00).

The economic value of women was felt in all the colonies, perhaps most of all in the settlement of Virginia, where no success was made in the work of colonization, as the settlers were on the point of returning to England until women came over to aid in the task of home making.

We all know of women who took up large tracts of land, as the Brent sisters in Maryland, Madame Mary Ferree in Pennsylvania, and of Miss Eliza Lucas, from Antigua, who, at seventeen, was managing her father's estate in South Carolina and was experimenting with great success in the raising of figs, ginger, and indigo. In addition to these out-of-door pursuits, Mrs. Dexter's painstaking researches reveal to us the active part taken by women in many industrial lines. A Mary Salmon, of Boston, announced her ability to shoe horses in the best possible manner, and Rebecca Leech, of Philadelphia, was a tanner by trade.

Not the least interesting of Mrs. Dexter's chapters is the one that treats of women printers; no less than eleven women, she tells us, ran printing presses in Colonial times. Dinah Nuthead set up a printing press at Annapolis in 1698; a sister-in-law of Benjamin Franklin carried on her husband's business as a printer at Newport in 1735, and a little later the widows of Andrew Bradford and John Peter Zenger were carrying on their husbands' business of printing in New York.

In addition to the information contained in these pages, they afford delightful reading, giving us glimpses of the quaint and simple life of the period, and proving to us how resourceful were these women and how versatile, — both of these qualities doubtless developed by the exigencies of pioneer living. We think our modern women versatile, but could any one of them exceed in her range of activities a certain Mrs. Rodes, living in Philadelphia in 1723, who announced that she was able "to teach young ladies and gentlemen to read and write French to perfection, and to flourish on muslin," while in her hours free from teaching she concocted "Sweet Meats from Orange and Lemon peel" and prepared an "Orange Oyl, very good for the Wind-Cholick and Stomach, and fit for many other things"?

The only criticism to be made upon

this interesting book is that there is no index. As valuable a book of reference as this should be provided with one.

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Juvenile History

"Lives of great men," — and all that, remind us of the sort of book to give a boy for Christmas. And boys will enjoy *THE FOUNDERS OF AMERICA*, by Edwin Wildman (Page, \$2.00). The book contains biographical sketches of the usual historical characters and of some not so well known, — for example, Jonathan Trumbull, War-Governor of Connecticut.

The author stresses the fact that the outstanding figures of the Revolution were young men; Alexander Hamilton was a captain of artillery at nineteen and Secretary of the Treasury at thirty-two. Washington was chosen Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies when only forty-three.

G. F. H.

Literature of the Old Testament

Perhaps in no branch of literature are there more mediocre writers than are to be found in the realm of religion. It sometimes seems as if anyone can get into print if only he moralizes! Yet no department of literature has a greater need of skilled writers, because its theme is the greatest in the world and has been of universal interest to mankind since the dawn of history. It needs a master-hand, sympathetic, enthusiastic, scholarly, and reverent.

Once in a while, however, a book appears that is a distinct addition to its class, and also a valuable contribution to the permanent literary wealth of the world. Such is *THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN ITS HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT*, by Professor Julius A. Bewer (Columbia University Press, \$5.00).

Prof. Bewer's book is the latest issue in the *Records of Civilization* Series and is a most comprehensive source book. It is a companion to the study of the Old Testament, as in writing it the author takes the results of recent literary criticism of

the Bible as a basis, and traces the historical development of each of the thirty-nine books, combined in the Old Testament, in their chronological sequence, which literary research has proved to be widely different from their order in our Bible. He points out the special significance for its own time of each book before it was combined into a canon, from the pre-monarchic period about 1000 B. C., with its songs of war, its proverbs and fables, its prophetic blessings and oracles, down to the completion of the Psalter in the second century B. C. The quoted text and the explanatory comment are in close touch, so that the reading of the book becomes a fascinating study, with new significance. There are few technicalities, yet "it presents the fruits of scholarship with such literary charm that it reads like a novel."

At the present time, when there is so much discussion of the Bible in all its phases, not alone by the student of theology but also by many others seeking earnestly after the truth, this scholarly volume is destined to become a valuable contribution to modern religious thought.

ELIZABETH T. HUSSEY.

Skowhegan, Maine.

A Fireside Book

And with mine host, *A THREAD OF ENGLISH ROAD*, by Charles S. Brooks (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2.50), I take mine ease in mine inn and over the tankards listen to as delightful a tale of a journey as Sir Roger himself might have told.

Here is a book to take up of a winter evening when the wind is roaring outside the door, the fire burning cozily within, and the summer's holiday a memory already bitter-sweet to the mind. For with *A Thread of English Road* in your hand the joys of another outing are yours for the mere turning of the pages. Once again long summer days, and this time days spent beneath English skies, — listen: "It was Surrey in the Spring, with trees and hedgerows in splendid blossom and white clouds drifting briskly in a sea of blue like full-rigged ships whose captains sleep." That is the sort of delightful writing you may expect to find, — far better than one encounters in the average

travel book in these days when the easy flowing style of the great essayists seems buried with the lost arts.

But *A Thread of English Road* offers one more than mere style, more, too, than the mere itinerary of a cycle trip through southern England. It offers one the thrill of preparation for the trip, the excitement of a shopping tour in London, a peek at many places of interest in and about that age-grey old city, where every corner echoes with the voices of those who have made English history and letters famous. There are cathedrals visited, quaint personalities met, odd incidents encountered, old trails of Garrick, Johnson, Chaucer, Keats, King John, William the Conqueror recrossed. Like the author, the reader feels the lure of the call, "Boots and Saddles!" and catches the spirit of the cyclist as he pushes up a steep English hillside, by castle walls old in story, into the narrow, winding hedge-guarded streets of the next village, where the reward will be conversation over a tankard of foaming beer before answering to the call of the road again. Or perhaps rest will be taken in an old English garden, where tea and scones will be served by a little old lady of beaming face and kindly solicitation.

Uneventful though the author claims his recital to be it offers a goodly fare of, "... castle and tankard, platter and church ... far-off battles on the purple hills of fancy, books that are yellow at the edge but vivid in our lives, kings, poets who once flourished in the country-side and went on their silent journey."

It is a book to idle through of an evening after the rush of the business day, or

to read aloud perhaps that the pleasure of it may be shared and made the greater.

PHILIP F. TUSTING.

Asbury Park, N. J.

Grrr!

Every normal kid is thrilled by an animal story. And all boys feel the urge to run away and join a circus sometime or another. For those of us who have to provide a fund of yarns for the younger members of the family there is inspiration in two recent books, *LIONS 'N TIGERS 'N EVERYTHING*, by Courtney Ryler Cooper (Little, Brown, \$2.00) and *ANIMAL LAND*, by Willard Allen Colcord (The Judson Press, \$1.75).

Courtney Ryler Cooper did run away to join a circus, and after years at every conceivable circus job, from clown to bearded lady, he is well qualified to give us fascinating glimpses "inside the training den." Circus animals are strangely human beasts, with human idiosyncrasies and subject to many human ills. Whoever thinks that lions and tigers are trained with hot irons and electric prods will find that he is quite mistaken. Incidentally he will come to admire and respect the patient individuals who do the training.

Animal Land is a collection of true stories, suitable for younger children, and with enough "natural history" to make it instructive as well as entertaining.

One ventures a guess that many of those who buy these books for "bedtime story" purposes will stay up themselves to read them.

M. C. WATSON.

New York City.

So many readers of THE FORUM have evinced their active interest in this department by submitting book reviews that the Editor thereof is almost at a loss to know what to do with them. Reviews which are unavailable for one reason or another are returned promptly. But many excellent ones are held in the hope that space for them will be found later. We hope that our contributors will bear with us and understand that every effort will be made to give everyone fair consideration.

THE EDITOR.

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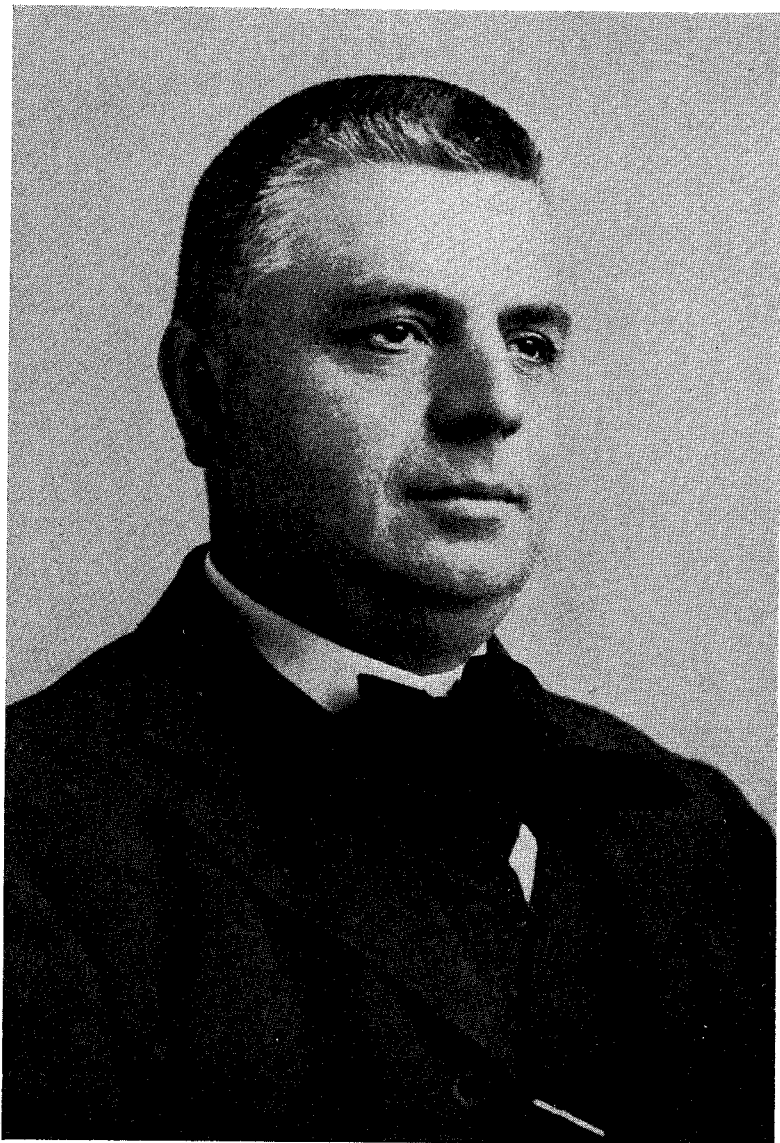
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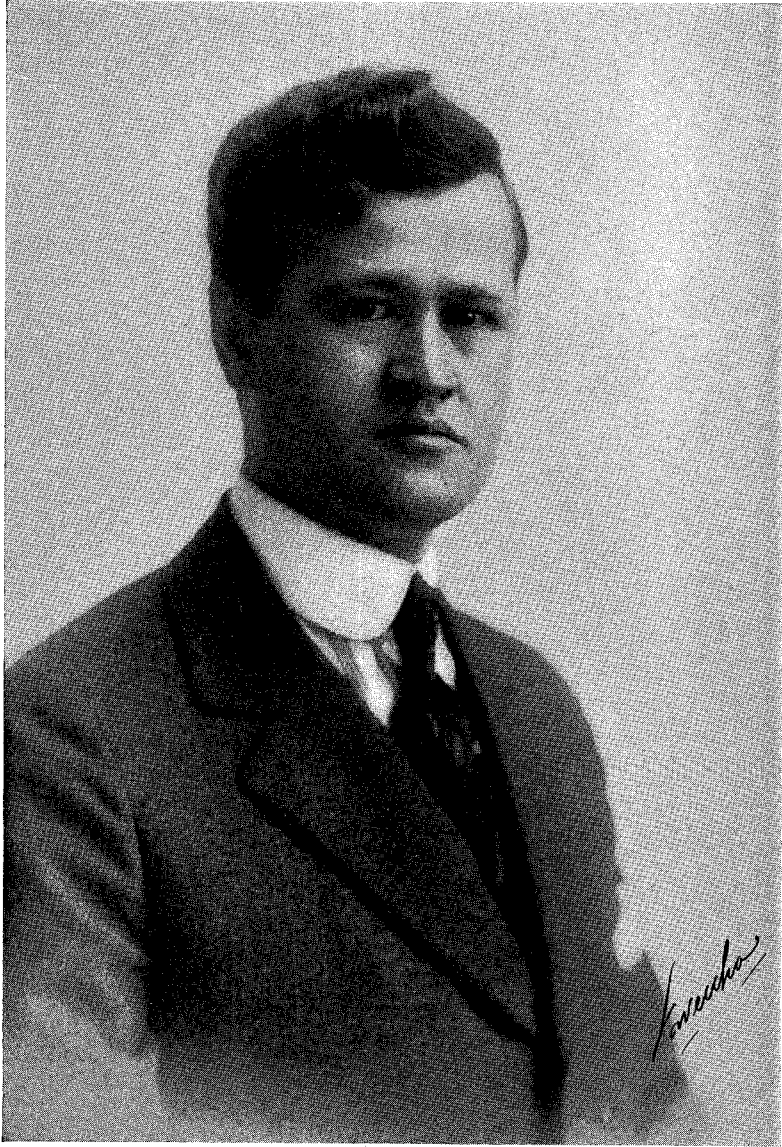
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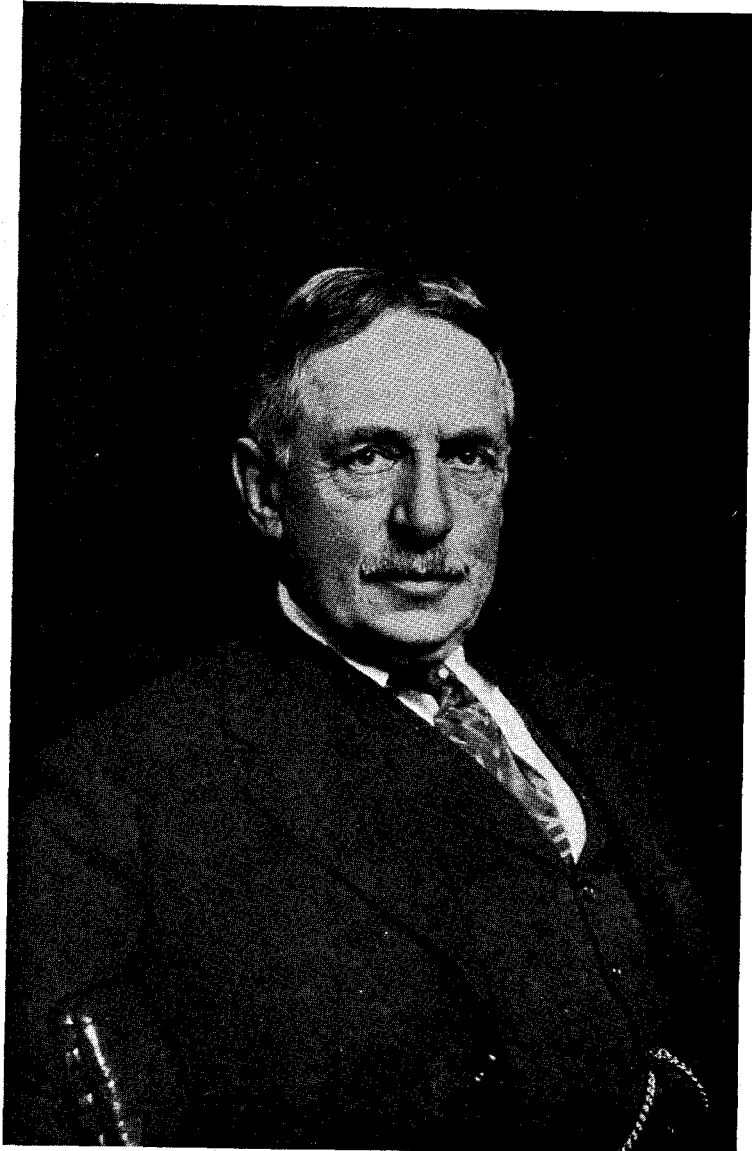
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